The whole. xii.

Bookes of the Æneidos

of Virgill.

Whereof the first .ix. and part

of the tenth, were conuerted into Englisch Meeter by *Thomas Phaër* Esquier, and the residue supplied, and the *whole worke together newly set* forth, by Thomas Twyne Gentleman.

There is added moreouer to this edition, *Virgils* life out of *Donatus*, and the Argument before euery booke.

¶IMPRINTED AT

London by Wyllyam How,

for Abraham Veale, dwelling in Poules Churchyearde, at the signe of the Lambe.

1573.

¶ To the Right honorable Sir Nicholas Bacon Knight, one of the Queenes Maiesties most honorable priuie Counsell, and Lorde keeper of the great Seale of England.

EXperiment partly, and partly Presumption, two bolde guides, haue mooued me to attempt your honour with the dedication of this booke. Hoping that as you haue already honorably receaued the latter two bookes and a parcell of another, ioygned with the former seauen of Virgils Aeneidos translated into English meeter by Thomas Phaër, and taken them to your honorable protectiõ: So likewise your honour wil not refuse the same worke agayne imprinted, & set forth with such diligence as cõueniently might be. Which, to thintent it should not alwaies remaine vnperfect, but rather answer the purpose wherto M. Phaër had respect when he tooke it in hande, (which was to delight the nobilitie of this Realme, and others that should vouchsafe to reade it) and also that so noble a Poet should not sustaine so foule a mayme in the English tongue, as alwaies to lye vnfynished: I haue enterprised more ventrously then wisely, & with better courage then cũning to end that which he left vnperfect. Not that I thinke my self cõparable vnto him in any thing that he tooke in hande, for so would I not haue your honour, or any other to iudge of me. But seing so many excellent wittes as since his time haue flourished, haue left it vntouched: I haue bin bold at length to spend Time, & hazard Esti-

mation therin. The acceptation wherof, as it wilbe, I hope, at some mens hands: I embrace: and at others: I do not reguard. Vnto your honour, whom I presume to make patron herof, with al humility, & dutiful reuerence I submit my self, and my trauailes. That if it shal hap the same in the accepting, to cõceaue any good opinion therof, ether for wel doing, or wel meaning: I am fully satisfied. Wherof I stand in the greater hope, since your honour being aduaunced vnto the dignitie wherin you now stand, through your owne industrie and vertu: can deem the better of such labours, and do vse more entierly to embrace with fauour, such as beare goodwil vnto learning. And hauing alredy stoared your self sufficiẽtly with such plausible furniture: yet amongst al other good gifts wherwith god hath endued you, both for your owne ornament, and for the commodity of the cõmonwealth of England, persuade your self that there is no one vertu that more amplifieth your title of honour, then that curtesie, & affability which you shew vnto suters, and such as haue occasion to attend your honour. Wherin though som suppose that a disgracing of Nobilitie, and worship doth consist: yet then they shall know it to be contrarie, when they shall begin to know them selues, and to vnderstand that such meanes do make men not only noble aboue the Cõmonaltie: but excellent also aboue the Nobilitie. Almightie God perserue your honour with wished encrease, prolong your daies with happie delight.

Your honours most humble at commaundement: Thomas Twyne.

Virgils life, set foorth, as it is supposed, by Aelius Donatus, and done into English.



IRGIL surnamed Maro, was borne but of meane parentage, especially on the fatherside, who was called Maro, whom some suppose to haue bin a potter, but moe thinke that he was at the first, couenaunt seruant wō a traueilinge wyseman, and afterward for his towardnes, by mariadge of his daughter, became his sonne in lawe, whom when his father in lawe had put in trust with his husbandrie, and his catteyle, and byinge of woodes, and lokinge to Bees, therby he increased his smale substance. He was borne the yeere ỳ Cn. Pompeius, and M. Licinius Crassus were first Consuls the. 15. day of October, in a village called *Andes*, not far from *Mantua*. His mother Maia, beinge great with childe with him, and dreaminge that she was deliuered of a laurell bowe, which prickt into the grownde grew forthwith to a great tree, replenyshed with sundrie kindes of Frutes, and Flowers: the nert morning walking forth into the countrey with her husband, stept a side, and was deliuered therby, in a ditche. The report goeth, that the childe so sone as he was borne neuer cried, but loked so pleasantly, that he gaue an assured hope that by his birth some notable thinge should chaunce.

There befell also another strange token, for a Poplar tree branch, which was prickt into the grownd accordinge as the manner of the countrey at womens traueiles is, so grewe vp in short space, that it matched in bignes many great Poplar trees, that were set there long before, whiche was afterwarde consecrated, and called by the name of Virgils tree, and had in great reuerence amongst taemynge women, and such as were withchild, which daily made prayers, and offringes there. His infancie, that is to say, vntill he was seauen yeare old, he passed in *Cremona*, and when he was thirteene yeere of age he receaued the garment of manstate, when those were made *Consuls* agayne

that were when he was borne, and it fortuned that Lucretius the poet departed the same day. But Virgil, from *Cremona* went to *Millain*, and shortly after from thence to *Naples*, where diligētly applying the studie of the *Greeke*, and *Latine* tonges: at length betoke himself to Physicke, and knowledge of the Mathematicals, wherin he surpassed all other in skill, and departinge to *Rome*, fell in fauour with the M. of the horse to Augustus, and cured the horses of manie, and sundrie diseases. Who commaūded therfore that Virgill shuld haue such allowance of bread, as other of the stable had.

Duringe this tyme the Crotoniati sent vnto Cæsar for a present, a goodlye horsecolt, that in all mens iudgment would proue both verie couragious, and wonderfull swift. When Virgil beheld him he told the M. of the stable, that he was foled of a sicke, and infected mare, and that he would proue nether stronge nor swift, as afterward it appeared, wherof when the M. of the stable had enformed the Emperour: he cōmaunded that his bread shuld be dubled, for reward. Lykewyse, when there were certen Dogges sent to Augustus fourth of *Spayne*, Virgil both told what maner ones the siers were, & what stomack and swiftnes they would be of. Which when he vnderstode: he then commaūded agayne that Virgil should haue so much more bread as he had before. The Emperour Augustus doubtinge of himself whether he were sunne to Octauius or to some man else, and supposinge that Virgil Maro could resolue him, that knew so well the natures and siers of horses, and dogges: remouing all companye aside Augustus called him into the priuie chambre, and asked him there alone, if he knew what he was, and what abilitie he had to make men happie? I knowe (q Maro) that thou art Augustus Cæsar, and thou hast almost equall power with the immortall goddes and that thou mayst make happie whom thou liste. Surely (q Cæsar) I am of this mind, that if ỹ answer mée truly to that I shall aske, I will make thée happie, and blessed. I wold to god (q Maro) that I could answere truly to that ỹ demaundest. Then sayd the Emperour, some say I am sunne to Octauius, and some suspect that I am some other mans sunne. Wherat Maro smylinge: I will sone tell you that (q he) yf you pardon me in answeringe that you commaūd. The Emperour swore by an Oth that he wold take neuer a worde in ill part, yea and that he shuld not depart vnrewarded. Therwithall Maro firinge his eyes fast on the Emperours: it is an easie matter (q he) by other lyuinge

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thinges to discerne the disposition of the parentes, through skill of Mathematickes, and Philosophie, but in men it is not possible. Howbeit I am able to giue some probable iudgment, what trade of lyfe thy father exercised. To this Augustus gaue diligēt eare what he wold say. Then Virgil, so far as I can perceaue (q he) thou art a Bakers sun. The Emperour thereat was astunned, and marueiled much in his mind how that could come to passe. Marie then (q Virgil) I will tell you why I iudge so. When as I foretold certen thinges which could nether be knowne, nor vnderstode but by such as be very wellerned: thou that art prince of all the worlde commaundidst that I shuld haue a certen of bread giuen mée for a reward, which is the vse ether of bakers, or els of such as are bakers children. This merie iest, pleased the Emperour wel, but henceforth (q he) ỹ shalt not be rewarded by a baker but by a most valiēt prince, & estéemed him much, and commendid him to Pollio. He was of bodie and stature bigge, of colour tawnie, hardfauoured, sycklie, for he was manytimes gréeued with payne in the stomack, iawes, and head, and some tymes he did spet blod. He frequented but litle the vse of deyntie meates and wyne. Some report that he was prone to the detestable sinne with boyes. But the better sort suppose rather that he loued them as Socrates loued Alcibiades, and Plato also. Aboue the rest he loued most Cebetes, and Alexander, whom in the second Ecloge of his Bucolikes he termeth Alexis, giuen vnto him by Asinius Pollio. When they came vnto him they were nether of them vnlearned. For Alexander was a good Grammarian, and Cebetes a Poet. Some likewyse affirme that he had carnall companie with Plotia Hieria. But Asconius Pedianus sayth that he was wont to declare to some auntient mē, that indéede he was requested by Varius iointly to kéepe her, howbeit he ernestly refused so to doe. In all other respectes he was of lyfe, language, and conuersation so vpright: that through all *Naples* he was called, commonly Virginitie. And when haply he was séene at *Rome*, (whether as he came very seldom) going abroade in the open streetes if eny followed, or noted him: he wold turne away into the nert house. When Augustus offred him the goods of one that was banished, he vtterly refused them He was worth in substance an hundred Sestertia, which were giuen him through the liberalitie of his frendes, & he had an house in *Rome* in a place called *Æsquiliæ* neare to Mecœnas gardaynes, although he was accustomed much to withdrawe him self into *Campania* and

scicil

scicil. Whatsoeuer he requested of Augustus: he neuer had denial therof. Euery yeere he sent monie abundantly to succour his parentes which died when he was of lawfull yeeres, his father beinge blinde when he died, & his two brethren the one surnamed Silo died while he was a child, and Flacchus when he was come to mānlate, whose death he bewayleth vnder the name of Daphnis. Amonge other studies (as I haue sayd before) he cheefly applied himself to Physick and Mathematickes. He neuer plead at barre more then one cause, and that but once, whom Melissus reporteth to haue bin very slow of tongue, & as though he were altogither vnlearned, when he first began Poëtrie, he made this Disthic, or these two verses vpon one Balista a scholemaster, that for reporte of theeuery was couerid with an heape of stones.

Vnder this hugie hill of stones *Balista* tombd doth lie,
Waifarer saufe both night and day thy iorney now maist hie.

After this he wroat Moretum, Priapus, Epigrammes, Diræ, and Culex when he was yet but fifteene yeere old, the argument wherof is this. A shepheard wearyed with heat, and sleapinge vnder a tree, when a serpent was cumming fast towards him, there came a Gnat flying out of the Fenne nearby, and lighted on the sheapheardes forehead betweene his temples, and there stunge him. Then he lyftinge vp his handes crushed the gnat, and when he espied the serpent: killed him also, and made a tombe for the gnat with this superscription.

Thou litle gnat, the shepheard for thy due desert to bee,
This buriall rite, for losse of lyfe, here yeldeth vnto thee.

He wroat Ætna also, wherof some men doubt. But shortly after when he had begun Romane matters mislikynge the sharpnes, and roughnes both of the argument, and names, he fell to the Bucolickes but cheifly to celebrate the name of Asinius, Pollio, Alphenus Varus and Cornelius Gallus, by cause ỹ in the deuision of land beyond *Padus* amongst the old souldiours after the conquest at *Philippe* made, at the cōmaundment of the Triumuiri, or the Thre conspiratours, they had saued him harmlesse. Afterward he made his worke called Georgica in the honour of Mecœnas by whose meanes, when he was yet scarce knowne vnto him, he was assisted against the old soldiours of Claudius, or rather as some suppose, against the violence of Arius the Centurian, by whom in that hurlyburly about deuiding of landes, he was very neare slayne. Last of all he toke the Aeneidos in hand, a worke of a diuerse, and manifold argument, and resemblinge, in a maner

both

both the wo?kes of Homere. Besides that it contayneth indifferenly both wo?des, and matter aswell Greeke as Latine, and that cheife is which he most endeuo?ed, it comp?ehendeth both the o?iginall of the citie of *Rome*, and Augustus the Emperour. When he wo?oate the Georgica, it is repo?ted, how that euerie mo?ninge he was accustomed to wo?ite a certen numbe?e of verses, which he would all the day longe ouerloke, and so abbridginge them, bringe them vnto a very fewe, not vnfitly sayinge that he bought fo?th verses, as the femall Bear doth her young and bringeth them into due fashion by lickinge. The wo?ke called Aeneidos he wrote first in twelue bookes in p?ose (as some thinke) and afterward digested it into verse. And othersome iudge that if he had liued longer, he wold haue lengthned it vnto xiiij. bookes euen vnto the time of Augustus, and wold haue touched many other thinges therin, and with great diligēce haue set fo?th Augustus tyme, since that in writing, least he shuld be vainly troubled with eny thinge: he left some thinges imperfect. And some thinges he wrote in very slender verse, which (as he was wont, to iest) he sayd he put in fo? Iesters, and Minstrels, to hold vp the wo?ke, vntill the sownd pillers were framed. He absolued his Bucoliks in thr?e yeere, at Asinius Pollios request. Thesame at that tyme ruled the p?ouince beyond *Padus*, by whose meanes and sute, when the Cremonenses, and Mantuans lands were distributed vnto Augustus auntiēt souldiours, yet notwithstandinge Virgil lost not his. This Pollio, Virgil loued entierly, and was likewise of him very welbeloued agayne, and greatly rewarded, fo? when he was vpon a tyme desiered by him to supper, and there sodenlye surp?ised with the singulare beutie, and diligence of Alexander, Pollios boye: receaued him of gift. Likewise he loued dearly C. Asinius, Pollios sunne, and Cornelius Gallus a noble O?atour and a singulare Poet, who trāslated Euphorion into Latin, and wo?oate in fouer bookes his loue of Cytheris. At the first he was in good credite with the Emperour Augustus, but afterward vpon suspition of cōspiracie against him, he was slayne. Of whom Propertius speaketh thus:

Whilst *Gallus* in the tentes, the ensignes doth defend:
Before the Egle bloodie signe, he found his fatall end.

Virgil loued this *Gallus* so well, that the fouerth booke of Georgikes from the middle to the end contayned his p?ayse, which afterward at Augustus commaundment he changed into the fable of Aristæus,

ſtæus. He finiſhed the Georgiks in ſeuen yeere at *Naples*, and the Aeneidos he made partly in *Sicilia*, partly in *Campania*, in eleuen yeere. And his Bucoliks he made with ſo good ſucceſſe that they were oftentimes ſunge openly by Muſitians in playes. When Cicero had heard certen of the verſes, and by and by through ſharpe iudgment perceaued that they proceeded from no commune veyne: he willed that the whole Ecloge ſhuld be reade from the beginninge. Wherto when he had attended diligently, in the end he ſaid theſe wordes Of mighty Rome a ſecond hope, as though himſelf were the firſt hope of the Latine tongue, and Maro wolde be the ſecond, which wordes alſo he reciteth in the Aeneidos. The Georgikes, when Auguſtus returned from the Actiacan victorie, and for recreationſake ſoiourned at *Atella*, he read there vnto him continually the ſpace of foure dayes, and when his voice failed him at eny time: Mecœnas ſupplied his romth in readinge. He pronounced with meruelous ſweetnes, and great delectation. Seneca writeth that Iulius Montanus the Poët was woũt to ſay, that he wold take away by force ſome thinge from Virgil if he could ſet them forth with the ſame voice, coũtnance, and geſture. And that the ſelfſame verſes if he pronounced them, wold ſound well, but without him: wold be drie and dumbe. Of the Aeneidos ſcarce yet begunne, there was ſpread ſuch a fame: that Sextus Propertius doubted not thus to foretell.

Giueplace you *Romane* writers all, and *Greekes* giueplace likewiſe
I can not tell what greater worke then *Ilias* doth ariſe.

When Auguſtus by fortune was abſent from the Cantabrick expedition, and partly by requeſtinge and partly by manacinge letters, merely required of Virgil that he ſhuld ſend to him if it were but the verie title or ſome one full ſentence of Aeneidos, for thoſe were his wordes: he refuſed ſo to doe. To whom yet not longe after when the matter was fully perfected, he recited three bokes, namely the Second, the Fourth and the Sixt. And that eſpecially, bycauſe of Octauia, who beinge there preſent at the recitall, at thoſe verſes of her ſunne, Marcellus thou ſhalt be, is reported to haue fainted for ſorowe, and when by much labour ſhe was recouered agayne, ſhe commaunded that Virgil ſhuld haue to the value of fiue poũds for euerie verſe. He read his bokes alſo to diuerſe, but not oft, & thoſe places only wherof he ſtode in eny doubt, therby to heare the iudgment of men. Yt is ſayd that Erotes his ſecretarie, whom he alſo made frée, when he was

very

very aged was wont to report, that once in the readinge of his worke he made two of his half verses out of hand, and that Misenus Aolides added, was better none then he.

Lykewyse vnto this verse, In kindlinge men with noyse, with like heat he adioyned, And fightinge fields to cheere with brasse, & that he was commaunded strayt wayes to wryte those .ij. additions so in the worke. He perused both his Bucoliks and Georgiks. And when he was 52. yeare old, to thintent to finish the Aeneidos, he was determined to withdrawe him self into *Greece*, and *Asie*, and there to employe whole thre yeares in correctinge and perusinge, that he might bestowe all the residue of his life only in the studye of Philosophie. But when he was in his iourney, and met with Augustus at *Athens* who was returninge forth of the East cuntreyes towards *Rome*: he purposed to goe home agayne with him. And trauailinge to *Megara*, a towne nigh *Athens*, only to see it, toke there a sickneslle, which continuall trauaile on sea augmented, and encreasinge more and more vntill he came to *Brũdusium* with in fewe dayes after dyed there, the xj. day of September when Cn. Plautius, and Q. Lucretius were Consuls. Who when he felt him self mortally assaulted with the maladie: he called often, and very ernestly for his deske, that he might burne the Aeneidos. Which beinge denied him, he willed notwithstādinge by his last testament that it shuld be burned, as a worke both faultie, and vnperfect. But Tucca and Varrus told him that Augustus wold in no wyse suffre that. Wherruppon he bequeathed the same worke, and his other writinges vnto Varrus and Tucca vpon this condition, that they shuld set forth nothinge but that which he wold haue set forth, and such verses as were vnperfect: they shuld so leaue them. He willed also that his bones shuld be borne to *Naples*, wheras he had lyued longe tyme, and merely. His bones therfore were translated to *Naples*, at Augustus commaundment, as he apointed, and were buried in the way to *Puteol*. at the second stone, and vpon his tumbe was writen this distthick, which he made him self.

Mee *Mantua* bred, *Calabres* tooke, *Parthenop* now doth hold,
Of pastures I haue sõge, of fields, likewyse of captaynes bold.

He made heyers of half his goods Valerius Proculus his half brother by another father, & of the fourth part, Augustus, of ỹ twelfth part Mecœnas, of all the remainder L. Varrus, and Plocius Tucca, who after his decease as he requested at Cæsars commaundment corrected,

the Aeneidos. For no man iudged the Aeneidos worthy to be burned, wherof these verses of Sulpitius the Carthagian are extant.

These verses in to flaming fiers commaund for to be flunge
Virgilius did, wherin the deeds of *Troian* duke he sunge.
But *Tucca* nilles, and *Varrus* eke, thou *Cæsar* dost forbide,
And *Latine* stories to preserue dost better meanes prouide.
Vnhappie *Pergame* twise in duble fier welnigh was rost,
And *Troy* by second flame, to smoking dust was brought almost.

There remayne also many noble verses made by Augustus vpon the same matter, whose beginning is this.

And shall a wicked word so vile a deede in finall voice
Commaund? and shall it into fier be throwne, is there no choice?
And shall the noble *Muse* of lerned soundinge *Mara* die?

And shortly after.

But faith of lawes must needes be keept, and what last will doth saye,
And what it doth cõmaund bee done, that needes we must obaie.
Nay, rather let the sacred force of lawes be broken quight,
Then that so many trauayles great sustaind by day and night
One day shuld quight consume. And as therafter followeth.

Wherfore Varrus at Augustus commaundment did set forth nothinge, as Virgil willed he shuld not: but generally perused all, leauing also those verses as they were, still vnperfect. Whiche verses diuers afterward toke in hand to make vp, but they could not for the difficulty therof, for they be all Hemistichia, that is to say half verses, besides this: Whom *Troy* vntimely bare thee, which seemeth to carie with it perfect sense. Nisius the Grammarian said that he had heard of his elders, that Varrus had changed the order of two bookes, and that which was then the Second he transposed into the third place. And that he changed also the beginninge of the First booke, takinge these verses cleane away:

I that my slender Oten pipe in verse was woont to sound
Of woodes, and next to that I tought for husbandmẽ the groũd
How frute vnto their greedy lust they might cõstraine to bringe,
A worke of thankes: loe now of *Mars*, and bloody warres I singe.

Virgil also amongst other, who was one of the pillers of the *Latin* toongue, lacked not slaunderers. In his Bucolickes, Paro, but very fowlyhly, mocketh at two Ecloges, and thus he beginneth to flout.

If *Tityrus* thy gowne be warme, vnder what beachen ſhade? And in the next.

Whoſe beaſtes are theſe Damætas, tell, is this god *Latine* ſpeach?
No but tis *Ægons*, for our clownes in cuntrey ſo do teach.

Another alſo when he read this place out of the Georgiks: Eare naked, naked ſowe: he added, then cold, and feuer thou ſhalt take. There is alſo extãt a boke made by Carpilius Pictor vnder this title, The Aeneidos ſcourge. M. Vipranus ſayde that Mecœnas had ſet vp a finder out of an euell imitation, and that he was nether loftie in ſtile, nor low, but that he made that worke with commune vulgare wordes. Herennius only gathered togither his faultes, and Perilius Fauſtinus, that which he ſtole of others. There are alſo certẽ volumes of Quintus Octauius Auitus, in the which are obſerued what verſes, and from whome he toke them. Aſconius Pedanus in his boke which he writeth againſt the ſlaunderers of Virgil, ſetteth downe a fewe thinges which were obiected againſt him, and this chiefly, that he tied not wel his hiſtorie togither, and that he borowed much of Homere. But this fault (as they ſay) he was wont thus to defend, ſaying why do not they likewyſe attempt the lyke theeft? But they if they wayghed it vprightly ſhuld vnderſtand that it were an eaſear matter to pulle the club out of Hercules hand, then to take a verſe away from Homere, and that notwithſtandinge he determined to withdrawe himſelf for a time to amend euerie thinge that his ilwilers found fault withall.

Pedianus alſo reporteth, that he was very curteous, and a louer of all good and honeſt men, and ſo far from Enuie, that if he ſawe eny thinge done, or ſpoken lernedly by eny, he reioyced therat, none otherwyſe then if it were his owne: that he diſprayſed no man, prayſed godmen, and was of ſo gentle nature: that there was no man, vnleſſe he were ouer ſtubberne and malicious, that not only fauored him, but alſo hartely loued him. He ſeemed to haue nothinge priuate to himſelfe. His librarye ſtode as ready open to othermen as to himſelf, and he oftentimes vſed the ſayinge of Euripides: All thinges amongſt freendes are commune. He had all the Poetes of his tyme ſo freendlye, and beholdinge vnto him, that although they much enuied one another, yet him they all reuerenced, as Varrus, Tucca, Horace, Gallus, Propertius. But Anſer, by cauſe he toke not part with Antonius, dyd not regard him. Comificius

could not abyde him, such was his frowarde nature. He so much contemned glorie, that when some ascribed to them selues certen of his verses, and therfore were accounpted the better learned, he toke it not only not displeasantly, but he much reioysed therat. And makinge a couple of verses contayninge the prayse and felicitie of Augustus, which were set vpon the gates with out name, the verses were these.

All night it raynes, the sights at morning tide returne againe,
And Cæsar with almighty Ioue hath match and equal raigne.

The authour of which verses Augustus longe made enquirie for, but he could not finde him. At length when none came, Bathyllus an indifferent good Poet, ascribed them vnto himself, and was therfore encoraged, and rewarded by Cæsar, which Virgill not takynge well, set vpon the same gates this beginning foure times: So you, not for your selues. Augustus required that these verses should bee by some finished, which many assaying in vayne: Virgil thus replied, to the forewritten Disthic.

These verses I did make, therof another tooke the prayse.

So you not for your selues, poore birds, your nestes do build in trees
So you not for your selues, yee Sheep, do beare your tendre flees.
So you not for your selues, your hony gather, litle Bees. (squees.
So you not for your selues, your neckes, poore beastes, with harrowes

Which beyng once knowne: Bathyllus for a time was all the iesting stocke to the whole citie of ROME. When on a time he had the workes of Ennius in his hande, and beyng demaunded by one what he did with thē: answered ỳ he gathered golde out of Ennius dounge. For that authour expresseth worthy sentences & matter, vnder words not of the finest. Vnto Augustus that demaunded of him how a Citie might best be gouerned: he answered, if the wisest men did holde the helme, and good men were set in authoritie ouer euell, and so that the best men may haue their due honour, and the rest be not iuriously dealt withall. Then Mecœnas, what thing is it (q he) that neuer bringeth lothsomnesse to man? The likenesse, answered Virgil, or the abundance of euery thinge, anoyeth vs, except of vnderstandyng. He asked moreouer, how a man might alwayes preserue his happie and fortunate state? To whom then Maro, if by how much he excell other in Honour, and Ritches: he endeuour to excell them in Liberalitie an Justice. He was wount also to say, that there was nothyng more meet nor commodious for a man then Pacience, and that there

there was no fortune so sharpe which by wisely tolleratyng a valient man might not ouercome. Which opinion of his, he hath expressed in the fift of the Aeneidos.

O Goddesse sun, where destnies drawes & driues: let vs go there,
What euer it is, who conquer fortune will, must fortune beare.

There was familiar with Augustus one named Filistus, an oratour, and meetly wel learned in Poetrie, and had a pleasant, and variable witte, and vsed to carpe the saiynges of all men, not to th'intent thereby to learne the truth (for so Socrates was wont to do) but therby to appeare the better learned. The same, wheresoeuer he had occasion to mete with Virgil or be in his companie, vsed to prouoke him with reproches, and floutes. Wherfore, either he departed commonly with silence, or els with blusshing held his peace. Then when as in presence of Augustus, he sayde that Virgil was dumbe, and that if he had a tongue he coulde not defend himself: hold thy peace babler (q he) for this taciturnitie of myne causeth Augustus, and Mecoenas to be the patrones of my cause, and when I list I will speake with suche a trumpet, that shall euerywhere, and very longe be heard. And thou with thy pratlyng dost not only breake mens eares, but walles also. Then the Emperour loked vpon Filistus with a fierce countenance, and rebuked him. And Virgil, Cæsar (q he) if this man knew a time to holde his peace: he would seldome speake. For a man ought alwaies to be silent, vntill such time as his silence shall either hurt himself, or his talke may profit others.

When Augustus had obtayned the Empire, he debated with himself whether it were better to resigne vp the Dominion, and commit the state to yeerely Consuls, and the gouernment of the Commonwealth to the Senate. In which case he called to counsell twayne, of two seuerall opinions, Mecoenas, and Agrippa. Agrippa in longe discourse shewed, that although it were not very decent for him to do, yet would it be profitable, which contrarie, Mecoenas very much diswaded him from. By occasion wherof, Augustus minde was brought into great perpleritie, for their sundrie opinions, were confirmed by sundrie reasons. Wherfore he demaunded of Maro, whether it were expedient for a priuate man, to vsurpe a gouernment in his cõmon wealth or not? Then Virgil, vnto all (q he) that haue vsurped the state of their commonwealth, the gouernmẽt hath bin wearysom both vnto them, and to the subiectes, bycause that of necessitie through

hatred

hatred of the people, or suspicion growinge to them of their owne great iniustice: they do liue in much feare. But if the citizens could finde eny one, whom they do loue entierly: it should be profitable to the citie, if he were set in auctoritie. Wherfore, if you do continue to execute iustice to all men, without regard of eny person, as you haue alredie begunne, it shalbe most profitable both for your self, and all the worlde that you ruled, for you haue so much the goodwill of all men, that they honour you, and repute you for a God. Whose opinion Cæsar allowinge: retayned still the Empire.

But since wee haue now breifly spoken of the auctour, it seemeth good wee speake of the kind of verse, which commonly is handled two maner wayes, that is to say, before the worke, and in the worke. Before the worke are, the Title, the Cause, the Intention. The Title, in which is asked, whose it is. The cause, from whence it rose, and for what cause cheifly they Poet toke this in hand to write. The Intention, in the which is knowne his drift, & where about the Poet goeth. In the worke three thinges are marked, the Numbre, the Order, the Explanation. Although therfore by falsification, manie workes are caried abroade vnder othermens names, as the tragedie of Thiestes made by this Poet, which Varrus setforth for his owne, & manie such like: yet we cannot doubt but that clærly the Bucolickes are Virgills, especially since the Poete, doubtinge some such matter, both in the beginninge of the Aeneidos, and in another place witnesseth that they are his, sayinge:

I that my slendre Otē pipe in verse was wont to sound. Likewise
I that the rimes of sheapheardes sunge, and rash in tendre yeeres,
Thee *Tityrus* &c.

That they be fitly termed Bucolickes, and so accompted: if nothing els declared, yet this might be prowfe sufficient, that in Theocritus they be called by the same name. But we must shew also some reason. There be three kindes of Sheapheardes that are famous in Bucolickes. Wherof the vilest sort are termed *Caprarii*, or Goatheardes. The Opiliones, or Sheapheards are next of dignity, but ỹ Bubulci, or Cowheardes are the best and chiefest. Wherof therfore was it most conuenient that the Sheapheardes verse shuld be named, but of that degree which is found most excellent amongst Sheapheardes?

The cause may be two wayes considered, of the beginninge of the verse, and of the minde of the writer. Of the beginninge, and Origi-

nall

nall of the Bucolick verse: diuers haue assigned diuerse causes. There are some that saye this kinde of verse was first instituted to Diana, by the Sheapheardes of *Lacedæmonia*, when through occasion of warre, which at that tyme the Persians made vpon all *Greece*, the virgins could not do sacrafice accordinge to their custome. Others some say, that the same kynde of verse was made to Diana by Orestes, when he wandred about *sicilia*. What euer they all say, this is most certen, that the Bucolik verse, toke beginninge of great antiquitie, when men ledde only sheapheardes liues, and therefore the simplicitie of such personages doth represent a shewe of the golden worlde. Wherfore Virgil begunne very commendably with those, verses, as it were, with that life, which was first in the earth. For afterward the fieldes were tilled, and last of all, for earable and fertyle ground: contention rose, and warres ensued, which Virgil, that he would expresse: sange first of sheapheardes, next of Husbandmen, and last of warriours. It remayneth now that wee consider what cause moued the Poet cheifly to write the Bucolickes. Ether he was entised by the sweetnes to haue Theocritus verse in admiration, or else for orders sake he sought to expresse the life of man, as wee haue sayd before. Or rather that Virgil would setforth the three kindes of Elocution, which the Greekes call Carecters, Ischnon that is, lowe, Adron which is loftie, Meson, that is the mean or middle. Wherfore beinge likely that he which was right cunninge in all the kindes: endited his Bucolickes in the first, the Georgikes in the second, and the Aeneidos in the third. Or therfore it is to be supposed he wroat the Bucolickes first, to thintent in that kind of verse which is more free and rough then the rest he might take opportunitie to currie the Emperours fauour, and to recouer his lande which he had lost, for this cause. The third day of the Ides of March, when C. Cæsar was slayne, and the old souldiours had taken vp Augustus Cæsar beinge but a child to be their captayne, the senate not much repugninge against it, a ciuile warre risinge therof, the Cremonēses with other of the same faction, aided the aduersaries of Augustus Cæsar. Wherby it came to passe that when Augustus had the victory he commaunded that the old souldiours shuld be brought in to the Cremonenses fieldes, to deuide, and possesse them. And when their fieldes were not sufficient for them all: their neighbours the Mantuans, amonge whom was Virgil, lost a great part of their landes, by cause they lay

neare vnto the *Cremonenses*. But Virgil, presuminge on the familiaritie which he had with Augustus, and on his owne verses: durst resist Arius the Centurian. He strait wayes, like a souldyour, put his hand to his swoord. And when Virgil had betake himself to flight: he left not of followinge him, vntill Virgil had cast himself into a riuer, and so escaped. But afterward through the fauour of Mecœnas, and Pollio, and Augustus himself, he was restoared to his landes. The Intention of the booke which the Grætians call Scopus, is grounded on the imitation of Theocritus the Poet, who was both a Sicilia and a Syracusia. The intentiō also is to be reduced into ỳ praise of Cæsar, and other princes and noblemen by whose meanes he was brought againe into his former seat, & liuing. Wherby ỳ the end might cōtaine both delectatiō, & profect: he did althinge accordinge to order, & precept.

This question is sometime asked why he wroate no moe then ten Ecloges, which wilbe no meruayle vnto him that shall waigh the antiquitie of the passoral Scenes, which cannot be stretched beyonde this numbre, and since this Poet more circumspect then Theocritus as the matter it self declareth, seemeth to doubt least that Ecloge which is intituled Pollio, will not appeare rusticklike enough, whiche he beginneth after this maner, saying:

Sicilian Muses, of thinges sumdeale greater let vs singe.

And so likewise doth he in other twayne. And this wee foretell to be obserued in al the Bucolikes of Virgil, that they are neither wholy destitute of figures, neither altogither full of figures, that is to say Allagories. These thinges are scarce to be graunted vnto Virgil, for the prayse of Cæsar, and to recouer his landes, since Theocritus, whom Virgil sought by all endeuour to imitate: wroate altogether plainly, and simply.

As touchyng such thinges as accustomably are handled in the verse are these: Numbre, Order, Erplanation The numbre of the Eclogs is apparant, for there are Ten, of which, seuen are thought properly to deserue the name of Bucolickes. For the last three ought not to be called Bucolickes, namely Pollio, Silenus, and Gallus. The first therfore contayneth a publique complaint, and a priuate thankes geuyng for land, and is called Tityrus. The second, the loue of a boy, and is termed Alexis. The third, a contention of Sheapheards, and is called Palœmon. The fourth, Genethliacum, and is named Pollio. The fift, Epitaphium, and is termed Daphnis. The sixt, Metamorphosis,

phosis, and is called, Varus, and Silenus. The seuenth Pharmaceutria. The eight, the loues of diuers seres, and is named Damon. The ninth contayneth a complaynt for his lost landes, and is termed Moeris. The tenth, the diser of Gallus, and is called Gallus. As touchynge the order of them, wee must vnderstand this, that only in the first and last Ecloges the Poete would keep due order, for in the one he began, as he witnesseth in the Georgickes:

O *Tityrus*, of thee I sange, vnder the broad Beech tree,

In the other he shewed the end, when he sayth,

This finall trauayle mine, graunt *Arethusa* vnto mee.

But amongst the Eclogs that there is no sheapheardly, or prescript order obserued, it is most certen. Wherefore there are some, that say the Bucolikes begin not at Tityrus, but:

Our *Muse* in *Syracusian* verse vouchsaued first to play.

There remaineth now Explanation, vnto which before wee come, I must admonish this, that the verse of a Bucolike is but a slender verse, and so farre differyng from the stile of the Heroike: that this kinde of verse hath his peculiar diuision, and cuttinges, and is distinguished by his owne proper lawes. For, since a verse is proued by three thynges, cutting, scannyng, and tunyng: it is no Bucolike verse vnlesse the first foote do contayne a full part of the sense, and the third foote be Trochæus and a cuttyng, and the third being rather a Dactile then a Spondeus: do finish a parcell of sense, the fift and sixt feete consist of whole words. Which beyng obserued by Theocritus, yet wearied at length through difficultie of the worke: he neclected it, & only in the beginnyng it is vncertayne whether diligence, or chaunce did keep these cuttynges. For, Tityre, a Dactile finished part of the Oration: tu patu, læ re cu, cloased vp the third Trochæus, though in a compounde word: bans sub, and when he had put the fourth Spondeus for a Dactile, tegmine fagi, when he had ended the partes of oration, he absolued the whole Cõma, wherin the diligence of Theocritus almost in all his verses is wounderfull. And he that shall diligently with sharpe iudgement consider the aboue written, shall easely vnderstand what is the intention of the Georgikes, and what the ende, and likewise also in the Aeneidos.

There are three kinde of stiles in a Poeme, either Actiue, ether Imitatiue which *Græcians* call Dramaticum, wherin are persons brought

in speakinge, without speakyng of the Poet, such as Tragœdies, and Comœdies are. For Dran in Greeke signifieth to do. In which kinde first Tityrus was writen, then next Quo te Mœri. Or els Enerratiue, which the Greekes call Diegematicon, in which the Poet himself speaketh without interpretation of persone, as the first three bookes of Georgikes. Likewise Lucretius verses. Ether els commune, and mixt, which the Greekes do terme Micton, where both the Poet himself doth speake, and personnes lykewyse are brought in, such as is the Aeneidos of Virgil.

FINIS.

THE ARGVMENTES
of the twelue bookes of Aeneidos, expressed in twelue verses.

Aeneas, *in the first, to* Liby *land arriueth well.*
The fall of Troy, *and wofull dole, the second booke doth tell.*
The thyrd of wandringes speakes, and father dead, and layd full low.
In fourth Queene Dido *burnes, and flames of raginge loue doth show.*
The fift declareth plaies, and how the fleet with fier was cought.
The sixt doth speake of ghosts, and how deep Plutoes *reygne was sought.*
The seuenth booke, Aeneas *bringes vnto his fatal land.*
The eight prepareth war, and power how focs for to withstand.
The ninth of battels telles, and yet the captaine is awaye.
Aeneas *greeuous wrath* Mezentius, *in the tenth, doth slaye.*
The eleuenth in vnequall fight Camilla *castes to ground.*
The twelfth with heauenly weapons gyues to Turnus *mortall wound.*

¶A GENERAL SVM WHEREOF ALL THE XII. BOOKES OF AENEIDOS DO ENTREATE.

WHEN *Troy* was destroyed by the *Greekes*, and theyr most of Noblitie slayne, *Æneas* beynge Sonne to prince *Anchises*, and begotten of VENVS, a man of most valient courage and vertue (after great slaughter made on his enemies) was forced to flee his coūtrey, and takyng with him his Images and Goddes, whom he than worshipt for his auouries, withdrew himself to the sea, with his sunne *Ascanius*, and his olde father *Anchises* and family to whom a great number of *Troians*, from euery quarter resorted, and ioynyng togethers vnder him, erected a Nauie of twenty ships and departed to seas, perswaded by their Goddes, that they should come to a land, where their kingdom should florish. First he arriued in *Thracia*, and would haue remayned there, but vnderstanding that yonge *Polydorus* his cosin was murthered there by the kynge therof, for his Golde, he forsooke that coouetous land, and after he had builded a citie called of his name *Æneas*. From thence he sailed into *Candy*, where he was setled a whyle, but he felt his prophecie wronge expounded, and was put from thence by a pestilence. Than remembryng that his auncient forefathers came out of *Italy* and beynge better instructed by his Gods, that *Italy* should be his place and kyngdome appoynted: he cut another course to the land of *Chaonia*, where one *Helenus* raigned, beyng his kinsman a *Troian*, of whom he learned many thinges touching his Prophecie, and was newly refreshed with men, amour, and treasour. He passed from thence to the yle of *Scicil*, and was there wel receiued of king *Aceste* his cosin, and there he buried his old father *Anchises*, by which time, vij. yeres wear almost expired. Than hauing but a short iourney to *Italy*, he went thitherwards out of *Scicil*, and by the way was taken with an horrible tempest, and driuen from *Italy* an extreme course, to the countrey of whyte *Moores* in *Affrike*, and after extreme desperation, was honourably there enterteyned of the Queene DIDO a widow, with whom he ioyned in loue, and remayned till his Gods

commaun-

commaunded him forth, and thence he returned in all haſt into *Scicil*. There for his fathers honour he deuiſed games of actiuity, and ſet forth his Obite or yeeres minde, with great ſolempnitie and triumphe, building a citie called *Acesta*, where he left much of his people, and with the reſidue arriued in *Italy* at *Cumas*, but by the way he loſt *Palinurus* his cheif maiſter and Pilot. At *Cumas* that time vnder a gorgeous temple, *sibly* the Prophetiſſe inhabited deepe in the grounde, of whom at length he obteyned, to be conducted to *Limbo*, and to ſpeake with the ſoule of his father *Anchiſes*, and paſſed with her through all the places infernall, and at laſt to the fieldes of bliſſe, whom the Pagans tooke for their *Paradiſe*: where he conferred with his father, and of him was inſtructed of all his predeſtinations and fortunes: but before he deſcended with *sibly*, he buried his noble Trumpettour *Miſenus*. At his commyng vp he buried his nurſe, and called that coaſt of her name *Caieta*. Then he cam ſaufe into *Tyber* with all his ſhippes, and landed his people, and ſhortly compounded to marrie *Lauinia*, the doughter of king *Latinus* there raigninge, who beforetyme was promyſed to king *Turnus*, vpon which occaſion aroſe warre betweene the two kinges, where in moſt of all *Italy* conſpired againſt *Aeneas*, but he with helpe of a poore king called *Euander*, and of one *Tarchon* capitayne of a great people of *Etruria*, who had expulſed *Mezentius* their king for his tirranny, did ſo valiantly behaue him ſelf: that after moſt greuous conflictes, he ſlew king *Turnus* in combat, and wanne the Ladie and the kingdome by conqueſt. Of whoſe iſſewe afterwarde proceaded the greateſt Princes of the worlde, by whome *Rome* was founded, that ſometyme was ruler of the vniuerſal earth, and yet amonge al chriſten kingdomes beareth no litle ſwaye of authoritie, and dominion.

To the gentle Readers.

MErualye not, gentle Readers, nor be not mooued, that I haue rashly attempted to set vpon the residue of Virgil, after M. Phaër. The manifold examples that commonly are alleaged, to deterre men from finishing such workes as haue bin left vnperfect by notable artificers in al sciences: could not make me afraid, howbeit perchaũce they may be laid in my dish. I know there be manie younge Gentlemen, and others, whose gift this way, so much excelleth my poore abilitie: that there is no comparison betweene them. But peraduenture ether they lack good will, which I assure you aboũdeth in mée for my simple skyl: or els leasure, wherof I haue more at this present thẽ I would gladly wish: or els they pinch Curtesie like women, and one loketh vpon another who shall beginne. But I, who haue bin brought vp in the Vniuersitie, and meetly trained in other places, haue learned it to be good maners to be doinge with that which is before me. Wherin, though I be vpbraided of some for ouer rashe, saucinesse: what remedie? I trust I haue attained to the Poetes meaninge, though my verse be farre from finesse. And I know that it is an elder matter to finde fault withall, then to mend it. For in other Poemes and Dities of pleasure, it is of lesse difficultie to bringe their owne sense to their owne Rime: then in this kinde of translation to enforce their Rime to the necessitie of another mãs meaning. Which they can not well iudge of, that neuer came where it grew. For your better vnderstandinge, where. M. Phaërs translatiõ endeth, and mine beginneth: I haue caused this ❧ note to be placed in the margẽt. Farewell (louinge Readers) and I beseech thée take my well meaninge in good part.

T. Twyne.

12

¶ The first booke of the *Aeneidos of Virgil.*

The Argument.

¶ When Troy was taken, Aeneas the sonne of Anchises and Venus, a man endued with singulare godlynesse, and lyke valiencie whylst in the seuenth yeare of his wandzing he sayled vpō the Tyrrhene sea frō Sicil, towardes Italy, a mighty tempest beyng rayſed by Aeolus the kyng of windes at Iunos request: was dzi-uen to the shoare of Afrike, where entring on the lande, he slewe with bowe and arrowes seuen great stagges and deuided them equally to eche ship one, foz so many sayle he had gathered together of his dispearsed fleet, and hartneth his souldiers ouerweryed nowe with trauayle, with the hope of future rest: man-fully to endure the labours that were yet to come. In the meane whyle Venus pleadeth her sonne Aeneas, and al the Troianes cause before Iupiter, and imputeth al those calamities vnto Iuno, but Iupiter on the other side, disclosing al the oz-der of the destinies: recomfoztеth his daughter with hope of happy posteritie, and power of the Romanes. wherwith Venus being wel satisfied: meeteth with her sonne Aeneas, being ignozant of the place, and romyng vp and downe in the countrey, and sheweth him how that his dispersed shippes be safe, and telleth hym that Carthage is not farre of, a citie which Dido buylded in that place. wherfoze Aeneas by his mothers meane beyng shzowded in an hollowe cloude accompanyed with Achates: entreth into Carthage, where both he findeth his mates safe, and is curteously entertayned of Dido the Queene. Venus notwith-standyng not ouermuch trusting to Iunos entertaynmēt, noz the vncōstancie of women, laying Ascanius a sleepe in the woodes of Ida: addzessed Cupide in his steede, who amongst embzacinges, and kisses, pziuily inspireth the Queene with the loue of Aeneas.

Aeneas. vnus. w mo
Aeolus. Juno
& Stagges. & shippes.
Venus meeteth w Aeneas.

THat my slender Oten Pype in berse was wont to sounde
Of woods, and next to that I taught foz husbandemen the grounde,
How frute vnto their greedie lust thei might constraine to bzing,
A worke of thankes: Lo now of Mars, and dreadfull warrs I sing,
Of armes, and of the man of *Troy*, that first by fatall slight
Did thence arriue to *Lauine* lande, that now *Italia*, hight.

Other bookes made by Virgil before this great worke.

But ſhaken ſore with many a ſtorme by ſeas and land ytoſt,
And all for Iunos endles wrath that wrought to haue had him loſt.
And ſorowes great in warres he bode, ere he the walls could frame
Of myghty *Rome*, and bring the gods taduaunce the Romaine name.
He calles for diuine power. Now Muſe direct my ſong to tell for what offence and why:
What ayld ſo the queene of gods to dryue thus cruelly,
This noble prince of vertue myld from place to place to toile,
Such paines to take: may heauenly mynds ſo ſore in rancour boile?
There was a town of auncient tyme *Carthago* of old it hight,
Againſt *Italia* and *Tybers* mouth lay loof at ſeas aright:
Both riche in wealth and ſharpe in war, the people it held of Tyre:
This town aboue al townes to raiſe was Iunos moſt deſyre,
Forſooke her ſeate at *Samos* yle and here her armes ſhe ſet,
Her chare, and here ſhe myndes to make (if all godds do not let)
Affrik other wiſe called Lybya, did worſhip Iuno which was enemie to troians. An empyre all the world to rule: but heard ſhe had beforne
From *Troy* ſhould ryſe a ſtock, by whom their townes ſhould all be torne
That far and wyde ſhould beare the rule, ſo fearce in war to feele:
That *Lyby* land deſtroy thei ſhould, ſo fortune turnes the wheele.
For feare of that, and calling eft the olde war to her mynde,
That ſhe at *Troy* had doen before for Greekes her frends ſo kynde.
Ne from her hart the cauſes old of wrath and ſore diſdaine
Was ſlakyd yet, but in her breſt high ſpyte did ſtill remaine.
How Paris Venus beautie praiſed and hers eſteemed at naught.
She abhores the ſtock and Ganimede whom Ioue to heauen had raught,
Thus flamed in her moode, ſhe keſt through al the ſeas to thrawe
The entet of this worke is only to tell the beginning of Rome. The ſely poore remgin of *Troye* that Greekes had laied ſo lowe.
And them that wild Achilles wrath had ſpared aliue at laſt
From *Italy* ſhe thought to keep, till deſtnies ſhould be paſt.
And many a yeare they wandred wyde, in ſeas and ſondrie pyne,
So houge a worke of weyght it was, to buyld of *Rome* the lygne.
Scant from the ſyght of *Scicil* yle, their ſailes in mery aray
Went vnder wynd, and through the ſeas, and ſalt ſome made their way:
When Iuno her bethought again of her immortal wound
Juno fretting with her ſelfe. Vnto her ſelf. And ſhal I thus be conquerd, and confound:
And ſhall I leaue it thus q ſhe: ſhall yet this Troyan king
For all my worke to *Italie* this people ſafely bring:
I trow the deſtnye wils it ſo, but dyd not Pallas burne
A fleete of Greekes, and in the ſeas them all did ouerturne

For one mans sinne, and for the faut of Aiax made to fall:
She threw the fiers of mighty Ioue from skies vpon them all.
And drowned their ships, and he him self with whirlewynde set a fier
All smoking on the roks she kost his carcas to expier.
But I, that quéene of gods am cald and sister of Ioue in throne
And eke his wyfe, how long I war with this poore flocke alone:
So many a yere: and who shal now dame Iunos godhead knowe,
Or shortly vpon myne altars who due honours will bestow:
Thus rolling in her burning brest she straight to *Æolia* hyed
Into the countrey of cloudy skyes where blustring wyndes abyde.
King Aeolus the wrastling wynds in caues he locks full lowe:
In prison strong the stormes he kéepes forbidden abrode to blowe.
Thei for disdaine with murmour great at euery mouth do rage,
But he a loft with mace in hand their force doth al aswage.
If he so did not: lands and seas and skyes they would so swépe
Within a while, that all were gone. Therfore in dongeons dépe
Almighty Ioue did close them vp, and hilles hath ouerset,
And made a king, that should know when to louse them, when to let.
Whom to entreat this Iuno came, and thus to him she spake:
King Aeolus, for vnto thée the great god hath betake
And giuen thée leaue to lift the flouds and calm to make them still:
On *Tyrrhen* sea there sailes a fléete that beares me no good wil.
To *Italy* thei mynde to passe, a newe *Troy* there to bylde.
Let out thy wynds and all their shipps do drowne with waters wylde.
Disperse them al to sondrie shores or whelme them downe with déepe.
Of goodly Ladies seuen and seuen about me I do kéepe,
Whereof the fairest of them all that cald is Deiopey,
Shalbe thyne owne for euermore, my mynde if thou obey,
And of a goodly son (quod she) she shall thée make a syer.
To that said Aeolus: O Quéene: what néedes all this desyer:
Commaund me dame, I must obey, my dutie it is of right,
By you this kingdom first I gat, and grace of Ioue on hight.
You make me sit among the gods at banketts this ye know,
You gaue me might these stormy wynds to strain, or make to blow.
He turnd his sword when this was said, and through the hil he pusht
And at that gap with throngs atones the wynds furth out thei rusht.
The whirlewinds to the land went out, and then to seas thei sewe,
Both East and West, and from the sands the waues aloft thei threw.

Aeolia a windy countrey.

In angrie Goddesse.

The ſtormy South again the cliues the waters dryue ſo hye,
A ſodaine ſtorme. That cables al began to crack, and men for dreed to crye,
Anone was taken from Troians eyes both ſight and light of ſonne
And on the ſea the grym darke night to cloſe all in begonne.
The thonders roard, and lightning lept full oft on euery ſyde,
There was no man but preſent death before his face eſpyde.
Aeneas than in euery lymme with cold began to quake,
With hands vp throwen to heauens aloft his mone thus gan he make.
O ten tymes treble bleſſed men that in their parents ſight
Before the loftye walls of Troy, did loſe their lyues in fight.
Drowning is miſerable. O Diomedes, valiaunt lord, and guyd of Greekes moſt ſtout
Could I not of thy force haue fallen and ſhed my lyfe right out:
In Troian feelds: where Hector fierce lyeth vnder Achilles launce
King Serpedon and many a lord, how blisfull was their chaunce:
Whoſe bodies with their armes and ſhéeldes in ſimois waters ſinkes.
A pitteous tempeſt. As he thus ſpake, the Northern blaſt his ſailes drake to the brinkes,
Vnto the ſkyes the waues them lift, their ores bin all to torne,
Away goth helme, and with the ſurge the ſhip ſyde downe is borne,
In come the ſeas, and hye as hills ſome hang in floods aboue,
Some down the gaping water ſends againſt the ſands to ſhoue.
There thre at ones the Sothern wynd into the rocks hath caſt
(So they call ſtones that in the ſeas lyke altars lye full faſt)
And thre the Caſtern wynde alſo (that pitie it is to thinke)
Out of the deepe into the ſholdes, and quickſands made to ſinke.
And one that men of Lycia land, and truſty Orontes helde,
Afore his face there fel a ſea that made the puppe to yelde.
And hedlong down the maſter fals, and thryſe the keele aground
The water whirlde, and at the laſt the wylde ſea ſwallowd round.
Than might you ſee both here and there, men with their armeur ſwim,
The robes and peinted pompe of Troy lay fleeting on the brim,
And now the ſhips where Ilionee, and where Achates ſtrong,
And where as Abas went, and where Alethes liuing long,
The wether had worn, and through the ribs the ſeas came wonders faſt:
A frend in extremitie. Wlhen ſodenly the god Neptune vpſterte him al agaſt.
With woonder how ſo great a rage ſhould hap to him vntold,
And forth his noble face he putts the waters to behold,
There ſaw he how Aeneas ſhipps through all the ſeas beſpred,
And Troian folks ydrounde with flood, and ſtormes falne ouer head.
Anon the craft thereof he knew, and Iuno his ſiſters yre.

Straſt

Strait by their names he calls the windes, who than began retyre.
Are you so bold you blastes (quod he) without my licence here
The lands and skies and seas also with such a storme to steere?
I will be quyte: but first is best the floods to set in stay,
And after this for your deserts be sure I shall you pay.
In hast begone, go tell your king the seas is not his charge,
But vnto me that lot befell with mace threforked large.
Not here, but in his caues of wynde, his court go bid him keepe.
There let him if he list, you blasts enclose in prison deepe.
This spoken: with a thought he makes the swelling seas to cesse, Obedience of waters.
And Sunne to shine, and clouds to flee, that did the skies oppresse.
The Mermaides therwithal appeares, and Triton fleetes aboue,
And with his forke thei al the ships from rocks do softly moue,
Then letts he lose the perlous sandes that ships a way may slyde,
And on the sea ful smoothe his chare with wheeles he made to ryde.
And lyke as in a people stoute whan chaunceth to betyde
The multitude to make a fray of wit full often wyde,
That stones, and weapons flyes abroad, and what come furst to hand,
Some sadman comth, that for his right is loued of al the land:
Anon they cease and silence make, and down thei lay their rage,
To harke at him, and he with speche their wood myndes doth aswage.
So fel this deadly fray at sea, when Neptune had controlde
The waters wyld, and through the seas his chare abroad had rolde.
The men of *Troy* vnto the shore that next was in their sight
Made hast to drawe, and on the coast of *Africa* they light. Thei were driuen to Afrike.
Far in the shore there lyeth an yle, and there beslydes a bay,
Where from the chanell deepe the hauen goeth in and out alway.
On either syde the reaches hie, to heauen vp clyme to growe,
And vnder them the stil sea lyeth, for there no breth can blowe.
But greene wood like a garland growes, and hydes them al with shade,
And in the midds a pleasaunt caue there stands of nature made,
Where sits the *Nimphes* among the springs in seates of mosse and stone
When ships are in, no Cables neede nor ankers neede they none.
Then from the ship to walke a lande Aeneas longid sore,
And chose of all the number seuen and brought with him to shore.
There by a banke their weery limmes of salt sea did thei stretche,
And first Achates from the flynt a sparke of fyer did fetche, Ease after trauaile.
Which he receiued in matter meete, and drye leaues laied about.

Than bitells out they layd a lande, with ſeas welnere ymarde.
And cõme to drie they ſet, and ſom with ſtones they bruſyd hard,
There whyleſt Æneas vp the rocke was gone to walke on hye,
To ſée where any ſhips of his aſtray he might eſpye,
If Caicus armes vpon the ſayle, or Capis happs to ſhewe.
No boate in ſight, but on the ſhore thre Harts there ſtode arowe:
And after them the heard behinde along the valley fedde.
He ſtayed, and of his bowe and bolts Achates ſtraite him ſpedde.
The cheef that hyeſt bare their heads, adown with darts he keſt,
And to the woods he folowed than with lyke purſuite the reſt.
He left them not till ſeuen of them were falne with bodies greate,
To matche the number of his ſhipps that now had neede of meate.
Than to the hauen he doth the fleſhe among his men deuide,
And pipes of wine departed eke that was abourde that tide,
Which good Aceſtes had them giuen when they from *Sicile* went.
And than to cheere their heauy harts with theſe words he him bent.
Good cõfort of a Captayne. O mates quod he, that many a wo haue bidden and borne ere this,
Worſe haue wæ ſæne, and this alſo ſhall ende when gods will is.
Through Scilla rage (you wot) and through the roring rocks wée paſt,
Though Ciclops ſhore was ful of fear, yet cam wæ through at laſt.
Pluck vp your harts and driue from thence both thought and feare away,
To thinke on this may pleaſure be perhaps another day.
With paines and many a daunger ſore by ſondrie chaunce wée wende,
To come to *Italia* where wæ truſt to finde our reſting ende,
And where the deſtinyes haue decréd *Troys* kindoms eft to riſe,
Be bolde, and harden now your ſelfs take eaſe when eaſe appliſe.
Thus ſpake he tho, but in his hart huge cares him had oppreſt,
Under the name of Aeneas is deſcribed in Virgill the part of a perfite wiſe man and valiaunte captaine if ye marke it. Diſſymling hope with outward eyes, full heauy was his breſt,
Than all beſtyd them to the praye, the bankettes gan beginne,
The ſkinnes from of the fleſh they pluct, and eke the entrailes within.
Some cut their ſhares, and quaking yet on broches gan to broyle,
Some blew the fyer to burne, and ſome their cawdrons ſet to boyle.
Good cheere they made and fed them faſt as on the graſſe they ſat,
With wine and bittels of the beſt, and red deare good and fat.
Whan meate was done and honger paſt, and trenchers vp were take,
Great ſerch and talking for their frends that were behind they make.
In hope and dreed of them they ſtand, and whether a liue they be
Or what is elles of them become, or ſhall they hem euer ſæ.

But

But chiefly good Aeneas dyd the case full sore lament
Of stoute Orontes and Amicus whom the seaes had hent,
And other whiles he syghed sore for Licus pitcous fall,
And mighty Gias and Cloanthus mourned he most of all.
And now an ende therof therwas, when Ioue him self on hye
Beheld the seas where shyps do sayle, and broad londs vnder skye.
And from the toppes of heauens aboue he kest his eyes adowne,
And stayed to loke on Affrike land and who there bare the crowne.
And vnto him as to and fro his caresull mynd he cast:
Came Venus in, and sad she was vnlyke her custome past.
With teares about her eyes so bright she thus began to playne:
O kinge (q she) that ouer vs all both gods and men dost raygne
For euermore, and with thy dintes of lightning makest a fright:
What hath my son Aeneas wrought or spoken agayne thy might:
What hath the symple Troians done? that after tormentes all,
From *Italy* to keepe them of the world is made to small:
Somtyme ye said ther shuld arise (whan yeres wer comen about)
The men of Rome that of the ligne of *Troy* should be so stout,
That seas and londes shold to their rule both far and nye suppresse.
What makes O mighty father now your will a way to dresse:
In hope therof yiwis I tooke the fall of *Troy* so lyght,
And thought amendes shuld now be made and pleasur payn to quyte
But now I see the same mischaunce the poore men yet to chase.
What ende therof shall wee a wayte at your almighty grace:
Antenor through the middes of *Greece* had fortune sauf to steale,
And to *Lyburnus* kingdome came as destnye list to deale
Euen to the middes therof, and head wherout *Tymauus* springs,
Where issues nine the sea makes in, for noise the mountain rings.
Yet for the men of *Troy* to dwell a citie bylt he there,
Padua by name, and gaue them lawes and armes of *Troy* to beare.
Now lyeth he there in pleasaunt rest, no wight him doth disease,
But wee your stock whom to the starres of heauen admit you please:
Our shyps destroyed (I abhorre to thinke) and for the cruell spight
Of one alone, wee be betrayed and spoyled of our right,
Ne to the coastes of *Italy* for ought wee can attayne.
Is this the fathers loue wee fynd? so stablish you my raygne:
The maker of the Gods and men to her all sweetely smyles
With countnaunce such as from the skies ỹ stormes & cloudes exiles.

And ſwétely kiſſt hys doughter dere, and ther withall he ſpeakes:
Feare not (q he) thy mens good hap, for none their fortune breaks.
Thy kyngdome proſper ſhall, and eke the walles I thee behight:
prophecies ſpoken by Ioue to Venus of things that after enſued. Thou ſhalt ſée riſe in *Lauyne* land and grow ful great of might.
And thou thy ſonne Aeneas ſtout to heauen ſhalt bryng at laſt,
Amonge the gods be ſure of this, my mynd is fixed faſt.
And now to thée diſcloſe I ſhall (for ſore I ſée thée dout)
The long diſcourſe of deſtenyes that yeres ſhall bryng about.
Great warre in *Italy* haue he ſhall, ere he the people wyld
Way vndertread, and lerne to lyue, and than the citie byld.
Thrée ſommers thrée ere he ſhall ſyt as king them ſhall renew,
And winters thrée, before he can the Rutyls all ſubdewe.
Than ſhall Aſcanius (now a childe) whoſe name Yulus hyght,
(Was Ylus cald when *Troys* eſtate and kingdome ſtode vpryght)
Till ſpace of thirtie yeres expire his kyngdome ſhall obtayne,
And he from *Lauyne* ſhall tranſlate the olde ſtate of the raygne,
And ſtrongly fortifye the towne of *Alba longe* ſhall he,
Where whole thrée hundred yeres the ſtock of Hector kings ſhalbe.
Romulus and Remus were nouriſhed of a ſhe Wolfe. Til Ilia Quéene, with child by Mars two twinnes to light ſhal bring
Whom wolues ſhal nurſe, and proude therof he growes that ſhalbe king.
Ye Romulus ſhall take the rule, and vp the walles ſhall frame
Of mightie Rome, and Romaines all ſhall call them of his name,
No ende to their eſtate I ſet, ne termes of tyme or place,
But endles ſhall their empire growe, and Iunos cruell grace
That now with feare the grounde beneth turmoiles, and eke the ſkyes,
Shall leaue her wrathe, and worke with me, and take more ſad auyſe,
To loue the Romaines lords of peace, and people clad in gowne.
Let it be ſo: let tyme roll on, and ſet furth their renowne.
Then ſhal be borne of Troian blood the emprour *Cæſar* bright,
Whoſe empire through the ſeas ſhal ſtretch and fame to heauen vpright
And Iulius his name it is of mightie Iule derined:
Him laden full of Eſterne ſpoyles by him in warrs atchiued:
In heauen thou ſhalt beſtowe full glad, and vowes men ſhal him hight.
Then down goth war, men ſhalbe mylde, in armes ſhal not delight,
Then truth and right and Romane gods ſhal ſit with lawes in hande,
The gates of war with bolts and barrs of hard ſteele faſt ſhall ſtande.
And therewithin on armour heapes ſits Batail rage, and wailes
With braſen chaines a hundred bounde, his wrafling not auailes.

Thus much he saied, and down anon the son of May he sent,
That new Carthage, and al the costes of Affrike should be bent
The Troians to receyue a land, lest Dido there the Quéene
Might from her shore erpell them of, er she the cause had séene.
And downe he flyes him throughe the skyes, with wings as swift as wynde
And on the land of Lyby stode, and did his fathers mynde.
With that the Moores laid down their rage (as god did bid) and eke
The Quéene her self gan turne, and to the Troians wared meke.
But good Aeneas all that night his mynde about he tost,
And in the morning went him out to serche and sée the cost,
To learne what land thei were com to, what people dwelt thereon
If men or saluage beasts it hold, for tilde he could sée non.
This would he know, and to his men the truthe of all to tell.
Ther whilest within a water caue his shipps he made to dwell,
Whom trées & woods with shadowes thicke and eke the rocke doth hyde.
Than forth he goth, and toke but one Achates by his syde.
And launces two thei bare in hand of metal sharpe and light,
And as thei went amid the wood he met his mother right,
Most like a maide in maidens weede, she maidens armour beares,
As doth Harpalicee the Quéene that horses wilde outweares.
So wight of fote, that Heber streame so swift she leaues behinde,
For hunterlike her bow she bare, her locks went with the winde
Behunde her backe, and tuckt she was that naked was her knée.
She cald to them and said, good sirs, I pray you did you sée
To stray this way as ye haue come, my sisters any one?
With quiuer bound that in the chase of some wild best are gone?
Or with a cry pursueth a pace the fomy bore to paine?
So Venus said, and Venus son her answerd thus againe.
None of thy sisters haue I séen nor heard I thée assure
O mayde, what shal I make of thée, thy face I sée so pure.
Not mortall like, ne like mankinde thy voice doth sound, I gesse
Some goddesse thou art, and Phebus bright thy brother is doubtles,
Or of the noble Nymphes thou comest, of grace we thée beseche
What euer thou art, and helpe our néede, and now vouchsaue to teach
What lond is this? what coast of heauen be we come vnder here?
Where nether man nor place we know, so straied we haue in fere,
Out of our course we haue béene cast with winées and flods yshake.
Afore thine altars many a beast to offre I vndertake.

Mercurie the sonne of Maye.

As for mine altars (q ſhe tho) no ſuche eſtate I beare,
The maner is of virgins here this ſhort aray to weare.
In purple weede wee vſe to walke with quiuer light onbound,
The realme of *Affrike* here thou ſeeſt, and men of *Tyrus* ground.
Here is the citie of Agenor, fierce be the lands about,
Quæne Dido rules and weres the crowne from *Tyrus* ſhe came out
And lately from her brother fled, the cauſe is long to lere.
The ſtory long, but touch I will the chief and leaue it there.
Sicheus was her huſband tho: the richeſt man of ground
In al that coaſt, and deepe (good hart) in loue with her was drownd.
For her to him her father gaue a virgin yet ontwyght
And to her brother came the crown of *Tyrus* than by right
Pigmalion, a ſinfull wretch of all that euer raignde,
Whom couetiſe did blinde ſo ſore, and rage of fury ſtraindе,
That onaware, with priuy knife before the altars pure
He ſlew Sicheus, and of his ſiſters loue he thought him ſure.
And long he kept the deede in cloſe, and ſhe good ſoule full ſad
The craſty theefe made wondrous meanes and tales her mind to glad.
But in a dreame (vnburied yet) her huſband came tappere
With viſage pale, and wondrous hewes, ful deadly wes his chere
And told her all, and wide his wound diſcloſing ſhewd his breſt
How he before the altars was, for what entent oppreſt.
And bad her flee the wicked ſoile ere worſe might her befall.
And treaſor vnder grounde he ſhewd to helpe her therwithall,
Both golde and ſiluer plenty great vnknowen till than, and ſo
This Dido did, and made her frends and ordeind furth to go.
Than ſuch as for his wicked life the cruell tirant hates,
Or ben afraied of him for ought, them getts out of the gates
In ſhips that readie lay by chaunce, the gold with them thei packt
Thei ſpoild alſo Pigmalion, this was a womans act.
Than paſt thei furth and here thei came, where now thou ſhalt eſpie
The hugy walls of newe *Carthage* that now they rere ſo hie.
Thei bought the ſoile and *Birſa* it cald whan firſt thei did begin,
As much as with a bull hide cut thei could incloſe within.
But what are you faine would I know, or what coaſt come ye fro:
Where woulde you bee: demaunding thus he anſwerd her onto.
With ſighing deepe, and from his breſt heauy his tale he fet.
O lady mine (q he) to tell if nothing did me let,

And of our paines ye list to here the stories out at large:
The day were short,and ere an end the sunne would him discharge.
Of auncient Troy (if euer Troy beside your eares hath past)
Of thens be wee:by sundrie seas and coasts wee haue ben cast.
And now the tempest hath vs brought to Lyby land by chaunce.
My name Aeneas cleppd is:my countrey gods (tadnaunce)
In ships I bring:vnto the starrs well blased is my faune.
Of Italy I seeke the lond,and Ioues offspring I ame
A Troian fleete I toke to sea with twenty vessels wide,
My mother goddesse taught my way,as destny did me gide.
Now seuen thereof do skant remain,the rest with wethers gon,
And I vnknowen in wildernesse here walke and comfort non.
From Asia and from Europa quite thus driuen I am:with that
She could no longer byde him speake,but brake his tale therat.
What euer thou art (q she) for well I wot the gods aboue
Doth loue thee much to saue thy lyfe to this place to remoue.
Go forth to yonder Palais straight,assay the Queene to see,
For safe thy company a land be set beleeue thou me.
And safe thy ships are come to shore,with Northen wind at wil,
Onles my cunning failes me nowe whom wont I was to skil.
Behold the flocke of fire and fire that yonder cheerly flies
Of Swannes,whom late an Egle ferce did chace through al the skies.
Now toward lond,or on the lond,they seeme their course to keepe,
And as for ioy of danger past their winges aloft they sweepe
With myrth and noise:right so thy men and al thy shipps a row
Be come to hauen,or nere the hauen in safgard,this I knowe.
Now get thee forth,and where the way thee ledes hold on thy pace.
Skant had she said,and therwithall she turnd aside her face,
As read as rose she gan to shine,and from her heauenly heare
The flauour sprang,as Nectar sweete, down fell her kirtell there,
And like a goddesse right she fled. When he his mother wist,
He followed fast and cald (alas) what mean you, thus to list
In fained shapps so oft to me begiling to apeare?
Why hand in hand embrace wee not,and iointly speake and heare?
Thus plaining fore he still his pace vnto the citie holdes.
But Venus as they went,a wede about them both she foldes,
Of myst and cloud and aire so thicke,that no man should them spie
Ne do them harme,nor interrupt,nor aske them who nor why.

An old superstitiō of diuinatiō. by birdes called augurium.

Venus inclosed them both in a clouds.

Her ſelfe by ſkie to *Paphos* yéede where ſtonds her honor ſeates,
And temple riche, and of encenſe a hundred altars ſweates,
And where of flowres and garlands freſh her flore is alway ſpred.
Thei in that whyle went on their way, wherto the path them led.
And now come vp thei were the hill that nére the citie lies,
From whens the townes and caſtles all béen ſubiect to their eyes:
Aeneas wondred at the worke where ſometime ſhéepe were fedde,
And on the gates he wondred eke, and noiſe in ſtréetes yſpredde.
The *Moores* with corage went to worke, ſom vnder burdens grones,
Some at the wals and towres with hands were tombling vp the ſtones.
Some meaſurd out a place to bild their manſion houſe within,
Some lawes and officers to make in parlament did begin.
Another ſort a hauen had caſt, and déepe they trench the grounds.
Some other for the games and playes a ſtately place had found,
And pillers great they cut for kings to garniſh forth their halles.
And lyke as bées among the floures, whan freſh the ſommer falles
In ſhyne of ſon applie their work, when growen is vp their yong,
Or when their hiues thei gimne to ſtop, and hony ſwéete is ſprong,
That al their caues and cellers cloſe with dulcet liquor filles,
Some doth onlade, ſome other brings the ſtuffe with ready willes,
Some time they ioine and all at ones do from their mangers fet
The ſlouthful drones that would cõſume, and nought will do to get.
The worke it heates, the hony ſmelles of flours and Tyme ywet.
O happy men whoſe fortune is your walles nowe thus to riſe
Aeneas ſaid, and to the topps of al he keſt his eyes.
Encompaſt with the cloude he goth (a wondrous thing to ſkill)
And through the middes of men onſeen he comth and goth at will.
Amids the towne a groue there ſtode full gladſom was the ſhade,
Where firſt the *Mores* by wether caſt, and ſtormes into that trade
Had made a mark, and digde the place, where ſhortly thei had founde
A horſes head of corage hie, ſo Iuno did compounde,
That by that ſigne thei vnderſtode their ſtocke ſhould proſper ſtout
In wars and fame, and light to finde in time by lands about.
And in that place Quéene Dido had a gorgeous temple ſet
With riches great, no ſpare of coſt ſhould Iunos honor let.
The braſen grees afore the dores did mount, and eke the beames
With bras are knit, and bautes and dores of braſſe and metall ſtreames.
There in that wood a ſodein ſight his feare began to ſlake,

At the foundation of Carthage a horſeshead was found, like as at the building of Rome the head of a man.

And

And there Aeneas first him dares to trust, and comfort take.
For, as within that temple wyde on euery thing he gased,
And waited whan the Queene should come, and stode as one amased
To see the worke, and how to state so sone the towne was brought,
And wondred at the precious things the craftsmen there had wrought:
He seeth among them al the ielles of *Troy*, and stories all,
And wars that with their fame had fild all kingdoms great and small.
King Priame and Atridas twaine, and wroth to both Achille
He stained with teares, and said alas, what land hath not his fille
Of our decay (Achates mine) what place is voide: beholde
Where Priam is, lo here some praise is left him for his golde.
Here is a sight for man to mourne, and sample take in minde.
Cast of thy care, for of this fame some comfort thou shalt finde.
So said, but yet with picture vaine a whyle his minde he fed
With many sigh, and largy streames out from his eies he shed.
For there he saw, how in the fight the walles of *Troy* about
Here fled the Greekes, and them pursued the youth of Troyan rout.
Here they of *Troy* be chaced afore Achilles wilde in chare.
Not far aloof was Ryses campe that whyte in banners bare.
He mournd to thinke how sone betraid they were, and fast a sleepe
Tytides them in bloody fight destroied with slaughter deepe,
And brought away their horses stoute, ere ones thei had assaid
The tast of Troian pastures, or their feete in water laid.
Another way was Troylus seene to ronne with armour broke,
Unlucky lad, and match vnmeete Achilles to prouoke.
His horses fled, and he along in chare was ouercast.
Yet held he still the raines in hand and ere a while is past:
By heare and head onto the ground Achilles hath him hent,
And with his speare to cruell death in dust he hath him sent.
Ther whiles onto the temple great of angry Pallas went
The wiues of *Troy*, with heare onsold a veill they did present
With humble teares, and on their brest to knock thei nothing spares.
She turnes her face, and fast her eies vpon the ground she starts.
Thre times about the walls of *Troy* was Hector haled on ground,
His carcas eke Achilles had for golde exchanged round.
Then from the botom of his brest a hougy sigh he fet we,
Whan of his frende the cruell spoill, and chare, and corps he knewe.
And Priamus he saw to pray with hands abrode on knee.

The batels & siege of Troye painted at full in the temple.

And eke him ſelfe among the lordes of Greece he ſaw to be.
And armies out of Inde there came and Memnons blacke aray,
And from the realme of Amazon with thorges and targettes gay
Penthaſilee Virago feers, amids the millions ſtandes
In armour girt, her pappe ſet out with lace of golden bandes,
A Queene of war, though maide ſhe be, with men ſhe likes to trie.
Whyle thus about this Trojan duke Aeneas led his eie.
With maruel much, and erneſt ſtode him ſtill in one to beiwe,
To temple comes this Dido lo, the Queene ſo faier of hewe
Of lordes and lusty yonkers fine about her many a rout.
Moſt like vnto Diana bright whan ſhe to hunt goth out.
Upon Eurotas bankes, or through the copps of Cynthus hill
Whom thouſands of the ladie Nymphes alwaite to do her will.
She on her armes her quiuer beres, and al them ouerthynes,
And in her breſt the tikling ioy her hart to mirth enclines.
So Dido came, and freshly glad amonge the preaſe ſhe paſt.
And forward ſhe their work ſet forth and cherly biddes them haſt.
Whan ſhe into the temple came, before the goddeſſe gate
Amidds her gard, her downe ſhe ſat in ſeate of great eſtate.
There iuſtice, right and law ſhe gaue, and labours did deuide
In equall parts, or ells by lot let men their chaunce abide.
Whan ſodenly Aeneas ſeeth with great concourſe to throng
Both mighty Anteas and Sereſtus, and Cloanthus ſtrong.
And other Trojans many one, whom wethers wide had ſpred
And driuen abroade in ſondry ſortes to diuers coaſtes yled:
Aſtoind with him Achates was, for ioy thei would haue lept
To ioyne their hands, but fear agein them held and cloſe ykept
Take nothing on, and through the cloud thei hid, did all behold
What chaunce thei had, and where their ſhipps and what ſhore might the hold
What make they there, for men ycalde of al the nauy chief
With cries into the temple came, to ſeeke the Queenes relief.
Whan they were in, and licenſe had before the Queene to ſpeake,
The greateſt lord ſir Ilioneo, thus gan the ſilence breake.

She wold behowen for a woman.

The oratiõ of Ilioneus to Dido.

O Queene to whome is giuen of god to bylde this citie new,
And for your iuſtice peoples proud and ſaluage to ſubdue:
Wee Trojans poore, whom through the ſeas al tempeſts toſſid haue,
Beſeeke your grace our ſely ſhipps from wicked fier to ſaue.
Haue mercy vpon our gentle ſtocke, and graciouſly relieue

Our

Our painful case: wée come not here with wepons you to greéue,
To spoyle the coast of Lyby land, nor boties heince to beare.
Wée conquerd men be not so bolde, our pride néede none to feare.
There is a place the Greekes by name Hesperia do call
An auncient lond and stout in war, and fruteful soill withall
Out from Enotria they came that furst did till the same,
Now Italy men say is calde so of the capteins name.
To that our course was bent,
When sodenly there rose at south a wind and tempest wood
That toward shore enforst to fal, and so toke on the flood,
That in the rocks wée be dispersst, wée few this coast haue caught.
What kind of men be these of yours: what maners wild ytaught
This countrey keepes: to lodge in sand wée can not suffred bee.
Thei fight, and non to tread a land thei can content to sée.
If mortall men you do despise and care for non in fight:
Yet haue respect to gods aboue that iudge both wrong and right.
Wée had a king Aeneas cald, a iuster was ther non
In vertue, nor in feates of war, or armes coulde matche him one.
Whom if the destnies keepes aliue (if breath and aier of skies
Ye drawes, nor yet among the goasts of cruell death he lies)
There is no feare it shalbe quitte the fauour now you showe,
You furst his kindnes to prouoke shal neuer repent I knowe.
In diuers yles some cities be that Troian armour beares,
Of Troians blood ther is also Acestes crown that weares.
Now gyue vs leaue our shaken ships to lay a land wée pray,
And tymber to repare them eke, and ores to passe our way:
That with our king if wée can méete, and eke our felowes mo;
To Italy by your relief with glad chere wée may go.
But if that comfort all be past, and mightie father thee
The Lyby seas hath had, nor of Ascanius hope may wée:
Yet at the least to scicil yle, and seates that wil not swarue,
From whens wee came let vs depart, and king Acestes serue.
So said sir Ilionee, the rest of the Troians cried the same
At ones with murmour great.
Than Dido shortly full demure her eyes down set, and thus
Cast of your care you Troians, set your hartes at eas for vs.
Great néede, and yet the raw estate of this my kingdom newe,
Compells me thus my coast to keepe, and wide about me viewe.

Who knowes not of Aeneas? who: or hath not heard the name
Of lusty *Troy*: and of the men and al that warre the flame?
We Moores be not so base of wit, ne yet so blunt of minde.
Ne from this town the sunne his steedes so far away doth wind.
Or where you pleas, to *Italy* to old Saturnus feeldes,
Or get you into *scicile* land that king Acestes weldes.
I will you helpe, and see you saufe, and giue you goodes to go.
Wil you remaine euen here with me: can you content you so:
This towne is yours, I haue it made, set vp your ships anone:
A Troian and a Moore to me indiffrent shalbe one.
And would to god your king had hapt this way also to bend,
And were hym self Aeneas here, for soth I will out send
Along the coastes and wildernes, perhaps he may be found,
Af anywhere in townes he straies, or woods of *Affrike* ground.
With this the Troians comfort toke, and now Achates strong,
And lords Aeneas through the cloud to breake thei thought it long.
Achates to Aeneas first him drew and to him said:
Thou goddesse son what meanst thou thus: how long shal we be staid:
Al thing thou seest is sauf and sure, our fleete, our frends, and all.
We misse but one whom in the middes of fludds we saw to fall
And drownd, but in the rest I see your mothers tale is trew.
Skant had he spoke, and sodenly the cloud from them withdrew,
And vanisht into aier alone, and left them bare in light.
Aeneas stode and freshly shind, all men be hold him might,
Most like a god with face and hew, for than his mother deare
Set furth her son with shoulders faier, and comly shind his heare.
And with a roset youth his eies and countnaunce ouercheard,
And white as burnisht Iuery fine his neck and hands appeard,
Ful like as if the siluer cleare, or pearles are put in gold.
Than to the Queene he steps, and said (all sodeinly) behold
Ye that you seeke, lo here I am, Aeneas Troian I:
Escapid from the *Lyby* seas where lost I was welny.
O Queene that in our woes (alone) such mercy dost ertende
To vs the poore remain of *Troy*, that welny brought to an ende
By seas and londes are tost and tierd, of all thing bare and peld,
Our town, our house, our peoples eke: you worthy thanks to yeld
It lieth not Dido in our power nor what is euery where
Of Troian blod, not all that through the wide world skattred were.

The further from the son, the duller wits the comn̄ people imagined the son to be carted aboute in a charet with horses.

The almighty gods (if pitie they regard, or if there be
Of iustice any whyt, or soule that vertue loues to see)
Do pay thy meede: what happy world forth such a treasur brought?
What blessed father thee begat, and mother such hath wrought?
While floods into the seas do runne, while hills do shadowes cast,
And while the starrs about the skies doth turne and tary fast:
Shall neuermore with me thy name thy praise and honor end,
What land soeuer calth me to. So sayd, and than his frend
Sir Ilionee by hand he toke, and than Serestus strong,
And Gias and Cloanthus eke, and other his lords in throng.
The Queene astoined gan to be, whan first she saw the sight,
And waied the chaunce of such a lorde, and thus her words she dight.
Thou goddesse son, what fortune thee through al these dangers driues?
What force onto this cruel shore thy person thus arriues?
Art thou not he Aeneas whom from Dardanus the king,
Anchises gat on Venus hie, where Symois doth spring?
Ere this I well remember, how that Teucer from his raigne
Expulsed was, and to the town of *Sidon* flee was faine,
Some helpe at Belus hand topteine, his kingdome to restore.
Than ward my father Belus wide in *Cypers* land so sore,
And conquerd all and kept the state, that tyme I heard the fall
Of *Troy*, and eke the name of thee, and kings rehearcid all.
Their enmies of the Troians than great praise abrode did blowe,
And of the auncient race of *Troy* to come he would be knowe.
Wherfore approche, and welcome all, my houses shall you host,
For like mischaunce with labours sore, my self somtime hath tost.
And fortune here hath set me now, this land thus to subdewe,
By proofe of paine I haue ben taught on painfull men to rewe.
Thus talked she, and than Aeneas to her pallais brought,
Whan on their altars thei had done such honors as thei thought.
Yet ceassed not the Queene to send vnto his men that tide
A score of bulles, and eke of brawnes a hundred rough of hyde,
And with the dammes a hundred more of lambes both good and fat,
The gladsome giftes of god.
The inner court was all beset with riches round about,
And in the midds the feastes they gan prepare for all the rout,
With precious clothes and conning wrought, & proudly enbrodred wide.
And on the bourdes the mighty piles of plate there stode beside,

Whereon was grauen in golden worke the ſtories all by rowe,
And dædes of lordes of antike fame a long diſcourſe to knowe.
Aeneas than (for in his minde could loue not let him reſt)
His frend Achates for his ſonne Aſcanius hath him dreſt
Onto the ſhipps, and bad him tell the newes, and bring him there
As faſt as may, for in Aſcanius firt was al his feare.
And gifts with him he bad to bring from *Troy* deſtroyed yfet.
A royal pal, that al with gold and ſtones was ouerſet,
And eke a robe with borders riche, ſometyme it was the wæde
Of Helene bright, whan Paris her from *Grece* to *Troy* did lede.
Her mother Ledas gift it was, a wondrous worke to viewe.
A ſcepter eke that Ilionee king Priams doughter trewe
Was wont to beare, and more a brouche that from her neck went down
With precious pearles, and double ſet of fine golde eke a crown.
Theſe thinges to fet Achates haſt onto the nauie makes.
But Venus ſtraunge deuiſes new, and counſails new ſhe takes,
That Cupide ſhall the face and hewe of ſwete Aſcanius take,
And beare the preſents to the Quéene her heart a fier to make
With feruent loue, and in her bones to ſling the priuy flame.
Suſpect ſhe doth the *Moores*, that haue of double tong the name,
And Iunos wrath her fretts, and in the night her care returnes.
Therefore ſhe thus exhortes her ſon Cupide that louers burnes.
My ſon, that art my ſtay alone, my great renowne and might,
My ſon, that of the thonderblaſtes of hye Ioue ſetſt but light,
How through the ſeas Aeneas myne thy brother hath ben thrown
By cruell Iunos wicked wrath, to thée is not vnknown.
And often mourn'd with me thou haſt therfore, but ſo it is,
With Dido Quéene he lodgeth now, and faier he flattred is.
But wherto Iunos Innes wil turne, is matter hard to know,
In ſuch a time of daunger great thou maiſt not be to ſlow.
Wherfore preuenting al miſchaunce, I liſt to worke a wile,
And with the flame of loue I meane the Quéene now to begyle.
Leſt by ſome miſaduenture bad her minde ſhe haply turne,
But for Aeneas loue with me ſomedeale I like ſhe burne.
And how this thing ywrought ſhalbe, giue eare and know my minde.
Now goth the child, my chiefeſt care vnto his father kynde
Into the town, and from the ſeas the preſentes forth he brings
That from the flames of burning *Troy* was kept as worthy things

Venus trãſformeth Cupide her ſon into the likenes of Aſcanius.

Hiin purpose I a sleape to make, and into hie *Cythere*,
Or to my seates in *Ida* mount, all onaware to beare,
That from this craft he may be farre, ne let herin do make
Thou for a night, and not beyond, his forme and figure take
Her to begile, and of a child thou child put on the face,
That whan within her lappe the Quéene thée gladly shal embrace,
Among the royall pompe of meate and wine of Bacchus blisse, Wantonsnes after good fare.
And clippes thee swéete, and on thy lipps doth présse the pleasant kisse:
Disperse in her the secret flame and poyson swéete inspier.
Loue doth obey, puts of his winges, and after her desier
Puts on Ascanius shap forthwith, and lyke the same he went.
But Venus on Ascanius swéete a restful slomber cast,
And in her bosome vp she beares, and forth with him she past
To *Ida* woods, where bedds of Tyme and Maioram so soft,
And lusty flowres in grénewod shade him breathes and comforts oft.
And now is Cupide on his way, Achates with him yeid,
The royal presents to the court thei bare as thei were bydde.
Whan in they came, the Quéene her set in chaire on carpet gay,
Of kingly state, with hangings riche in golde and proud aray.
And now the Lord Aeneas eke and youth of Troian rout
Together came, in purple seates bestowd they were about.
The waiters gaue the waters swéete, and princely towels wrought,
And eke the bread in sondrie gyse on basketts fine they brought.
And fifty ladies far within there was, that had the charge
Of all the feast to be set forth, and fiers on altars large.
A hundred more to wait and carue, and like of age and trade
A hundred gentlemen, the bourdes with deinty fare to lade.
And many lords of *Moores* among, at euery bourd to dine
Came in, and wére commanded sit on picturd carpets fine.
They wondred at the presents there, they wondred at Iule,
His countnaunce quick, and wel that god his eyes and tong could rule:
But specially the Quéene was caught in meruell to behold
Upon the chyld, vpon the pall, the giftes and robe of gold.
No sight her eyes could draw therfrom, and as she loked more:
The more she fell into the flame, that after paind her sore.
But chiefly to the noble boy she moues, who in a while
Whan he his father false with loue and killyng did beggyle:
Onto the Quéene he drew, and her with eyes and brest and all

A bout her neck embraſeth ſweete, and whole on her doth fall.
She on her lap ſomtyme him ſetts, good Dido nothingh knowes
How great a god vpon her ſitts, what cares on her he throwes.
He thinking on his mothers art, by ſmal and ſmal doth make
The Queene forget her husband dead, and him from mynde to ſhake.
And where of loue ſhe nothing feeles her hart ſhe kept ſo true:
Her wonted heat and old deſires he ſteeres and doth renue.
Whan men from meate began to reſt, and trenchers vp wer take,
Great bolles of wines along thei ſet, and crownes on them thei make.
Great chere in all the chambers wyde, of noiſe the hall it ringes,
And tapers toward night thei burne hie hangd with golden ſtringes.
And with the light of torches great the darke ofdriue atones.
The Queene commaunds a mighty bolle of gold and precious ſtones
To fill with wine, whom Belus king and al king Belus line
Was wont to hold, than through them al was ſilens made by ſigne.
O Ioue, q ſhe, for thou of hoſtes and geſtes both great and ſmall
Men ſay the lawes haſt put: giue grace I pray, and let vs all
Both Moores and alſo Troians here this day for good be met,
That all our offspring after vs this tune in ioy may ſet.
Now Bacchus maker of the mirth, good Iuno goddeſſe deere,
And you O Moores go do your beſt theſe Troians for to cheere.
Thus ſaid ſhe, and whan the grace was done, the boll in hand ſhe ſipt,
And in the liquor ſweete of wine her lipps ſhe ſcantly dipt:
But onto Bitias ſhe it raught with charge, and he anon
The fomy bolle of gold vpturnde, and drew till all was gon.
Than all the lordes and ſtates about: And on his golden harp
Iopas with his bulhie locks in ſweete ſong gan to carp,
Of ſtories ſuch as him had taught moſt mighty Atlas old.
The wandring Moone, and of the Sonne the daily toile he told.
Songs of aſtronomie for princes
How mankind was begon and beaſte, wherhens the fier and ſhoures
Proceedes, and how the ſtarrs ariſen and fallen in certein houres.
The wain, the plough ſtarrs, & the seue that ſtorms and tempeſt loures.
What meanes the ſonne that to the ſeas he weſtward hieth ſo faſt
In winter daies, and why the nightes ſo ſhort in ſommers waſt.
The Moores with cries caſt vp their hands, ſo doth the Troians eke,
And al that night of them the Queene new talke began to seke.
Full oft of Priam wold ſhe know, of Hector oft enquéeres,
In what aray Auroras ſon came in, ſhe gladly heres.

What horſes Diomedes brought, how great Achilles was
She lernid all to ſone, and of long loue ſhe bibbes (alas)
And from the firſt (q ſhe) my geſt, bouchſaue I pray to tell
The treaſons of the Greekes, and how your towne and people fell.
And of your chaunce and trauailes all, for thus theſe ſeuen yere
About the lands and all the ſeas thou wandreſt as I here.

DEO GRACIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, 25. Maij finitum. Inchoatum 9 eiuſdem. 1555. in foreſta Kilgerran South-Wallie. Opus 11. dierum.

¶ The seconde booke of the Æneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

AEneas at the request of Dido, declareth the destructiō of Troy, which was after this maner. The Greekes in the tenth yeare of their siedge, whē their force was quailed, and distrustinge their owne abilitie: fell vnto crafts, and subtilties, and counterfaytyng a flight the night before the towne was burned: hid them selues in the Ile of Tenedos, leauyng in the Troiane fields a wodden horse of such inesteemable bignesse, that it could not be receaued in at the Citie gates, and in his wombe they enclosed the most valient souldiers of al theyr nobiliti. The Troians perswaded partly through the subtiltie of SINON, and partly affrayde by LAOCONS punishment: pull downe part of their towne walle, and so bryng in this horse into their Castle. But in the dead time of the night the Grætians returnyng from Tenedos entred into the citie through the same breach whiche was made to bryngе in the Horse. SINON openeth the wombe of the Horse and letteth foorth the armed men, who immediatly spoyle all with fier, and sworde. Whyles these thynges were doyng, Aeneas is warned in his dreame by Hector to prouide for him self by flight, and to deliuer his country Gods from the fier. But he preferryng an honorable death, before a cowardly flight: in vayne betaketh him to armes, wherin at the first assault the Troians had the vpperhande, vntill, followyng the counsell of Chorœbus, they put on Greekish armour, and so one of them slew another. Then Priamus pallayce is besieged, and Priamus slayne by Pyrrhus, Achilles sonne. Thus, when Aeneas had assayed all thynges in vayne, when he was now quite out of hope: betaketh the reliques to his father Anchises, and takyng him vp on his shoulders, with Ascanius his sonne, and Creusa his wife: committeth himself to flight. The Grætians follow fast after, and in that tumult he lost his wife Creusa, vppon occasion to seeke whom, when as he wandred about all the towne: he met with her ghost, who certified him that she was dead. He returnes agayne to his companie, whether as now were come together a great numbre of men & women, ready to follow him whether so euer he would carie them.

THey whulled all, and first with eies ententiue did behold.
Whan Lord Aeneas where he sat from hie benche thus he told.
A dolefull worke me to renew (O Quéene) thou dost constraine,
To tell how Greekes the Troiã welth, & lamẽtable raigne

Did

Did ouerthrow, which I my self haue seen and bèn a part
No small thereof, but to declare the stories all: what hart
Can of the Greekes or soldiour one of all Vlisses rout
Refrayne to wéepe: and now the night with hie heauen goth about,
And on the Skies the fallyng Starrs do men prouoke to rest:
But if such great desier to know, such longyng haue your brest
Of Troy the latter toyle to here, to speake or yet to thinke
For all that it my mynde abhors, and sorows make me shrinke:
I will begin. Forsaken of Gods, and tyerd with warres at lask,
The Lords of Greekes, whan all in vayn so many yéeres had pask,
A Horse of tree by Pallas art most lyke a Mount they frame
With timber bourds, and for a vow to leaue they blow the fame.
There is an yle in sight of Troy and Tenedos it hight,
A welthy lande whyle Priams state and kyngdome stode vpright,
But now a bay, and harber bad for ships to lye at roade,
To that they went, and hid them close that none was sèn abroade.
Wée thought them gon, and with the wynde to Greece to haue bèn fled.
Therefore all Troy for ease of labours long, abroad them spred,
With open gates they ronne to sport, and Greeskih campes to sée,
And places long of souldiours kept wherof they now be frée.
Here lay the men of Dolop lande, here fearce Achilles fought,
Here stode their ships, and here to trye were wont the armies stout.
Some gased at the straungy gift that there to Pallas stood,
And wondred at the Horse so great: and furst for councell good,
Tymetes strayght would into towne and market haue it brought,
God wote if craft or whither so of Troy the fortune wrought.
But Capis and a few beside that wyser were of skill,
Bad throw the Treasons of the Greekes and giftes suspected ill
Into the seas, or with a fier ymade to burne outright,
Or hew the ribbs and serche within what thing yhid be might.
The commons into sondry wittes diuided iver and stood,
Till from the town Laocon came in hast as he were wood,
And after him a number great, and ere they gan to throng
He cried, O wretched citezins, what rage is you among?
Beleue ye gone the Greekes? or do you thinke that any giftes
Of them be good? so know you wel that false Vlisses driftes:
In this tree (for my lyfe) is hid of Greekes an hideous rout,
Or this is but an engin made to skale our walles without:

Pallas goddesse of wisdom and inuention, whom the Greekes and Troyãs did honour.

And

And sodenly to slip them down and on the citie fall,
Or other worse deuise ther is, take heede ye know not all.
What euer it is, I fear the Greekes, and trust their gifts as small.
Ye said, and with a corage good his mighty speare he driues
Against the side beneth his ribbes, that where it hittes it cliues.
It shakes aloft, and still it stood that through the belly round
The bawtes within and croked caues of noise did all rebound.
And if the will of Gods had not: had not our hartes ben blynd:
Inough was don all vp to breake, and all the craft to find,
And Troy thou sholdst haue stōd as yet, and Priams toures haue shind.
Behold the shepherds in this while a yongman haue ycaught,
And pinioned with his handes behynd vnto the king him braught.
That for the nones had done him self by yelding to be take
To compas this, and to the Greekes, Troy open wyde to make.
A fellow slie, and stout of minde, and bent in both to trie,
To winne by guile, or if he faile, with certein death to die.
On euery side about him drew the Troian youth to see,
And some of them to skorne him gan, but now take hede to me:
You shal perceiue the treasons false of Greekes, and of this one:
Coniecture all.
For as vnarmed in the middes all bered there he stode,
And with his eies on Troian men did loke with piteous mode:
Alas (q he) what ground may me, what sea may me receiue?
What shall I caitif miser do? what hope may I conceiue?
That neither with the Greekes dare bide, and now the Troians here,
(As worthy is) my blod to shed for vengeaunce do requere.
With mourning thus our minds gan turne, our force we left alone
And bad him tel what man he was, what ment he thus to mone,
What newes he had he should erpres, and forth his mind to breake.
He at the last set feare a side, and thus began to speake.
All thing (q he) o king, what euer it is I will confesse,
Nor me a Greeke I can deny among them borne doutlesse.
This first: for though that fortune fals hath Sinon captiue brought,
Yet lier shal she neuer make, nor faine or flatter ought.
In speche if euer to your eares the name of Palamede
Hath come, and of the glory great that of his fame did spred.
Whom by a treason false the Greekes in spite by wicked laine
Vngiltie did condempne (alas) for he from warre did drawe

caused him self of purpose to be taken.

Sinons lamentacion.

A fine dissimuler.

To death

To death him put, and now him dead thei mo?ne to haue againe.
His squier I was and kinsman nere, my father (to be plaine)
To him fo? pouerty me put in armes my youth to frame,
Whyles yet his kingdom stod ontwight and (truth to say) some name
And hono? eke wee bare with men: but whan th?ough false enuie
The wicked wretche Vlisses had betraied and done him die:
Fo? wo my lyfe in co?ners darke, and wayling fo?th I dr?we,
Lamenting lo?e the fall of myne vngilty frend so tr?we.
And fole I could not hold my peace, but if that fo?tune serued,
If euer to my countrey come I might, as he deserued
With him I th?eatned to be quite, and great things did I crake.
Here was the cause of all my wo, this did Vlisses make
New crimes against me to inuent, and cause me be suspect
To all the campe, as one by Troy of treason than infect.
No? would not rest til Calchas had by his vngracious wit,
But what do I rehearse these thinges to shew that be not fit?
If al the Greekes in one estate you hate, if I it wist
It is ynough: you haue me here, take vengeaunce if you list,
Vlisses and Atridas twain great gods fo? that would spend.
Than kindled be wee mo?e to know the circumstance and end,
Not thinking of so great a craft, and Greekes deuise so fell.
All trembling on his tale he goth with fained hart to tell.
Ful oft the Greekes would haue bene gon, and Troy haue left at last,
Fo? wery of the war they were, that long in vaine had past.
And gon thei had: but often tymes rough seas, and cruell tyde,
And winter sto?me, and sothernwinde them stayed and made to byde,
But chiefly whan this timber ho?se was reysed and stode on ground.
Such noise among the clouds was hard that al the skies did sound.
Euripilus to Phœbus straight fo? councell al amaasd
We sent, and he returning home this heauie answere blaasd.
With blod (O Greekes) ye wan the winds and with a virgin slain,
Whan first the seas to Troy ye tooke, and now th?ough blod again
Seeke to returne, a Greekish soule fo? wind you must bestow.
That wo?d whan to the commons eares was sone ab?ode yblow,
Al men agast, and trembling feare on euery person falles
To think who now this death should die, and whom Apollo calles.
Vlisses here his time espied, and Calchas fo?th he dr?ew
The p?ophet great, and him be fo?e the states of Greekes anew

He toke vp on him to be kinsmā to Palamedes a Grecian that al wayes did fauour the Troians.

Agamemnō slewe his doughter to haue goodwind.

Bad vtter plain what man it was Apollo so desierd.
And here and there men murmurd me: for priuily enspierd,
Wen smeld the compasse of this wretch, and some me warning sent.
Ten daies in silence Calcas was and seemed not content,
That by his tale shuld any man to cruell death be drest:
Til at the last Vlisses cries him forst without en rest
As conuenaunt was, with open voyce, and me to death thei name.
All men agréed, for of him selfe eche one did feare the same,
And to be sure with glad assent they all cried out on me.
And now the day was néere at hand whan offred I should be.
The garlands on my head were set, and frutes (as vsage is.)
From death my self I drew, and brake my bonds I knowledge this,
And in a slymy lake of mud all night lay hid in wose,
Till thei were past and vnder sail, I durst me not disclose.
And now my native contrey deere for euer haue I lost,
Nor sée my children swéete I shal, nor father louyd most,
Whom they perhaps for myn escape all gyltles put to payne,
And with the death of them poore soules this fault redéeme agayne.
That I thée, by the mighty gods, and heauen that truth doth beare,
By (if there doth among mankind remaine yet any where)
Unfained faith: (O king I pray) haue mercy on myn estate,
Relieue my woe whom cares oppresse that al men kindly hate.
Than pardon wée for pitie gaue, this wailing smartes vs so,
King Priam first his men commaunds to vnbind him frée to go.
What euer thou art forget the Greekes, from hens thou néede not care,
Thou shalt be ours, and now the truth of my request declare.
What mean they by this monster big, this horse who did inuent?
Wherfore? religion sake? or for the warres some engyn bent?
Thus said: and he with Greekish wiles and treasons fals yfreight,
His losid hands to heauen aboue with great cry held on height.
O euerlasting fiers of god, whose wrath no wight can beare,
You altars, and you swords also (whose force I fled) I sweare,
And you to witnes now I call, and by the garlondes gay
That like a beast to slaughter brought (ey he) I bare that daye:
Not by my will, I am compeld great secretes here to spreade,
Not by my will my countrey I hate, but since their cruell deede
Hath forst me thus, it lawfull is, all gods me pardon shall,
Though mystries hic whom they conceale, I blase and vtter all.

Thou

Thou Troy therfore (which I preserue) with like faith saue thou me,
Performe thy word, if treasures great, great fortune bring I thee.
The hope of Greekes and comfort all since first the war began,
In Pallas ayde was euer set, and not in vayne, till whan
Titides, and of mischief all the father Vlisses, had
By treason Pallas temple take, by night like people mad.
They slew the watch, and in they brake, and all with blood embrued
Away they brought with sinfull hands her signe with blisse endued.
From that day forth good fortune flew, nothing to mind ensues,
No hope ne force they find, the goddesse quite doth them refuse.
Nor by no doubtfull signes of wrath them Pallas did affright,
For skant her ymage to the campe was brought, and there ypight:
A fliyng flame from out her eyes vpstert, and ouer all
Her body ran with swet, and from the ground (wee wondred all)
Thre times alone she leapt, and thrise her sheeld and speare she shoke.
Anon to flight, and to the seas byds Calcas men to loke.
This hope is lost (q he) by Greekes shall Troy not now be teard,
But least this goddesse from our campe they fetche, is to be feard.
And now that to their contrey land the long seas haue they past:
Tis but a wile, for there a new their godes to winne they cast,
And with a fresh force godds and men, whan wind may serue to driue,
All vnaware anew they come, thus Calcas can contriue.
And for amends to Pallas wrath so vext with sore offence:
By visions warnd this ymage here they set ere they went hence,
But it so huge in timber worke, so neere the skies to lift,
For feare of you did Calcas make, for this was Calcas drift:
That to your town, ne through your gates ye might it not receaue,
Nor yet the people worship shuld, but Pallas honours leaue.
For if by chaunce ye shuld attempt this gift of hers defile:
Destruction great and long (the god on his head whelme therwhile)
Without en doubt on Priams blood, and all his empier falles.
But if by your deuotion great it had stand on your walles:
All Greekes shuld for your fortune quake, and conquestes far and wide
Ye shuld obteine, and wee and ours those destnies must abide.
By this deceit, and through the craft of Simon false periewd:
This to beleeue vs falshod taught, and wee with teares allewd,
Whom neither all Titides force, nor fearce Achilles fame,
Not ten yeres warre, nor yet of Greekes a thousand ships could tame,

Sometime they caried their ydoles to the warres

Pitie destroied the.

Another monster worse than this, and worse to dread, our eyes
Amasid made, and quite from doubt confounds our harts so wise.
For as by chaunce that time a priest to Neptune chosen newe,
Laocoon a mighty bull on the offring altar slewe:
Behold from Tenedos alof in calme seas through the deepe
(I quake to tell) two serpents great with foldyngs great do sweepe.
And syde by syde in dragons wise, to shore their way they make.
Their heads aboue the streame they hold, their sierred manes they shake,
The salt sea waues before them fast they shouen, and after trailes
Their vgly backes: and long in links behind them drag their tailes.
With rushing noyse the fome vpspringes, and now to land they past
With blod read lokes, and glistring fiers their sparckling eyes out cast,
Wher hissing out with spirting tongs their mouthes they lickt for yre,
Wee dead almost for feare do flee, they straight with one desyer
On Lacon set, and first in sight his tender children twayne
Eche one they tooke, and winding wraps their tender limmes to straine,
And gnawing them with greedy mouthes (poore wretches) fed thei fast.
Than he him self to their defence with drawn sword making hast,
In hold they caught, and wrething gript his body about at twise,
And twise his throte with rolles they girt themselfs in compas wise,
And than their heads and skalebright necks him ouer aloft they lift,
Whan frō their knots himself to ontwine, with hands he sought to shift,
Their poysons ranck al ouer him ronnes, and lothsom filth out flies.
Therwith a grilly noise he castes, that mounts vp to the skies.
Likewise as from the mortall stroke some woundid bull at stake,
The slaughtring axe hath fled by chance, and roaring loud doth make.
But they anone the dragons twain all gliding swift thei leapt,
And to the goddesse sacred seat in Pallas temple crept,
There vnderneth her sheelde and feete they couching close them kept.
Than trembling feare through al our harts was spred, & wonder new
Wee think how Lacoon for sinne was payd with vengeaunce dew,
For hurting of that holy gifte, whom he with cursid speare
Assailid had, and worthy was (men sayd) that plage to beare.
Bring in the holy horse they crie, this goddesse wrath to appeas,
And her of mercy great beseeke.
Than wide abroad wee breake the walls, away through them wee make.
With corage all men fall to worke, some sort doth vndertake,
His feete on sliding wheeles to slip, some thwart his neck beginne

Laocon that smote the worse was killed with his childrē by serpentes.

They opē their walles to bring in the horse

The cables bind, and on the walls now climes the fatall ginne
With armour fraight, about him runnes of boyes and gyrles the skul
With songs and himpnes, and glad goth he that hand may put to pull.
It enters, and a front the towne it slydes with thretning sight.
O contrey soile? O house of gods? thou *Ilion*, O the might
Of doughty Troian walles in warre, for there four times a ground
It swaied, and four times through the wombe was harneis hard to sound.
Yet wee went on, and blind with rage our worke wee would not let,
But in this cursid monster brought, by Pallas tower to set.
Than prophecies aloud to preache Cassandra nothing spares
As god enspierd, but neuer of vs beleeued who nothing cares.
And wretches wee that neuer day beside that day shuld byde,
The temples strowd, and through the town great feasting made ỹ tide.

Cassandra a prophetesse doughter to king Priam.

This while the firmament doth turn, and dark night vp doth rise,
And ouerhides with shadow great both lonts, and seas, and skies,
And fallshed of the Greekes withall: and now along the walles
The weery Troyans laid at rest, the dead sleepe on them falles.
Whan with their fleete in goodly aray the Greekish armies soone
From Tenedos were come (for than full frendly shone the Moone)
In silens great their wonted shore they tooke, and than a flame
Their Amral ship for warning shewed, whan kept all gods to shame
Sir Sinon out by stelth him stirres, and wide he settes abrode
His horses paunche, and he disclosid straight laith out his lode,
Thersander, Stelenus, and false Vlisses, captains all,
And Athamas, and Thoas eke, by long ropes down they fall.
Neptolemus Achilles brode, Machaon chief of pride,
And Menelae with numbers mo full gladly forth they slyde:
And he him self Epeus there this mischeif first that found,
The towne inuade they do forthwith: in sleepes and drinking drowned.
They slew the watch, and than the gates bread vp they breke, and stands
Their fellowes redy to receiue, and thicke they ioyne their bands.

The inuẽter of the horse was in it him self.

That time it was, whan slomber first and dead sleepe deepe oppresst
On weery mortal men doth creepe, through gods gift swete at rest.
Unto my sight (as dreame I did) all sad with dolefull cheere
Did Hector stand, and large him weepe with sobbes I might wel here,
With horses haled, as bloody drawn sometime he was in dust,
And al to swolne his worthy feete where through the thonges wer thrust.
Alas to thinke how sore beraied, how from that Hector sore

Midnighter.

He chaunged was, that in Achilles ſpoyles came home before,
Or whan among the ſhips of Greece the fiers ſo fierce he flong.
But now in duſt his beard bedaubd, his hear with blod is clong.
With naked woundes, that in defence of Troiane walls ſuſtainde
He often had: and me to weepe for pity woo conſtrainde,
With heauy voice me thought I ſpake, and thus to him I plaind.

Aeneas to Hector in viſion.

O light of Troy, O Troian hope at neede that neuer failde,
What contrey thee ſo long hath kept: what cauſe hath ſo preuailde?
That after ſlaughters great of men, thy town, thy people tierd,
With ſondry paines and daungers paſt, thee long (ſo ſore deſierd)
At laſt we ſee: what chaunce vnkind thy face before ſo bright
Hath made ſo foule alas: and why of woundes I ſee this sight?
He nothing hereto ſpake, nor me with vaine talke long delayed,
But heauy from his breſt he fet his deepe ſight, than he ſaid.
Flee flee thou goddeſſe ſonne, alas, thy ſelf ſaue from theſe flames,
The walls ar wonne (q he) the Greekes of Troy pul down the frames.
For Priam and our contrey deere our duety is don, if hand
Or mans relief myght Troy haue kept, by this hand had it ſtand.
And now religions all to thee with Goddes doth Troy betake,
New fortune thou and they muſt ſeeke: thou vnto them ſhalt make
More mighty walls, wha through the ſeas long iourneis haſt ỹ take.
So ſaid, and with his hands me thought he from their altars drewe
The mighty gods, and all their fiers aye laſting out he threwe.

By this time diuers noyſe abroad through al the town is ſteerd,
And wailinges loude, and more and more on euery ſide appeerd.
And though my father Anchiſes houſe with trees encompaſt round
Stood far within, yet brim wee heare the noyſe, and armours ſound.
Therwith I wooke, and vp the towre I clymbe by ſtaires on hie.
And laied myn eare, and ſtill I ſtood about me round to ſpie.
And euen as fier in boyſtrous wind ſome contrey ripe of corne
Doth burne, or as a mountain flod with great force down hath borne
The grain, the graſſe, the toyle of mē, that plowes & beaſts haue wrought,
And trees it hedlong drawes withall, for ſtones it forceth nought,
The plowman wayling from the rocke beholds and heares the ſound:
Right ſo this wofull ſight I ſaw, and Greekiſh treaſons found.
And now the great houſe downe was falne by fier that wild doth flie
Of Deiphœbus furſt, and next, his neyghbour burnes on hie
Vcalegon, and ſhores and ſtrondes with blaſings ſhines about.

And

And shryking shoutes of people rise, and Trompets blowen are out.
Amasd I mine armour toke, nor what to do I wust,
But hedlong ran, and through the throngs to fight I thought to thrust.
And to the castleward I hied more aide to call me nie.
With anger wood, and faier me thought in armes it was to die.
Behold where skaping from the Greekes, and through their weapõs past
Doth Panthus ronne, that of the towre was Phœbus prœst, and fast
His relikes with his conquerd gods he bare, and him beside,
His Neuew smal he haling drew, and swift to shoreward hied.
Panthus? where goth the worst: what shift: what towre is best wee take?
Skant had I said, whan he all straught in cries this voice out brake.
Our vtter houre is comen alas, fell destnies death hath brought.
We haue ben Troyes whan Ilion was, our glories great to nought
The spiteful gods haue ouerturnd our pompe, our town, our toures,
The city burnes, and who but Greekes ar lordes of vs and oures.
The hougy horse abrode his men in harneis pourith out,
And Sinon ouer all triumphes, and fiers he throweth about
With conquest wyde, and euery gate is fild with peoples armde,
With thousands such as out of Greece so thicke thei neuer swarmde:
The straytes in euery streate they keepe, the waies with wepons pight,
And stout in rankes they stond with steele fast bent to death in fight:
Skant doth the watche that keepe the towres, resist with feeble might.
This whan I heard, no lenger hold my self I could, but right
Into the flames and weapones flew, where most resembling hell
Men roaring made, and where with cries to heauen the people yell.
Than Ripheus him self adioynd, and myghty most with launce
Came Iphitus vnto my side, by moonelight met by chaunce.
And Hipanis, and Dimas eke, and about me flocke they more,
With yong Choroeb duke Migdons son, that few daies than before
To Troy was come, Cassandras loue with woode desier to winne:
And socour than for Priam brought to assist her Trioan kinne.
Unhappy man, that what his spouse him rauing told in traunce:
Wold not regard.
Whom as I sawe to batell bent, thus bold me rlustre about:
I thus began. O lusty youth of valiant hartes and stout,
In vaine, if into daungers most attempting after me
You minde to ronne, the state of thinges and fortune here ye se:
The temples left and seates alone, and altars quite forsake,

Aeneas to his company about him.

The

The Gods wherby this empier ſtod ar gon, you vndertake
A citie burnt to ſeeke to ſaue, what ſhall we do? but die
Like men, and in the midds of armes and wepons let vs flie.
One chiefe relief to conquerd men is deſperatly to trie.
Whan this the yong men heard me ſpeke, of wild they warid wod,
And than like wolues whom hunger driues to rauine for their fod,
In cloudy miſtes abroad to raunge, their whelpes with hungry ialves
Them bides at home, and thei for rage do runne to feede ther mawes.
Euen ſo through thick and thin we flang, through foes and wepons pight
To doubtles death, right through the ſtreetes encompaſt al with night.
Who can the ſlaughters of that night with tong declare? or who
With worthy teares can tell the toyle that death men draue vnto?
The citie falth that auncient long and many a yeere the crown
Hath borne, and euery ſtreete is ſtrowed with bodies beaten down,
And heapes in euery houſe ther lieth, and temples all ar filde
With bodies dead, and not alone the Troians pore ar kilde.
Sometime when tyrid ben their harts their manful ſtomacks ſteeres,
And down their conquerours they quell, on euery ſide apeeres
The fearfull dreede, and wailing wide, and face of death at hand.

Androgeos a Greeke.

There firſt againſt vs of the Greekes with men a mighty band
Androgeos vs met, and thought his contreymen we were.
All on aware, and like a friend he cald vs voyd of feare.
Set forward ſirs: what triflyng thus ſo long you linger makes?
Whan other men the burning town doth ſacke, our fellowes takes
The ſpoyls of *Troy* while you for ſlouth ſcant from your ſhips can pas.
He ſaid, and ſtraight (for anſwere non that liked him gyuen ther was)
All ſodenly amids his foes him ſelf betrapt he knewe,
He ſhrank therwith, and ſtopt his tale, and foote he backward drewe,
As one that vnbethought hath hapt ſome ſnake among the briers
To tread, and quickly ſterting backe with trembling fear retiers,
Whan ſwolne with angry teene he ſeeth his blew neck bent vpright.
So quaking whan Androgeos vs ſpied, he toke his flight.
But we purſued, and thicke with armes them all encompaſt round
On euery ſide, and them affraied (and nothing knew the gound)
We ouerthrew, and fortunes lucke our fyrſt aſſay ſucceedes.

Yong men proude of the firſt good luck.

For ioye wherof, triumphing fyerce Choroebus nothing dreedes,
Now mates (q he) where fortune firſt hath ſhewed relief, and where
Our valiant hands our aide hath well begon, proceede we there.

And

And let vs chaunge our shéeldes with Greekes, & armd in Greekes aray:
Let vs set on, what skilles it force or falshood ennies slay:
Our enemies to their weapons yéeldes agaynst them selfes to fight,
So sayd, and on his head he puttes Androgeos helmet bright,
And with his gorgebus shéeld him self he clad full gay to beare,
And on his side the Greekish sworde he comly gyrt did weare. Policy in aparaunce,
So Ripheus, so Dymas doth him self e, and therwithall
The youth of Troy with Greekish spoiles them deckes both great & smal.
Than mixt among the Greeks wée gon, our selfes vs doth not gyde, God led them.
And many a skirmish sore that night wée blindly fought and tryde.
And many a Greeks to Hell wee sent, some other away for feare
To shipboarde ran, and some to shores with coursyng here and there.
Some foule afrayed their hougy horse agayn do clime, and take
Their wonted seates, and in his paunche their harbrow old they make
Alas, what may mankinde preuayle wham gods him doth forsake:
Behold, where haeld by heare and head from Pallas temple sure,
Kyng Priams doughter drawen wée sée Cassandra virgin pure.
And vp to Heauen in vayn for helpe her glistryng eyes she cast,
Her eyes: for than her tender hands with boltes were fettryd fast.
That sight Chorœbus ragyng wood could not him hold to sée, Passion of loue and wrath.
But euen among the middes he lept, with will to die, and wée
Him after sued, and thick in throngs of armes our selfs wée thurst.
There from the temples toppe aloft, with Troians weapons furst
Our own men vs did whelm, wher doth most piteous slaughter rise,
Our armours fals mystake, and Greekish shéeldes deceyued their eyes.
Than all the Greekes wham from them take the virgin was, for yre Craft hath yll ende.
By flockes on euery syde with cries inuade as wilde as fyre.
Atridas twayn, and Aiax chief, and egre in armies stout,
And after them their battayles all, and youth of Dolop rout.
None otherwise than wham somtime the whirlewinds out are brast.
And sondry stormes from sondry coasts are met, and struglyng fast:
Conflicts, both est, and west, and south, that woods with cracking quakes,
And Neptunes fork the fomy seas from botoms wyld vp rakes.
And they also whom through the darke, that night wée chasyd had,
And ouercame by chaunce before: they fyrst with corage glad
Appeard in sight, and fyrst our shéeldes and armours fals eskried.
They knew, and marking by our soundes our seuerall tongs espied.
There down by heapes the numbre vs threw, Chorœbus fyrst of all

At mighty Pallas ſeat of Peneleus hand doth fall.
And fall doth Ripheus to ground, the iuſteſt man that was
Of Troian kind, and one that moſt of right and law did pas.
But god of them did otherwyſe than diſpoſe: and them beſyde,
Both Hipanis, and Dimas eke were loſt and ſlain that tyde.
Their own men through them wepons threw, nor thée o Panthus pure
Thy vertues great, nor Phœbus crown, from death could than aſſure.
Yet by the flames extreme I ſwere that all Troy brought to duſt,
At your decayes I witnes take (if trueth proteſt I muſt)
I neuer man ne wepon ſhund of Greekes, ne from you ſwarued,
If gods will were: my death I ſought, and ſure my hand deſerued.
Than out wée brake, both Iphitus and I, and Pelias kind,
The one for age, the other Vliſſes wound made come behind.
And by the eries to Priams court our king forth with enclind.
There now the battaile great was vp, as if no place els where
Had felt of warre, as die did none through all the towne but there.
So ragyng Mars and Greekes vp runne to houſes toppes wée ſée,
And poſtes puld downe and gates vp broake beſet, that none ſhould flée.
The walles with ſcalyng ladders layde, and ſtulps of ſcaffolds hie,
And vp by ſtayres they clyme, and backe they driue the dartes that flie
With ſhéeldes: and battilmentes aboue in handes they catche and hold.
Againſt them Troians down the towres and tops of houſes rold,
And rafters vp they reaue, and after all attemptes, at laſt
Thoſe toles for ſhift at death extreame, to fend them ſelfs they caſt.
The golden beames, their auncient fathers frames of comely ſight
They tomblid down, ſome other alow with wepons pointed bright
At gates and euery doze doth warde, and thick in rancks they ſtand.
Anon the pallais of our king to helpe wée toke in hand,
Our aid to put, and adde relief to men with labours ſpent.
A wail there was, and through the ſame by poſtern gate there went
An entry blind, that ſecret ſeruid Priams lodginges wide.
Wherthrough ſomtime whan yet in ſtate their kingdoms did abide,
Full oft Andromache was wont her ſelf alone to pas
Unto the king and Quéene her father and mother in law that was.
And yong Aſtianax her childe his graunſier to ſhe brought.
Therthrough I ſkope, and vp the tops of houſes hie I paſt,
Where down the ſely Troians darts in vaine for fainting caſt.
A towre that ſteepe vpright did ſtand and hie to ſkies vp reard

Gods will must be dõ.

The great aſſault at the kings palais

Andromache was Hectors wyfe.

Aboue the rokes from whens all Troy full broad in sight appeard,
And whens the ships and campes of Greekes & tentes in times of warrs
Men wonted were to dew, that towre with ginnes and mighty barrs
Wee vnderheaued, and where the ioyntes and timber beames it bound,
Beneth together at ones wee lift, at last it lose from ground
Wee shogd, and with the shog forheft, with ratling noyse and fall
Down ouer along the Greekes it light, and far and wide withall
Great slaughter makes, but other vp steps for them, nor stones this while
Nor kinds of wepons cease thereon.

Before the porch all ramping first at thentry doore doth stand
Duke Pyrrhus in his brasen harneis bright with burnisht brand.
And glistring like a serpent shines whom poysonid wedes hath fild.
That lurking long hath vnder ground in winter cold ben hild.
And now his cote of cast all fresh with youth renewd and pride
Vpright his head doth hold, and swift with wallowing back doth glide
Brestbigh against the sunne, and spits with tongs threforked fier.
And hugy Periphas with him, with him Achilles squier
Antomedon, his maisters steedes that wonted was to chace,
Than all the youth of Scyrie land ensues, and to the place
They enter thick, and fiers about on houses hie they flynge.
Him selfe in hand among the chief a twyble great doth bryng.
And therwithall he through the gates and dores with dints doth driue,
And downe the brasen postes doth pull and timber plancks doth cliue.
And now the barres a sonder brast, and ioystes vp hewed doth fall,
An entry broad, and wyndow wide, is made now through the wall.
There houses far within appeares and hals are layd in light,
Aperes kyng Priams parlours great that auncient kyngs had dight.
And harneyst men they see to stand at thentry dores to fight.

Pirrhus the sonne of Achilles.

But the inner lodgyngs all with noyse and wofull waylyng soundes,
With bounsyng thick and larums lowd the buildyngs all rebounds.
And howlyng women shoutes, and cries the golden starres doo smite.
Than wandryng here & there with dreed through chambers wide affright
The mothers clippe their contrey postes, and kissyng hold with might.
But Pirrhus with his fathers force on preaseth, neither walles
Nor keepers him therout can hold, with rammes and engins falles
The portall postes and threfholds vp are throwen and dores of halles.

A wonder full brief description of a city inuaded.

Than forceing forth they shoue, and through thei push, & down they kil
Them first that meets, and euery flore with souldiours fast they fil,

Not half so fierce the somy flood whose rampier banks are torne
With rage outrounes, whan diches thwart and piers are ouerborne
With waues, and forth on feelds it fals, and waltring down the vales
And houses down it beares withall, and heardes of beastes it hales.
Neptolemus my self I saw, with slaughters wood to rage,
And brethren twayn Atridas fierce, their furies non could swage.
Queene Hecuba and her hundred doughter lawes, and Priam there
With blod I saw defyle the fiers, him selfe to god did rere.
And fyfty paramours he had, and childrens ysselwe, told
No nomber lesse: the stately spoyles and postes full proude of gold
Abroad are thrown, and what the fier doth leaue the Greekes doth hold.

The fatall end of Priam now perhaps you will requier.
Whan he the citie taken saw and houses tops on fier,
And buildings broke, and rounde about so thicke his foes to rage:
His harneis on his shulders (long onworn tyll than) for age
All quaking, on (good man) he putts, to purpose smal, and than
His sword him gyrt, and into death and enmies thick he ran.
Amids the court right vnderneth the naked skyes in sight,
An altar huge of sise there stode, and by the same vpright
An auncient Laurell trée did grow, that wyde abroad was shed,
And it, and all the caruyd gods with broad shade ouerspred.
There Hecuba and her doughters al (poore soules) at the altars side
In heapes together affrayd them drew, like doues whan doth betide
Some storme them headlong driue, and clipping fast their gods thei hold.
But whan she Priam thus beclad in armes of youth so bold
Espied: what minde alas (q she) o wofull husband you
In harneis dight: and whither away with wepons run ye now?
Not men nor wepons vs can saue: this time doth are to beare
No such defence, no not if Hector myne now present were.
Stand here by me, thys altar vs from slaughters all shall shelde,
Or dye together at ones wée shall. So said she, and gan to welde
Him aged man, and in the sacred seat hym set, and helde.

Behold where skapyng from the stroks of Pirrhus fers in sight
Polites, one of Priams sonnes, through foes and wepons pight,
Through galeries along doth runne, and wide about him spies
Sore wounded than, but Pirrhus after hym sues with burning eyes
In chase, and now welnere in hand him caught and held with spere,
Tyll right before his parents sight he came, than feld him there

To

To death, and with his gushyng blood his life outright he shed.
There Priamus, though now for wo that tyme he halfe was dead,
Hym self could not refrayn, nor yet his voyce nor anger hold.
But, onto the (o wretche) he cried, for this despite so bold,
The gods (if any iustice dwels in heauen or ryght regard)
Do yeld thee worthy thanks, and thee do pay thy due reward,
That here within my sight my son hast slayn with slaughter vyle,
And not ashamd with lothsome death his fathers face to fyle.
Not so did he (whom falsly thou beliest to be thy sier)
Achilles with his enmy Priam deale, but my desier
Whan Hectors corps to tombe he gaue for gold, did entertayn
With truth and right, and to my realme restorde me safe again.
So spake, and therwithall his dart with feble force he threwe.
Which sounding on his brasen harneis hoarce, it backward flew,
And on his targat side it hit, where dyntlesse down it hyng.
Than Pirrhus said, thou shalt go now therfore and tidings bryng
Unto my father Achilles soule, my dolefull deedes to tell.
Neptolemus his bastard is, not I, say this in hell.
Now die, and (as he spake that word) from the altar self he drewe
Him trembling ther, and deepe him through his sonnes blood did embrue.
And with his left hand wrapt his locks, with right hand through his side
His glistring sworde outrawen, he did hard to the hiltes to glyde.
This ende had Priams destnies al, this chaunce him fortune sent
Whan he the fier in *Troy* had seen, his walles and castels rent.
That somtime ouer peoples proud, and lands had reingd with fame
Of *Asia* the emprour great, now short on shore he lieth with shame
His head besides his shulders layd, his corps no more of name.

Neptolemus and Pyrrhus were brethren.

Than fyrst the cruell fear me caught, and sore my sprites appalde,
And on my father deere I thought, his face to mynd I calde:
Whan slayne with grisly wound our kyng, him like of age in sight
Lay gasping dead, and of my wife Creusa bethought the plight.
Alone, forsake, my house dispoyld, my childe what chaunce had take
I lokyd, and about me bewd what strength I might me make:
All men had me forsake for paynes, and downe their bodies drewe
To ground they leapt, and some for woo them selfs in fiers they threwe.
And now alone was left but I, whan Vestas temple staier
To keepe, and secretly to lurke all couching close in chaier
Dame Helen I myght see to sit, bright burnings gaue me lyght

Helen that was cause

 Whe

Where euer I went, the waies I past, all thing was set in sight.
She fearing her the Troians wrath, for Troy destroid to wreke
Greekes turmentes, and her husbands force whose wedlock shée did breke
The plage of Troy, and of her contrey monster most vntame:
There sat she with her hatyd head, by the altars hid for shame.
Straight in my brest I felt a fier, déepe wrath my hart did straine
My contreis fall to wreke, and bring that curssd wretche to payne.
What shall she: into her contrey soyle of Sparta, and hie Micene?
All saufe shall she returne: and there on Troy triumphe as Quéene:
Her husband, children, cuntrey, kinne, her house, her parents old
With Troian wifes and Troian lordes, her slaues, shal she beholde:
Was Priam slaine with sworde for this: Troy burnt with fier so wood,
Is it herefore that Dardan strondes so oft haue swet with blood:
Not so: for though it be no prayse on woman kynde to wreke,
And honour none there lieth in this, nor name for men to speke:
Yet quenche I shall this poyson here, and due desertes to dight.
Men shall commend my zeal, and eas my mynd I shall outright.
This moche for al my peoples bones, and contrey flames to quite.

Venus letted him to kill Helene.

These thinges within my self I tost, and fierce with force I ran:
Whan to my face my mother great, so brym no time till than
Appearing shewed her self in sight, all shining pure by night.
Right goddesse like, with glory such as heauens beholdes her bright.
So great with maiesty she stod, and me (by right hand take)
She staied, and redde as rose with mouth these words to me she spake.
My son, what sore outrage so wilde thy wrathful minde vp steeres:
Why fretst thou: or where away thy care from vs withdrawn apéeres:
Not first vnto thy father seest: whom feeble in all this wo
Thou hast forsake: nor if thy wife doth liue thou knowest, or no,
Nor yong Ascanius thy childe: whom thronges of Greekes about
Doth swarming runne, and were not my relief, withouten doubt
By this time flames had vp deuourd, or swordes of ennies kylde.
It is not Helens face of Greece this town (my son) hath spilde,
Nor Paris is to blame for this: but gods with grace onkynde,
This welth hath ouerthrown, and Troy from top to ground ontwynd.
Behold, (for now away the cloud and dymme fog will I take
That ouer mortall eies doth hang, and blind thy sight doth make)
Thou to thy parents heast take hede (dread not) my minde obey.
In yonder place where stones from stones, and bildings huge to swey

Thou

Thou séest, and mirst with dust and smoke thick streames of réekings rise:
Himself the God Neptune that side doth turne in wonders wyse
With forck threatinde the walles vpwotes, foundations al to shakes,
And quyte from vnder soil the town with groundworkes all vp rakes.
On yonder side with furies most daune Iuno fiercely standes,
The gates she keepes, and from their ships the Greekes her frendly bãdes
In armour gyrt she calls.
Lo there againe where Pallas sittes on fortes and castle towres,
With Gorgons eies in lightning cloudes inclosd grim she loures.
The father god him self to Greekes their mightes and courage steres
Him selfe against the Troian blood, both gods and armour reres.
Betake thée to thy flight (my son) thy labours end procure,
I will thée neuer faile, but thée to resting place assure.
Thus said she, and through the dark night shade her self she drew from
Appeares the grisly faces than, *Troys* ennmies vgly dight (sight.
The mighty powers of Gods.
Than verily right broad I saw whole Ilion castles sinke
In fiers, and vpsodown all *Troy* from botom turne to brinke.
And like as on the mountayn top, some auncient oke to fall
The plowmen with their axes strong do striue, and twibles tall
To grubbe, and round about hath hewd: it threatning from aboue
Doth nodde, and with the braunches wide al trembling bendes to moue.
Till ouercome with strokes at last, all cracking down to fall,
One wound it ouerthrowes, and ground it drawes and rockes with all.
Than down I went as god me led through flames and foes to trie.
All weapons as I pas, giue place, and flames away do flye.
But when into my fathers mantion house I came, and there
Him first I thought to shift, and vp the mountains next to bere:
My father after *Troy* destroied no longer life desiers,
Nor outlawe wold he non become. O you whose youth requiers
To liue, and blood in lust vpholds (q he) your lymmes to wéelde
Take you your flight.
For as for me, if Gods aboue would life haue had me led,
This place they would haue kept me: ynough to much, and ouerhed
Of slaughters haue wée séen, our citie brent wée do suruiue.
Go fourth, let me remain (I pray) for me do you not striue.
Mine own hand shall my death obtein, my foe will rue my plight,
My corps he can but spoyle, for of a graue the losse is light.

Gorgon was a monster. that kyld men with toking only.

His father wold not flee.

This

of al this warre.

Anchiſes was ſtryken with lighning in his youth.

This many a yere to Gods abhord vnweldy life I finde,
Synce time whan ime the father of Gods and king of all mankynd
Beblaſted with his lightning wynd, and fiers on me did caſt.
Thus ſpake he, and in his purpoſe ſtill he fixt remaynyd faſt.
We therageinſt with ſtreaming teares, my wife alſo ſhe ſtood,
Aſcanius, and our houſhold all, we prayed that in that mood
All things with him good father turne he nold, nor ſlaughter make
Outright of all, nor vs to death & deſtnies fell betake.
Ye ſtill denyed, & ſtif his mind nor purpoſe wolde forſake.
Agayne to weapons fourth I flewe, & death moſt miſer call:
For counſel what? or what relicfe, or fortune nowe can fall?
Thynke you that I one foote from hence, you father left behynde
Can pas? or may there ſuch a ſinne eſcape your mouth vnkynde?
If nothing of ſo great a towne to leaue the Gods be bent:
And fixt in mynde you haue decreed *Troys* ruynes to augment
With loſſe of you & yours, agreed, at this dore death doth ſtand,
And here anon from Priams blood comth Pyrrhus hote at hand,
That chyldern in theyr fathers ſight, & father on the altar killes.
For this O mighty mother myne through fiers and foes & billes
Haue you me kept til nowe for this? that in my parlour flores
Myne enmyes I muſt ſee to kyll my folkes within my dores?
Aſcanius my chylde? my wife Creuſa? my father olde?
All ſprauling ſlayne with blod in blod embrued ſhall I beholde?
Weapons ſeruaunts, bring me wepons, our laſt hour doth vs cal,
And yelde me among the Greekes to fight, let me to battails fall
Afreſh, for neuer ſhall wee die this day vnuenged all.
Than me with ſword again I girt, my left arme vnder ſheeld
I pnt, and out at dores I ran with rage to fight in feelde.

A perilul meting.

Behold at thentry gate my wife, embracing both my feete,
Doth kneele, and vp to me ſhe holdes my childe Aſcanius ſweete.
If toward death thou goeſt, take vs with thee to chaunces all,
If ſecour ought or hope thou findſt in armes, than firſt of all
Defend this houſe, to whome forſakſt thy childe Iule alas?
To whom thy father leaueſt, and me ſometime thy wife that was?
Thus wailing al our houſe ſhe filde, thus cried ſhe through the halles.
Whan ſodenly (right wonder great to tell) a monſter falles.
For euen betweene our hands and right before our face in ſight,
Behold, from out Aſcanius top a flame ariſith bright,

And

And harmeles lickes his lockes, and soft about his temples fæde,
Wt straight his burning hear gã shake, all trembling dead for dæede
And waters on the sacred fiers to quenche anon wee sheede.

A trillon of fier came out of his sons head.

But than my father Anchises glad, to heauen doth lifte his eies
With handes vpthrown against the starres, and voice exalted cries.
Almighty Ioue (if mans respect or praiers dost regard)
Behold vs now this ones, and (if our deedes deserue rewarde)
From hensforth father helpe vs send, and blesse this grace with more.
Skant from his mouth the word was past, whan skies aloft to rore
Begin, and thonder light was thrown, and down from heauen by shade
Astreaming star descends, and long with great light makes a glade.
Wee loking, brim behold it might, and ouer our house it slipps,
And forth to Ida woods it went, there down it self it dipps,
Vs pointing out the waye to flee, than straking light along
Doth shine, and broad about it smokes with sent of sulphur strong.
Than straight my father ouercome, him self aduauncing weldes.
And prayeth his gods, and worship to that blessyd starre he yeldes.
Now now no more I let, leade where ye lyst, I will not swarue.
O contrey gods our house vphold, my neuew safe preserue.
This token yet is yours: yet *Troy* in your regard remaynes.
I yeld me son, nor further stay with thee to take all paynes.
So spake he, and now about our walles the fiers approching sounds
At hand, and nere and nere the flames with feruent rage redounds,
Dere father now therfore your self set on my necke to beare,
My shulders shall you lift, this labour me shall nothing deare,
What euer chaunce betides, one daunger both wee must abyde,
In saufty both a lyke wee shalbe sure, and by my syde
My child Iule shall go, my wife shall trace alof behind.
You seruantes what I say take heede, imprint it well in mind.

A token from heauen to bid him flee.

He apoynted where they shall meete.

There is a hill whan out the town ye come, and temple old
Of Ceres long vnbild, there beside ye shall behold
An auncient *Cipers* tree to grow, that for religions sake
Our fathers there did set, and there long time did honor make.
In that place out of diuers waies wee all shall seeke to meete.
You father take your contrey gods in hand, our comfort sweete.
For me, that from the battailes fresh am come and slaughters new,
I may not them for sinne presume to touche, tyll waters dew
With floods hath washt me pure.

Tooke his ymages with him.

Thus sate I, and on my shulders bread and thwart my necke I kest
A weede, and in a lions skinne full read my self I drest.
And under burden fast I fled, my child my right hand kept
Iule, and after me, with pace vnlyke in length, he stept.
My wife ensued, through lanes and crokes and darknes most we past.
And me, that late no shoutes, nor cries, nor noyse, nor weapons cast
Could feare, nor clusters great of Greeks in throngs agast could make:
Now euery wind and puffe doth moue, at euery sound I quake,
Not for my self, but for my mate, and for my burdens sake.
And now against the gates I came, which out of daunger found,
I thought I well escapid had, whan sodenly the sound
Of feete wee heare to tread, and men full thicke my father skand.
Flee flee my son (he cried) lo here they come, lo here at hand,
Their harneis bright apeares, and glystring sheeldes I see to shyne.
There what it was I not, some chaunce or God (no frend of myne)
Amasyd than my wit, for while through thicke and thinne I pas,
And from the accustomd wayes I drawe to seke to skape (alas)
My wife from me most wofull man Creusa belouyd best,
(Remaine she did, or lost her way, or sat her down to rest,
Vnknowen it is) but after that in vayne her all wee fought.
Nor of her losse I knew, nor backe I lokid or bethought:
Till onto Ceres temple old and auncient seate, ech one
Was come, and there togithers met wee all, but she alone
Did lacke, and there her frends and child and husband did begyle.
What man or god (for anger mad) did I not curse that while:
Or what in all that town vpturnd saw I so sore befall?
My father and my child Iule and Troian gods withall
Onto my men I toke, and in a crokyd vale them hidde,
Agayn vnto the citie gyrt in glystring armes I yede,
All chaunces there agayn to trie my minde I fired fast,
All Troy for her again to seke, my lyfe to daungers cast.
First back vnto the walles and gate I turne, and thentry blynd
Where out I came I sought, and steppes of feete I marke behynd,
Where night to see could serue, and fiers that glistring shines about.
Great feare on euery side I see, the silence makes me doubt,
My house at home, if haply there, if haply there she hide.
I went to loke, the Greekes were in, and houses all they fylde.
Deuouring fier doth all consume, from house to house it flies.

Anchises espied enemies comming after.

He lost his wyfe.

The

The wynd encreaſith flames, and vp the rage to heauen doth ryſe.
To Priams court I turne, and to the caſtle view I caſt.
The temples great were ſpoylde, and Iunos holy dores were vnſaſt.
Amids the floze the keepers ſtode, the chief of capteines ſtout,
Both Phenix and Vliſſes falſe with them their trayn about
The praie did keepe, and Greekes to them the Troian riches brought,
That from the tiers on euery ſyde was raught: all temples ſought
And tables from the gods were take, and baſons great of gold,
And precious plate and robes of kyngly ſtate, and treaſours old,
And captiue childern ſtode, and trembleyng wifes in long aray
Were ſtowed about and wept.
I ventred eke my voyce to lift, and through the glimſing night
The wayes with cries I fyld, and Creuſas name full loud I ſhright.
In vain I cald and cald, and oft again and yet I cried.
Thus ſeeking long with endles pain and rage, all places tryed.
At laſt (with woful lucke) her ſpzite and Creuſas ghoſt (alas)
Before myne eyes I ſaw to ſtand, more great than wonted was. Her ſoule appeered vnto him.
I ſtoinid, and my heare vpſtod, my mouth for feare was faſt.
She ſpake alſo, and thus fro me my cares ſhe gan to caſt.
What mean you thus your raging mind with labours ſore to moue
O huſband ſweete: theſe things without the powers of gods aboue
Hath not betide: me now from hence to leade, or by your ſide
You ſhall ſee neuer more, he doth reſiſt that heauens doth gyde.
Long pilgrimage you haue to pas, huge feelde of ſeas to eare.
Vnto *Heſperia* land you ſhall ariue do you not feare,
Where Tyber flood through fertill ſoyle of men doth ſoftly ſlyde.
There ſubſtaunce great, and kingdom ſtrong, and Queene to wife beſyde She pro-phecied to him of an other wife.
You ſhall enioy, for me thy Creuſa deare do weepe no more.
To *Mirmidons* nor *Dolop* land ſhall I not now be bore,
Nor to the ladies proud of *Greece* ſhall I be ſeruant ſeen:
Of Dardan and of goddeſſe Venus doughter law.
But me the mighty mother of goddes wil not from hence to moue.
And now fare wel, and of our childe, for both, keepe thou the loue.
Thus whan ſhe ſaid, I weeping there, and more things wold haue ſpoke
She left me, and with the wind ſhe went as thinne from ſight as ſmoke,
Three times about her necke I ſought mine armes to ſet, and thrife
In vaine her likenes faſt I held, for through my hands ſhe flies
Like wauering wind, or lyke to dreames that men ful ſwift eſpies

Than to my company at last whan night was gon I drewe.
And there a multitude of menfull huge and numbre newe
I found, with maruell much, both men and women yong and old
A rable great eryld, and piteouse commons to behold
From euery coast were come, and with their goods and harts assent,
What lond or sea so euer I would them leade they were content.
And now from vp the mountayn tops the dawning star doth ryse,
And brings again the day, the Greekes (as best they could deuise)
The gates possest and held, all hope and helpe was gone: at last
I yelded, and my father toke, and vp the hill I past.

DEOGRACIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foresta Kilgerran, mense Iulii. Anno. 1555. Opus Viginti dierum.

¶ The thirde booke of *the Æneidos of Virgil.*

The Argument.

¶ When Troy was vtterly subuerted, Aeneas hauyng gathered together his companie in flight, that remayned after the great fier and slaughter, and hauynge obtayned of Atander a fleete of twentie sayle: arriueth fyrst in Thracia. Whereas, when he began to build a citie, beynge terrefied through the prodigious tokens of Polydorus that was slayne by Polymnestor: departeth to Delos, and there takyng counsell of the Oracle of Apollo, and beynge aduertised that he must go to ye land from whence his auncetours first descended: through ye false interpretation of Anchises his father, arriued in Creta where he began also to lay the foundations of a Citie. And beyng there afflicted with a great plague of pestilence: was warned by his houshold Godds in his sleepe, that he should leaue Creta, and goe to Italy. In which iorney, by a tempest he was driuen to ye Ilandes Strophades, and there much troubled by the Harpyes, and shortly after arryuyng at Actium: made playes in the honour of Apollo. From thence he sayled by Corcyra into Epyrus, wheras Helenus ye sonne of Priamus raygned, that maried Andromache after the death of Pyrrhus. By whom he was courteously entertayned, and admonished by him of the perils which he should substayne both by sea and land. From thence he sayleth to Tarentum, and passyng alonge by the first shoare of Italy; arriueth on that side that lieth neare to the Mounte Aetna, and there he receaueth Achæmenides who was left in the Cyclops den by Vlisses, anon from thence he hoyseth sayle as Helenus commaunded, and passeth by Scylla and Carybdis. And coastyng along the shoare of Scycilye taketh lande at Drepanus, where Anchises partly weakened by age, and partly by trauayle ended his life. From thence sayling towards Italy: was driuen into Affrike by a tempestuous weather raysed by Aelous, as is expressed in the first booke.

VAn *Asia* state was ouerthrowen, and Priams kingdome stout
Al gitles by the power of gods aboue was rooted out,
And down the fortresse proude was falne that Glorious *Ilion* hyght,
And flat on ground all Neptunes *Troy* lay smoking broad in sight:

To diuers londes and diuers coasts, like outlawed men, compelde
By tokens of the Gods wee were, to seeke from thence expeld.
And vnderneath Antander hill, and mountes of Ida name,
In Phrigy lond our nauy great wee wrought and vp did frame.
Uncertein wherupon to stay, where destnies vs doth gyde,
And power of men assembleth fast. Scant sommer first wee spied:
Whan sayles onto the wyndes to set my father Anchises cries.
Than partyng from my contrey shores and hauens with weepyng eies,
The feelds where Troy did stand I leaue, fourth outlaw fare I right
By son my mates & frends wō me through deepe seas toke their flight
By sayntes my cuntrey Gods also that ar full great of might.

Thracia. There lieth a land far loof at seas, where Mars is lorde, and wheare
The largy feeldes and fertill soyle me Thracia cald, doth eare.
Sometime Lycurgus fearce therin did reygne and empier hold.
An auncient stay to Troy, and like in fayth and frendship old
Whyle fortune was. To that I went, and on the crooked shore
Foundations first of walls I layd with destnies lucke full sore.
And of my name theyr name I shope, and Aeneads them call.
Unto the mother of Gods that time, and heauenly persons all
Great sacrifice I made, for lucke my workes to prosper new,
And to the kyng of heauen himself a bright bull downe I slew.
A banke by chaunce by me there stode, where bright as horne of hew
A tree called a mirtill. With roddes vpright and braunches thicke a Myrtill bushe there grew.
I drew me neare, and from the ground the greene brush vp I pull,
Myne altars to adorne therwith with bows and shadowes full.
A dredfull sight and monster (maruell great to tell) I found,
For from the twig that fyrst I brake and rootes I rent from ground,
The blacke blood out doth breake, and downe with tricklyng drops it trils
Defilyng foule the soyl, with that for feare my body chilles.
My limmes do quake, my blood for dread doth shrinke with frosty colde.
Another braunche agayne to plucke with force I wared bolde,
The cause therof to learne, and see what thyng therunder lay.
Field Nimphes otherwise called faieries. That other braunche agayne doth bleede, and blacke doth me beray.
Great thynges in mynde I kest, and straight the feeld Nimphes I adore,
And Mars the father great that prince is of that lond and shore,
Good fortune me to send, and turne that sight to good they shuld.
But whan the third time twigs to take with greater might I puld,
And knees agaynst the sand I set with force, what shall I do:

Speake

Speake out, or silence keepe: a piteous waylyng vs vnto
Was heard from out the hill, and voyce thus gronyng spake me to.
Why dost thou thus Aeneas me most wofull myser teare?
Abstayne my graue to file, from sinne thy gentill hands forbeare.
I am to thee no straunger borne, nor thus deserue to speede,
This blood thou seest from out this stub ywis doth not procéede,
Flee, flee (alas) this cursed shore, flee from this grédy land,
For I am Polidore, in this place slayne I was with hand,
This bush of dartes is growne, & sharp with pricks on me they stand.

A voice to Aneas made by Polidorus his newe there slayne.

Than more with doubt and dreade oppresst my mynde fro me was past
I stoynid, and my hear vpstert, my mouth for fear was fast.
This Polidore sometime, with gold of weight full huge to tell,
His father Priam king (good man) by stelth had sent to dwell
Unto the king of Thrace, whan first to *Troy* he gan mistrust,
Whan he the citie sieged saw, that néedes defend he must.
But he whan *Troy* decay began and fortune fourth was past:
The stronger part he toke, and (Agamemnon ayding fast)
All truth he brake, and Polidore of chops, and than the gold
By force into his hands he caught, and held. What can be told?
Or what is it that hunger sweete of gold doth not constrain
Men mortall to attempt? whan fear my bones forsoke again:
Unto the peoples lordes I went, and first vnto my fier,
The monsters of the Gods I shew, their councels I requier.
All they with one assent do bid that cursed lond forsake.
To leaue that hostrie vile, and ships to wyndes at south betake.
Anon therfore to Polidore a herse wée gan prepare,
And huge in heyght his tombe wée reare, all altars hangid are
With wédes of mourning hewe, and *Cipres* trées and black deuise,
And Troian wiues about with hear vnfold as is their gise.
Great foamy bolles of milke wée threw luke warm on him to fall,
And holy blood in basons brought wée poure, and last of all
Wée shright, and on his sout our last with great cries out wée call.

A fals king.

Thei make Polidorus obyt.

Than whan the seas wee see to trust and wind with pipling sweete
Is out at sowth, and to the seas to saill doth call the fleete:
My mates their ships set fourth, and shores with men they mustred al,
To seas wee flee, and as wee flee, both townes and hills do fall.
There is alond in mid sea set whom Neptune deere doth loue,
And mother of the mermaides eke, that kynd fast time did heue

Thei went to the yle of Delgia.

In flodes, and to and fro did stray, till Phœbus it did bynd
With landes about, and first it fast, and bad defie the wynd,
With *Giarus* and *Miconee* (twoo countreys) strongly stayed.
Whan in wee came, our weary ships in hauen at rest wee layed.
And went to worship Phœbus towne, and giftes with vs wee beare.
Kinges that time were preestes. King Anius, king of men and Phœbus preest against vs there,
His head with holy labels layde and crowne of laurell greene
Came out, and welcome bad his freend Anchises long vnseen.
Than hand in hand wee set, and lodging tooke in houses hie.
I worship eke the temple there that to that God I spie
He maketh his praier to Apollo for knowledge whither to goe Of auncient stone: O Phœbus bright giue me some hous to dwell,
Giue walls to weary men and town from whence may non expell.
Haue mercy vpon our blood and saue of *Troy* this last remaine,
The leauinges of Achilles wild and Greekes abiectes vnslayne.
Who shall vs leade? or where apoint our place it may thee please?
Our rest to take, giue token God, enspier our hartes with ease.
Scant this I said, whan trembling fast with sodein shewe to shoue
The Laurel trees gan quake, and dores, and thresholdes all do moue.
The mount therwith doth bend, and vp the gates with roring brekes
Adown to ground all flat wee fall, and strait a voice there spekes.
Ye Troians tough, the ground that you first bare from parents bold:
The same shall you receiue again, seeke out your grandame old.
For there Aeneas house shall stand, whom contreis all shall dreede.
Apollos aunswer doubtfull. And childerns childe and al their ligne that of them shall procede.
This Phœbus said, and wee for ioy great noys and murmur make,
And what those walls shuld be wee scan, and councel great wee take:
What place it is that Phœbus bids to seeke, and where to finde,
My father than the stories old of auncient men to mynde
Doth call, and than, you lordes (q he) lay now to me your eare,
Anchises enterpretes the prophecy to leade to Candy. And marke me wel, for now of me your great hope shal you leare.
Candy from hence in myd sea lieth, loues ylond great it is.
Where *Ida* mount doth stand, and where fyrst sprang our stocker this.
A hundred mighty townes they keepe, most fruteful soyl to till:
From whence our auncient grandsir great (if true report I skil)
Kinge Teucrus issued fyrst, and on the coast of *Rhoeta* hyt.
And there his kingdome first began, *Troy* was not vp as yet,
Cibele a goddesse. Nor *Ilion* toures did stand, but there in lowe vales did they dwel.
Cibele wildernes doth haunt therin with sounding bell.

And Coribantes beat their brasse the moone from clips to cure.
From thence wee haue that seruice time wee kepe with silence pure,
For Lions in that ladies chare their yokes to draw do beare,
Come on therfore,and where the Gods do call,let vs go there.
Please wee the windes,and fourth to *Candi* kingdomes let vs wend,
The course is not so long(if Ioue vs lucke vouchsaue to send)
Our ships on *Candi* shore to stand the third day shall wee see,
So speaking, on his altars there due honours kill did he,
A bull to thee O Neptune first,a bull to Phœbus bright,
A black beast to the winter storme,to western flaws a whyte.
There flieth a fame that of his fathers kingdoms quite forsake,
Idomeneus duke therof expelde his flight hath take.
And all the coast of *Candi* lieth wyde open for their foes,
Unfenced,and the townes of people voyd,so rumour goes.
Anon therfore our hauens wee left,and through the seas wee flie,
By greene *Donisa*,and *Naron* hills where men to Bacchus crie.
Olearon,and *Paron* white as snowe,and skattrid wyde
Of *Cicladas* we compas lands,that rough seas makes to ride.
The mariners their shoutes vp set,eche man his mate doth bold,
To *Candi* let vs cheerely fare, to seeke our graunsirs old.
A mery cole of winde them fast pursueth,and fourth doth driue,
And at the length on *Candi* coast our ships wee do arriue.
My town therfore(with great desier)and walls I gynne to frame,
And *Pergam* I the citie call,right glad they take that name,
I courage them that lond to loue,and towres and temples byld,
And now welneare our ships vp set,drie lond our nauy hyld,
With weddings and with tillage new the youth them selues applies,
And houses eke and lawes I gaue: whan sodenly doth rise
Among them(foule)a plage,and piteous murreyn to be thought,
The skies corrupted were,that trees and corne destroied to nought,
And limmes of men consuming rottes,such yere of death them deares
That sweete life of thei leaue,or long their greeuous wo them weares.
The Dog starre vp doth rise,the soyle for heat of sonne doth frie,
That grayn and grasse vp dries,and fields of food doth men denie.
Agayn to Phœbus holy seat, yet backe agayne our way
Through seas my father bids vs turne,and Phœbus mercy pray.
What end of wo to wery men he puttes,and how from payne
Our selfs wee may relieue,and where from thens to turn agayne.

Coribantes people that beat bassyng whan the moone is in the clips.

They heare that Candi is voide of a king.

Thei course to Candi out of Thracia.

He bildeth a town in Candy.

A pestilēce

His ima-ges gaue him an-swere.

Than was it night, and on the ground all creatures layd a sleepe,
The gods of *Phrigy* lond, whom I with me full deare did keepe,
Whom from the mids of burning *Troy* with me I brought in flight
Before myne eyes (as dreame I dyd) I saw to stand vpright,
All shyning in their glory bryght behold I might them cleere,
The way that through my window than the ful mone did appeere,
They spake also, and thus from me they lighten gan my cheere.
The thing that of Apollo now to know you do entend,
He speakes it here, and vs to thee with glad will doth he send.
Wee from the flames of *Troy* with thee thyne army came to gyde.
Wee vnder thee with nauy great the salt seas broad haue tried.
Wee be the same that to the starres thy ligne shall lift with pride,
And empier great wee shall thee geue, and citie great to reare,
For mighty men make mighty walles, long flight do thou not feare,
Chaunge yet thy place, not here it is that Phœbus bids thee byde,
It is not here to *Candy* shore Apollo thee dyd guyde.
There is a place the Greekes by name *Hesperia* do call.
An auncient lond and feirce in warre, and fruteful soyle withall.

Thei a-point him to Itali.

Out from *Oenotria* they came, that fyrst did till the same,
Now *Italy* men saith is cald, so, of the captains name.
There be our dwelling seats from thens king Dardan self was born,
And Iaseus the prince from whom our ligne descends before.
Arise, go to, and tell this thyng onto thy father deare,
Seke out *Italia* land, the shores of *Corit* coast enquere,
Be bolde, proceede for Ioue doth thee from *Candy* contreis take.
Astoined I with this was made whan gods to me so spake.
For slomber was it not (me thought) but plain their faces bright,
And folded heir bewrapt I saw, and knew them sure by sight.
With cold swete all my body than did romne, and therwithall
From out my bed I leapt, and straight on knees there down I fall.
My hands to heauen I held, and praied, and gifts and offrings pure,
In fiers to them I threw, and all my duty don with cure:
Anchises I asserteyn than, and him declare the caas.
Anone the doubtfull ligne he knew, how he begylid was,

Thā they knew they had expoū-did the pro-phecie wrōg.

By graunsyrs twain and chyldren twain, and places old mistake.
Than said he thus, O son whom *Troy* by destnies tough doth make,
Cassandra alone, of al mankind, these things to me did tell,
These chaunces of our stocke she sang, I now remembre well.

Of *Italy* full oft she spake, oft of *Hesperia* shore.
But who could euer thinke that time, or this beleeue before?
That Troians to *Hesperia* land shuld come to dwell at last?
Of prophecies, or who that time of madde Cassandra past?
To Phœbus let vs yéeld, and after warning take the best.
So spake he, and anon with ioy all wée obeyed him prest.
That seat also wée than forsake, and (few folke left behinde)
With beames through hugy seas wée cut, and sayles set vp for winde.
When than to the déepe our ships were come, and now on neither side
Appéeres no land, but seas and skies about vs broad are spied:
A shoure aboue my head there stood all dusky blacke with blew, A storme.
Both night and storme it brought, and rough the waters dark their hew.
Straight all the seas with winds are tost, and mighty surges rise,
And through the déepes wée to and fro be thrown in wonders wise.
The cloudes inclosd haue the day: dimme night hath hid the heauen:
And from the skies the lightning fiers do flashe with grisly steauen.
From out our course wée be disperst, and blind in waues wée stray,
Eke he him self our maister there can skant the night from day
Discerne he sayth, so trobleth him the tempest Palinure,
Nor in the waters wyld his way to hold he can be sure.
Three dayes therfore vncerten where wée go, withouten sunne
In seas wæ wander wide, and three nights like in darke wee runne
Withouten starre: the fourth day land to rise wee spied at last,
And mountaines farre in sight are séen, and smoke do séeme to cast.
Our sailes forthwith do fal, and vp with ores, and than anon
The mariners do sweepe the seas, and through the fome they gon.
Escaping so the streames on shore at *strophades* I light.
At *strophades*, for so their names in Greekish tong doth hight. Thei arine at Strophades.
For Ilands in the salt sea great thei stand, wherein doth dwell
Celeno foule mishapen bird, and Harpies more right fell:
Since Phines house from them was shut, their former fare thei fled.
A monster more to feare than them, nor plage was neuer bred. Description of monstrous feules called Harpies.
Nor from the pit of hel vp start the wrecke of god so wilde.
Lyke foules with maidens face thei ben, their paunches wyde defilde
With garbage great, their hooked pawes thei sprede, and euer pale
With hungry lookes.
When there we came, and first in hauen wée entred, lo wée see
The heardes of beast full fat to féede on euery syde ful frée,

And goates also to grase, and keeper none there was to weue:
Our wepons on them fast wee lay, and down them thicke we slew.
And banks vpon the shore wee make, and gods to part wee call,
And Ioue him self to blesse the pray, and fast to meate wee fall.
But sodenly from downe the hylls with grisly fall to sight,
The Harpies come, and beating wings with great noys out they shright,
And at our meate they snatch, and with their clawes they al defile,
And feareful cries also they cast, and sent of sauour vile.
Againe into a priuie place where rocks and caues doth hide,
With trees and shadowes compast darke our tables wee prouide.
And altars vp again we make, and fiers on them we tinde.
Againe from out a diuers coast, from holes and lurkings blind,
The preas with croked pawes are out, and sounding foule they flie,
Polluting with their filthy mouthes our meate, and than I crie:
That al men weapons take, and with that vgly nacion fight.
They did as I them bad forthwith, and in the grasse from sight
Their swords by them they laid, and couching close their shields thei hide.
Than whan the third time from the cliues with noise againe they glide:
Misenus from aloft with brasen trompet fets a sound.
My mates inuade them than, and felt the fight but newly found.
And on the filthy birdes they beat, that wild sea rocks do breede,
But fethers none do from them fal, nor wound for stroke doth bleede,
Nor force of weapons hurt them can, their backs and wings no speare
Can perce, but fast away they flie, full hie from sight, and there
The pray to vs half maunched, and begnawn ful foule they leaue.
Celeno & Harpye. But one of them, Celeno, than her self on rocks doth heaue
Unhappy tale to tell, and thus her lothsome voyce she brake.
And is it war (q she) with vs? warre Troians do you make?
And for our cattell slaine, do you with vs to bataile bend
Poore Harpies, and our kingdom take from vs that nought offend?
Take this with you therfore, and wel my words imprint in mind.
That God him self to Phœbus said, and I by Phœbus find,
That am the chief of furies all, and thus to you I tell:
To *Itali* your course you take, whan wind shall serue you, wel:
In *Itali* ariue you shall, and hauen possesse you there,
But power you shal not haue your town nor walls therof to rere
Till famine for your trespas here, and for our cattell slaine,
Shal pinche you so, that tables vp to eat you shalbe faine.

She ſaid, and into woods therwith ſul faſt ſhe toke her flight.
But than my mates, their blood for cold did ſhrinke, and ſore affright:
Their corage down doth fal, and now no wepons more they welde,
But vowes and praiers make, and down for peas they kneele in felde.
If goddeſſes perchaunce they be, or furies, or of ſeas
Some boiſtous birdes, what euer it is, ful fain thei wold them pleas.
But than my father Anchiſes vp his hands to heauen on hye
Doth hold, and to the Gods aboue with honours great doth crye.
O Gods defend this feare, O Gods from this chaunce vs preſerue,
God ſaue good men from harme, than from that ſhore he bids to ſwarue,
And cables vp to wind, and ſailes vp hoys with hallers hie.
The northen wind vs blows, and faſt through fominge ſeas we flie.
Wher wind doth driue, and wher our maſter calls our courſe to keepe.
Zacinthous ylond, full of woods, appeeres amyds the deepe.
Dulichium, and *Samey* londs, and cragges of *Nerite* hye,
Of *Ithaca* we flee the rocks, and (as wee paſſe them by)
The kingdom of Laertes there, syr falſe Vliſſes nurſe,
That land alof wee leaue, and it with good cauſe oft we curſe.
Anon the point Leucates cald, and cloudy tops of hyll
Apeeres Apollos point, and coaſt that ſhipmen truſt full yll.
All wearye there wee land, and there the citie ſmal we vew.
Our ankers out we layd on land, and ſhips to ſhore we drew.
Therfore, to main land whan we came long lokyd for at laſt,
Proceſſions great to Ioue we make, and altars kyndle faſt,
And on the ſhore in Troian giſe our games and plaies we point,
Some wraſtling for diſport with naked limmes in oyl anoint,
And maiſtries with them ſelfes thei trie, great ioye they make to ſe:
That through ſo many townes of Greekes, and foes they ſkaped be.
This while the ſonne with compas wide the great yeare brings about,
And winter winds and northen froſts rough ſeas doth make men tout.
A ſhelde of beaten bras, ſometime that Abas ſtreng did weare:
On poſtes I fired faſt and tytle wrote, and left it there.
Aeneas from the victor Greekes, theſe armes hath offred here.
Than poſtes I bid them leaue, and furth to ſea them ſelfes to ſtere.
Strait with their ores thei ſkom the ſeas, and ſalt ſome through they ſwape,
And ſtrait from ſight *Pheaca* townes wee hid with mountains ſteepe.
And round about *Epirus* coſt we ronne, and than anon
To *Chaon* hauen, and vp the town of *Butrot* hie wee gon.

She prophecieth: hunger which afterwarde is fulfilled in the vii. booke.

Another courſe.

All this while he had paſſed the daungerous plands adioyning to Greece.

He ſet vp a monument there with a tytle.

Againe to ſeas.

A wonders fame there fils our eares, and rumour thought but vaine,
That Helenus king Priams son on Greekish townes doth raigne,
And wedded vnto Pirrhus wife, and Pirrhus kingdomes keepes:
And how Andromache excloines with Troian husband sleepes.
Andromache maried to Helenus.
I stoind, and with wonders loue my hart in fier did glowe,
To see the man, and of that chaunce the fortune great to knowe.
From out the hauen I went to walk, my fleete bestowed behind.
Great sacrifice by chaunce that time, and giftes with heauy mind:
Before the towne in greene wood shade by *Simois* water side,
Andromache to Hectors dust with seruice did prouide,
And deintees great of meat she brought, and on his soul she cried,
At Hectors tombe, that greene with gras and turfs stode her beside,
And causes moze to mourne therby, two altars had she set.
When toward her she sawe me come, and Troian armours met:
Al straught with monsters great she stert, and frantikelike, affright:
Astoynid stark she stode, her lymmes had heat forsaken quighte.
She fell therwith, and long at last with these wordes out she shright.
And is it true? see I thy face? true tidings brings thou me?
O Goddesse son? and art aliue? or (if we chaunged be
Into some other worlde) where is my Hector now quod she?
And with that word her eies on water brast, and therwithall
The court with cries she filde, and I whom sorow thus did pall,
Few wordes could I reply for woo, and answerd thus again,
I liue in dede, and after daungers all in breath remain.
Doubt not for trueth thou seest.
Alas, how from so great a fall so great a husband slayn:
What chaunce doth thee restore, or fortune due doth entertayn?
Andromache, of Hector wife, Pirrs wedlockes dost thou keepe?
She kest her eies on ground, and soft with voyce she did be weepe.
O happy most of happies all, king Priams doughter bright:
Polixena was slayn by Pirrhus whom she calleth happi in respect of her self.
That vnderneth the walls of *Troy* was done to death outright
Before her ennmies tombe, for lottes on her were neuer cast,
Nor neuer she to maisters bed was captiue fired fast.
But we, when brent our contrey was, through sundry seas with pain
The pride of fears Achilles ympe, and yonglinges hie disdain
In thraldome, to our trauailles great haue born, but he at last,
His mind on Helenes doughter, (gay for Greekes to wed) did cast,
And me his maid, to Helenus his man, for wife he left.

But

But shortly him, for ielous rage, and for his spouse bereft,
Orestes ful of furies wood, all onaware with knyfe
Him slew, and on his fathers tombe him chopt, and toke from lyfe.
Than died Neptolemus also, and of his kingdoms all,
This part to Helenus befell, which he did Chaon call,
Of Chaon Troian lord: and Chaon fieldes their name is yet.
This *Pargame* towne he bilt, and *Ilion* tour theron he set.
But thee what destny thus doth gyde: what wind thee here doth driue?
What chaunce or god onto this coast vnknowen doth thee arriue?
How doth *Ascanius thy* child: doth lyfe and breath him feede?
Whom timely *Troy* to thee.
How farith he: how: for his mother lost doth he not long?
Doth he not manfull vertues great embrace: and them amonge
Example of his father take, and vncle Hector strong?
These thinges with teares she told, and weeping long for wo she drew:
Whan from the town the prince him self descending there we vew,
King Helinus, king Priams son, with lordes a stately train,
His countrymen he knew, and vs to towne he brought full fayne.
And teares from out his eis in talke, at euery worde did fall.
I went me forth to walke, and *Troy* by name that citie small,
In countenaunce like to *Troy* the great, and *Pergam* wals I vew:
And slender broke of Xanthus name, and gates well like I knew.
The Troians in their countrey towne also, their easment take,
The kyng him self great cheare to them in parlours wide doth make,
And wyne in plentie great they quaff, and deinty meates in golde
They feede, and seemely set in hall, their cupps in hands they holde.
And thus a day or two the time wee past, whan winde at wils
Begyns to blow, and callyng fourth our sayles with puffyng fils.
Onto the sacred king I went, and freendly prayed him thus.
O Troian kyng, that secrets hie of great Gods canst discus,
Whom Phœbus token trees, and starres of heauen, hath taught to skrie,
Both chirmyng tongs of birdes, and wynges of foul that swift doth flie,
Tell soth I thee beseeke, for lucky course, and happy trade
Religions all and all the goddes with one voyce to perswade.
But one alone, (a monster straunge to thinke, and sinne to speake)
Celeno, harpie foule, doth woonder tell, and fearfull wreake
Of hunger vile, what daunger furst shall I escape alas?
Or wherunto shall I me trust through paynes so great to passe?

She sheweth what she had with Pirrus and of his end.

She stops in her tale for sorowe,

A feast.

He desireth some knowlege of his fortune.

There Helenus (as custome was) furst heykers downe he sleWe,
And praied his God of peace, and than the labels he withdrew
From of his holy head, and to thy blessed secretes, me
O Phœbus hand in hand he brought, all trembling them to see,
Answere of Heleous. And than with mouth diuine he spake, both priest and prophet he:
O goddesse son, (for greater luck than mankind, through the deepe
Doth gyde thee thus, and greater might to greater things doth keepe)
Right true it is, the king of gods him selfe so destny gydes,
So lots doth fal, and so the whæle of fatall order slydes.
Few thinges of nombers mo, to thee, that bolder through the seas
Thou maist endure, and to thy port at last arriue with eas
He declareth him his courses. In briefe I will declare, for destnies deepe I leue ontold,
I know them not, and Iuno more to tell my tonge doth holde.
First *Itali*, whom nere at hand onWare thou dost suppose,
And nere at hand in hauen thy rest to take thou dost propose:
Far out aloof, and long aloof it lieth, in compas sore,
And furst in *sicil* streame thou must embathing bend thyne ore.
And flæting in the salt sea some long coursinges must thou make,
For Circes yle must furst be seen, and lands of Limbo lake,
Ere thou thy citie sauf on land maist buylde, and resting fynde.
Tokens. These tokens I thee tell, do thou imprint them well in mynde.
When thou alone with careful hart shalt sit besides a flood,
And se a sow of mighty sise that late hath layed her brood,
Beneth a bank among the rootes with thirtie sucklings out,
All white her selfe on ground, and whyte her bratts her dugs about:
There shal thy citie stand, there lieth thy rest of labours all,
Nor dread thee not the plage that shall of tables eating fall.
The destnies will inuent a way therfore, and Phœbus bright
Shalbe thine ayde, and thee therof from dangers all acquite.
But yonder coast, and all that lond that ouer nert vs lies,
Though part of *Italy* it be, attempt it in no wise.
He bids him fetch a compas. Leaue all aloof, the cursed Greekes all cities there haue fild,
One quarter men of *Locrus* hath, and castels strong they bild.
Another were in *Salent* field, all places pestryng wide,
Idomeneus duke his armie keepes, and there beside
Petilia small, whom *Philoctetes* wall doth compasse round,
Duke Melybee therin doth dwell, and Greekes possesse the ground.
Moreouer, whan the seas ar past, and ships in saufty stand,

And altars thou shalt make to pay thy vowes vpon the sand:
With purple weedes and hodes of purple hews your selfs attyer,
In purple hyde your heads from sight, before the sacred fier,
For honour great of Gods: that no vnfrendly signe or face,
Of enmytie apeere, disturbing all, and hinder grace.
This custome keep thy self, so let thy mates and all thy traine,
In this religion pure also thine offspring shall remaine.
But whan approching *Scicil* coast the wind thee furth doth blowe,
And that Pelorus croked straytes begyn them selfes to showe:
Than left hand land, and left hand sea, with compas long alee,
Fetch out aloof from londs and seas on right hand, se thou flee.
These places two sometime, by force with bretche and ruines great,
(So Tyme doth alter thinges, and what is it but Age doth eate:)
From sonder fel (men say) whan both in one the ground dyd grow,
The seas brake in by force, and through the mids did ouerthrow,
Both townes and feildes: and *Itali* forthwith from *scicill* syde
Dyd cut, and yet wyth narow streame and sharpe it doth deuyde.
The right syde *Scylla* keepes, the left, *Caribdis* gulf vnmylde,
Wyth gaping mouth she sits, and to her wombe the waters wylde
Thre times to ground she gulps, and thrise the same to skies on hight
By course aloft she lifts, against the starres the surges smight.
But *Scylla* couching close in caue, if pray she haply finds:
Her head aboue the streame she holdes, and ships in rockes she winds
From shulders vp a man she semes, in breast a mayden bright,
But from the nauel down a whale, with vgly shape to sight.
Compacted of the wombs of wolues, and mixt with Dolphins tailes
Behind her long thay lag, and thus in seas her self she trailes.
Yet better is *Pachinus* point, and crokes both in and out
By leysure al to seeke, and courses long to cast about:
Than once this *Scylla* monster wyld behold in dongeon foule,
Or heare the roare among the rocks of doggs that there do houle.
Besides al this, if cunning ought of prophecies, or skyll
To Helenus is giuen, if Phoebus me doth truely fyll:
One thinge to thee thou Goddesse son, one thing, and ouer all
One thing I will thee warne, and yet again, and yet I shall.
Dame Iunos Godhode greate adore, with hart and praiers meeke.
To Iuno make thy vowes, that lady great and mightie seeke
To wyn wyth humble gyfts, so shalt thou to thy mynd at last,
All sauf to *Italy* aryue, the lond of *Scicill* past.

He teacheth him a new maner of sacrifice.

He shewes him of diuers daungers.

Scicil and Italy were sometime but one land.

Caribdis.
Scilla.

Great persons must be wonne with humble litle.

There whan thou comst, and *Cumas* town thou entrest first at shore,
Where holy lakes, and woodes, and floods (*Auerna* cald) doth roze,
A frantike Prophet priest of womankind thou shalt behold,
That deepe in ground doth diwel, and vnder rocks her self doth hold.
And destnies out she sings, and leaues with notes and names she signes.
What euer thing that virgin writes, in leaues and painted lines,
In rymes and verse she settes, and them in caues in raunges couche:
There still they lye, noz from their ozders moue if nothing touche
But whan the doze by chaunce doth turne, and wind the cozner blowes:
Their heapes a sonder fall and fozth they flie, and bzeake their rowes.
She them to stay, noz from their caues to flye doth neuer let,
Noz seekes them eft to ioyne, noz of her verses moze doth set.
Away they ronne, and Syblies house their maystresse seate they hate.
There let no time be lost, but though foz hast thou thunkist late,
Though al thy mates do cal and crie to seas, and wind at wil
Allurith fozth thy fleete, and sayles thou maist with puffing fill:
Assaie the prophet first, and her with praiers due beseache,
Thy destnies thee to tell, and chaunces all by mouth to teache.
Of *Italy* she shall thee shew, and peoples all declare,
And warrs at hand, and how thy self therto thou mayst prepare.
And euery labour how thou maist auoyde, oz how endure,
And all thy course she will thee tell, that preist and prophet, pure.
These thyngs I may thee shew, and this to heare hath been thy chaunce.
Go, play thy part, and mighty *Troy* to heauen with deedes aduaunce.
Which thyngs, whan thus the prophet me so like a frende had tolde:
Great gifts of Guery wzought, and treasour great in weight of golde,
To ships he bids vs beare, and rowmes abourd he made to lade
With siluer plenty great, and Plate full riche and massy made,
A gozgeous armoz coat also, threefolded gilt with hookes
Of gold, and helmet eke, with crest thereon that glistryng lookes,
Neptolemus his armes. My father eke hath his rewardes.
And hozses moze, and captayns moze.
And armour eke vnto my mates he gaue, and doth supplie
Our want of Dzes, my father all this whyle doth bid them hie,
And sayles in ozder set, that nothyng lacke whan wynde doth call.
Whom Phœbus prophet spake vnto with these wozdes last of all.
Anchises, whom dame Venus proude in bed did not disdayne,
Thou care of gods that twise from *Troyes* destruction dost remayne:

The description of Sibill.

He byds him resozt to Sibill.

He renewes them with furniture.

Lo *Italy*, lo yonder it to thée, set vp thy sayle
And take the same, yet must thou passe by this lond out of saile.
That further lond it is, Appollo sheweth that further shore.
Go forth, O happy man with such a son, what should I more
Prolong the time in talke? and you from winde that riseth kéepe?
Likewise Andromache no lesse at parting gan to weepe.
And robes of ryche aray, and broyded déepe with gold she brought,
A Troian mantel for Ascanius wondrous gorgeous wrought.
And him with giftes, and weauing workes of gold ful gay doth lade.
Than said she thus: take this of me, mine own hands hath it made,
Take this my child, that long with thée my loue in mind may last.
Of Hectors wife receyue thy frends good wil, and tokens last,
O figure, next Astianax, alone to me most déere.
So he his eyes, so he his hands, so lyke he bare his chéere,
And now alike in yeres with thée his youth he should haue led.
Than parting thus to them I spake, and teares for weeping shed.
Now fare ye wel, O happy men, whose fortunes end is past.
New destnies vs doth call, and wée from care to care ben cast.
Your rest is ready worne, no feeld of seas you haue to eare,
To séeke the land that backe doth alway flée you néede not feare,
Your citie faire in fashion lyke to *Troy* and *Xanthus* old,
Your riuer like, and bildings worthy praise you do behold.
Your proper hands them made, the frames thereof your selues do reare
With better lucke (I trust) and lesse shal néede the Greekes to feare.
If euer I to *Tyber* flood and fieldes of *Tyber* fayer
May come, and sée my citie bylt, whereof I not despayer:
Two frendly townes hereafter, that and this, bothe néere of kynne,
Two peoples neighbour like shal dwel, and frendship fast betwinne
Epirus and *Italia* lond, whose founder both of name
King Dardan is, one blood wée be, and chaunce haue had the same.
And now of both one *Troy* to make in mind let vs prepare,
And to our ofspring after vs likewise wée leaue the care.
In seas wée went, and at *Ceraunia* néere our selfs wée put.
From whence *Italia* lyeth, and shortest course there is to cut.
The sonne this while doth fal, and shadows great doth hide the hills,
Wée sped our selfs on lond, and layd vs down with gladsom wills,
Whan ships to shore was brought, and there wée make on corners all
Our wery lymmes wée fresh, and slomber sweete doth on vs fall.
Nor yet from vs the midnight houre his compas quite had ronne:

He sheweth them Italy from Sicile but they must go about.

She resembleth him to her own son that was kild.

Aeneas before his departure maketh a leage perpetual betwen their issue.

Againe to seas and rested awhile vnder a mountaine.

Lodesmā. Whan Palinurus quick from couche himself to stere begonne,
To feele the winde, and quarters all with eares attentif harks.
And euery starre that still doth stand or moues in heauen he marcks,
The wayne, the plowstar, & the seuen that stormes and tempests poures,
Orion grym with fauchon great of gold also that loures.
Whan all thing sure he seeth, and al thing faier in skies aboue,
From shipbourd loud he giues a signe, we than our campe remoue,
The way we seke to kéepe, and wings of sailes full hye we houe.

And now the morning read doth rise, and starrs expulsid be,
They espie Italy. Whan farre alof with mountaines dimme, and low to loke, wée sée
Italia lond. *Italia* first of all Achates cried.
Italia than with greeting loude my mates for ioy replied.
Anchises praier at the sight of Italy. Anchises than my father, straigt a mighty boll of gold
Did crowne, and fill with wine, and vp to Gods on hye did hold,
Auauncing forth in shyp.
O gods, that lords and seas, and tempests great haue might to gide:
Vouchsafe your grace to send, and speede vs fast with winde and tide.
They entred a haué of Italy to sacrifice to their gods on the lād. The wind at wishe doth blow: and hauen more open now is néere,
And Pallas temple towre to vs doth broad in sight appére.
My felowes made to shore, and downe their sailes they do bestowe,
The port lieth in from estern seas, and crokith like a bowe,
A front it rocks do stand, and salt sea fome about them falles,
But close it self it lieth, on eyther side with hugy walles
Two rocky towres arise, the temple shrinks away from shore.
There for a lucke foure horses first I saw to fede in gras,
The ground with teeth they share, and white as snow their colour was.
My father than Anchises: warre (O contrey q land he)
Thou threatnest warre, these beasts betoken warre, right wel I sée.
Lucke and vnlucke. But than again, for in the cart I sée they wonted were,
To draw like matches meete, and glad their bitts and yokes to bere,
I hope of peace (he said) than last our blessed gods we pray.
And Pallas great in warre, that first vs did receiue that day.
And heades with purple hoodes before the fiers in Troian gist
We hid from sight, as Helenus with great charge did aduise,
And vnto Greekishe Iuno there, with gifts and honours new
Again to sea for they must go about to come to Tiber We sacrifice, and after all things don with order dew:
Our shroudes aloft wée lift, and sailes abroad on hie wée heaue.
Anon the Greekishe townes, and contrey fore suspect we leaue.

Than

Than passe wee by *Tarentum* baye, where Hercules sometime
(If mens repoꝛt be trew) did dwell, and there against doth clime
Lacinia goddesse seat, and towꝛes of Caulon castles hie.
And than to *scillas* wꝛackfull shoꝛe with ships appꝛoche wée nie.
Than from the flood a farre, wee do the mountain *Ætna* sée,
And hugy noyse of seas wée here, and stones that beaten be
Against the cliues, and flapping voyce of waues and water sounds,
The surges capes aloft, and from the sands they stere the grounds.
Than said my father Anchises, lo, here is *Charibdis* hold,
These stones did Helenus declare, these gastly rocks he told.
O mates, lay to your might, and vs with oꝛes from hens remoue.
They did do his commaund, and Palinurus first aboue,
His tacle to the left hand set, and sterne to left hand wꝛied:
To left hand all my mates their ships, with windes and oꝛes aplied.
As hie as heauen wée rise, with mounting waues, and therwithall
Whan down wée come, onto the soules of hell wée thinke wée fall
Thꝛée roꝛings loud among the rockes wée heard and surges flashe.
And thꝛies the falling some to bꝛeke, and starrs we saw to washe.
This while the wind our weary fléete foꝛsooke, so did the sunne,
And onaware, on *Ciclops* coast from out our curse wee runne.
A hauen right large ther is, whom foꝛce of wind can neuer moue,
But *Ætnas* bꝛasting noise, and grisly thondꝛing, roꝛes aboue.
Sometime therout a blustring cloude doth bꝛeke, and vp to skies
All smokin black as pitche, with flakes of fiers among it flies,
And flames in foldings round, to sweepe the starrs, the mouth doth cast,
Sometime, the rockes and mountains déepe entrailes, a sonder bꝛast:
It belching, bolkith out: and stones it melts, and vp it thꝛowes
In lompes with rearing noise, and low beneth the botome glowes.
Enceladus (men say) half bꝛent, (some time,) with lightning blast
Is pꝛessyd here with waight, and *Ætna* houge on him is cast.
Whose flaming bꝛeath along those furneis chimneis vp doth rise.
And whan his weery syde he happs to turne, in wonders wise
All *scicil* lond doth shake with noise, and smoke doth close the skies.
That night in woods with straungy sightes and monsters far from kind
Wée troublid were, noꝛ cause of all that nois oꝛ sound we find.
Foꝛ neither star noꝛ light in skies there was, noꝛ welcken cléare,
Noꝛ yet foꝛ cloudes and tempest dimme, the Moone could ought apéare,
The moꝛning next doth rise at east, and light abꝛoad was spꝛed,

Aetna the burning moũtain in Scicille.

Scilla and Caribdis ii. daungers.

Diſcriptiõ of Aetna.

A Giaunt.

Wonderful noiſes by night in that wilderneſſe.

And from the skies the drowping shade of night away was fled:
Whan sodenly, from out the woodes, with flesh consumyd leane,
A desperat man came to them. A straungy man to sight apperes, in piteous fourme vncleane.
To vs he came, and down did kneele, with handes abroade vpthrown.
Wæ lokyd, foul araied he was, his beard was ouergrown
His vesture rent with thornes, and like a Greeke in wæde he went,
And was sometime among the Greekes to Troy in armour sent.
He whan that Troian enseignes out, and armes of Troy beheld,
Affraied, he pawsyd first, and still him self a while he helde.
Anon in hast, all hedlong down he rennes, and praiers mæke,
With teares he wayling makes. Now by the starrs I you beseeke,
By all the Gods, and by this breath of heauen that men do feede:
Take me from hence (O Troians) where ye list away me lede,
To londes, or seas, I recke not where, I know my self a Greeke,
And in their ships I came, the spoyle of Troy your towne to sæke.
For which, if my offence so great deseruith such a wræke:
In flodes do you me drowne, or al my limmes in waters breke.
If mankind me doth kill, it doth me good my life to lose.
So said he, and his knees before vs still he kept in wose.
What man he was wæ bid him straight to tel, what kinred born,
And what him ailes, and why he lokes so like a man forlorn.
My father Anchises gaue to him his hand him self anon,
And bad him comfort take, for harme of vs he shuld haue non.
He set his fear aside, and thus his tale proceded on.
Achæmenides telleth them his hard aduẽture. I am a man of Ithaca, Vlisses wofull mate.
My name is Achæmenides, to Troy I came but late.
My father sent me there, and Adamastus is his name,
Of pore estate, I wold wæ yet continued had the same,
For in this place, whan all my fellowes fled this coast vnkynde
For hast, in Cyclops dungeon wyde, they left me here behinde.
A bloudy shop, where slaughters vile, and deynties foule do stynck:
But houge and broade within: but he him selfe is worse to thincke,
Ciclops were Giauntes. The starres he reatcheth: such a plague God from this world defende.
No hart can him behold, nor tongue in talke can comprehende,
On fleash of men he feedes, and wretches bloud he gnawes and bones,
I saw my self, whan of my fellowes bodies twayne at ones,
With mighty hands he caught, and grouelyng on the ground outright
Agaynst a stone he brake them both, the dongeon flore in sight

Did swimme with bloud, I saw the bloud, and filthy slauer drop
From out his mouth, whan he with teeth their quakyng lummes did chop
But paied he was, nor there Vlisses in that daunger great
This mischeif could sustayne to see, nor did him self forgeat.
For whan he gorged had him self with meates and drinkyng drownd, How Poliphemus eye was put ont.
He bowed his neck to sleepe, and there he lay along the ground,
An hideous thing to sight, and belching out the gubbes of blod,
And lompes of flesh with wine he galpyd fourth, wee all vpstod,
And praied our Gods for help, and all atones him round about
We spred our selfes, and did his eie with weapons sharpe put out.
His mightie eie, that on his frowning face full broad he held,
In compas like the sonne, or like a Greekish armyng sheld.
And thus our fellowes liues at last full glad wee be to wreke.
But flee (alas) O caitiues, flee, and fast from shore do breke
Your cables.
For of the sort that Poliphemus is in dongen deepe,
And closyth beastes, and straungers all doth kil, and milketh sheepe:
A hundred more a long this croked coast, of Ciclops fell
Among these mountains hie do stray, and deepe in dennes they dwel.
Thre times the moone her light hath filde, and thrise her light erilde:
Since I my lyfe in wodes, and hauntes of beastes and monsters wild
In wilderneese do leade, and Ciclops hie from holes and rockes
All quaking I behold, and of their feete I feare the knockes.
For hunger, sloes hath ben my food, and mast on trees I found
And Hawthornes hard, and rotes of herbes I rent fronn out the ground.
All things about I spied, this fleete at last on sea, I see.
What euer it were, I did my self bequeth therto to flee.
And now escapyd from this wickid kynd, I am at eas.
Destroy me rather you, and giue to me what death you pleas.
Skant had he said his tale, whan on the mountain tops aboue,
Him self among the beastes wee see, with boystous noyse to moue.
That vgly Poliphemus, and to shore hinn self enclind. They see the Giaũt.
A monster foule, mischapen, lothsom great, vneeied, and blynd.
A post in hand he bare of mighty Pyne, and therwithall
He felt his way, and led his sheepe, there was his comfort all.
About his neck a pype there hong, his grief therwith to eas.
Whan to the flodes he came, and set his foote within the seas,
From out his greuous eye, thee blod he washt and poison foule

With gnaſshing teeth for wo, and loude for wo began to houle.
And through the ſtreamy waues he ſtamping goth, and yet aboue
His breſt is nothing wete, and thus him ſelf in ſea doth houe.
We all affrayd in haſt away do flée, and vp wée take
Our geſt as worthy was, and ſoft our cables of wée brake.
They flee. Than ſweepe we through the ſeas, and ores wée pul with might and main
Ye heard vs, and againſt the ſound, he turning ſtept againe.
But whan with hand on vs to gripe, he could not haue his retche,
Nor wading through the deepe of ſeas, vs back he could not fetche:
A roaring loude aloft he liftes, wherat the ſeas, and all
The waters ſhoke, and londes therwith affrighted gan to pall
Of *Italy*, and *Ætna* mount did yell as it wold fall.
But from the woodes, all Ciclops kind, in ſwarmes on euery hill
Aroſe and to the portes they runne, and ſhores along they fill.
The giãtes gather. Wée ſaw them ſtand (but harme they could not do) with louring eies,
The brethren grym of *Ætna* mount, their heades were vp to ſkies,
An vgly councell, like in ſight for number to behold,
Vnto a foreſt great of okes, or trées of *Cipres* old,
Or like Dianas wood that hie to heauen their tops doth hold.
All headlong fear enforſith vs to flée, nor way wée knowe,
But fourth to ſeas in haſt wée flew where wind vs liſt to blowe.
But than again king Helenus commaundments did vs ſtay,
To kéepe betwene *Charibdis* gulfe, and *ſcilla* middle way.
Betwéene them both we paſt with danger great, an glad we were,
If courſe we coulde not kéepe, yet backe again we thought to bere.
Behold, a northen blaſt from out Pelorus mouth was ſent,
The wind holpe thē. Therwith *Pantagia* ſtony cragges I paſt incontinent.
And *Megarus* and all thoſe bayes where *Tapſus* low doth lye
I left them all, and through the ſeas withwind at will I flye
Theſe places vs repeted than, where left he had before,
Poore Achæmenides, Vliſſes mate vnlucky borne.
Againſt the race of *ſcicil* lond, there lieth in ſeas an yle
Plemmyrium of auncient men it hight, but later while
Ortigia. *Ortigia* doth it call: the fame is, how *Alphæus* broke
His long courſe about ſcicil. By ſecret waies, all vnder ſeas to this lond paſſage teke.
And here it braſteth out, and *Arethuſas* mouth it meetes.
And therwithall to *ſcicil* ſeas it ronnes, and fourth it fléetes.
The bleſſed gods that in that place do dwell wée honour than,

And strait Elorus fertill soyle wée past, and fourth wee ran,
Than through the rockes that steepe do stand against Pachinus nookes
Our wayes wée share, with labours great wée ouercame the crookes
Than Camerina pole whom destnie neuer graunt to moue,
And Gelas towne full great, and Gelas hils apéeres aboue.
Than Agragas his gorgeous walles aloft sets out on hie:
Where horses feerce somtime did brééde, the towres a farre wée spie.
And thée with all thy dates Selinus sone I left behynd.
And Lilibeas lurking stones and sholdes I passyd blynd.
Than hauen at Drepanus I tooke, in that vngladsome shore:
Whan dangers all of seas and tempests great were past before:
Alas my father, there, my onely ioy in care and wo,
Anchises I do lose (alas) he there departes me fro.
There me, O father dere, in labours all thou dost forsake.
Alas in vaine from daungers all of seas thou hast ben take.
Nor Helenus whan he to me great fearefull thyngs did tell,
These waylings did forspeake to fall, nor yet Celeno fell.
This is my labour last, there was my iorney long at end.
From thence departing now doth god me to your contreys send.
So lord Aeneas, to them all ententife to behold,
The destnies of the Goddes did shew, and all his courses told,
Ye staied at last, and making here an end, did silence hold.

He tooke hauen at Drepanus in Scicill and there dyed his father.

Going fro Scicill the storme tooke him as in the first booke appeareth.

DEOGRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foresta Kilgerran,
x. Octobris. Anno 1555. Opus
Viginti dierum.

¶ The fourth booke of *the Æneidos of Virgil.*

The Argument.

¶ DIDO enraged with the loue of Aeneas discloseth the greif of her minde to her sister ANNE, and followinge her aduise: she bent her hart fully vnto mariage. Juno also, to thintent that she might the more easely keep Aeneas from Italy: communeth with Venus, that she would graunt her assent, that Aeneas might take Dido to wife, and the better to bringe the matter to passe, she promiseth to giue great opportunitie therto. The next day followinge, Aeneas and Dido ride forth on hunting, wheras, when all the company were buste about theyr game: Juno sodenly, sendeth a tempest. The many runne, some one way, some an other, but Aeneas and Dido met togither in one Den, and there with ill luck, they ioyne amarously togither. In the meane whyle, Iupiter wearied with the continuall prayers of Iarbas kyng of Getulia, who tooke it greeuously ỳ a straunger should be preferred in loue before him: sendeth Mercury downe to Aeneas, to cõmaunde him to forsake Affrica, and to go seeke Italy. Who then obeyng the commaũdement of Iupiter: willeth his mates priuely to prepare all thinges ỳ were necessarie for sailynge. But whan Dido vnderstoode ỳ his nauy was in repayring, and riggynge, suspectyng the matter to be as it was in deede: greeuously expostulateth the case with him, and through entreatie, & teares, both by her self and her syster: endeuoreth to detayne him from his purposed iourney. But Aeneas admonished agayne by Mercury: late in the night wayeth anker, and departeth away. Then she, through extreame sorow impatient, counterfeytynge to doo sacrafice: caused a great fier to be made in the hiest place of her Pallace, and sendyng away Barce, sichæus nurse, that she should hinder her in her apoynted death: there slew her self most piteously.

By this time percid sat the Quéene so sore with louesdefier,
Her wound in euery vayne she fædes, she fries in secret fier.
The manhood of the man full oft, full oft his famous line
She doth reuolue, and from her thought his face cãnot vntwine,
His countnaunce deepe she drawes, and fired fast she beares in brest
His wordes also, nor to her carefull hart can come no rest.

The

The morning sonne with shining beames al lands had ouerspred,
And from the skies the drowping shade of night away was fled:
Whan thus onto her sister deare she spake with verid head.
Deare sister Anne, what dreames be these that thus my slepes affrights?
What wondrous gest is this that thus among vs newly lightes?
How like a lord? how valiaunt strong of hart and armes he seemes?
I see right wel no fables ben that men of Gods esteemes.
Of kind of gods he is doubtles, by drede ar dastards knowen.
Alas what warrs hath he gon through, what destnyes him hath thrown?
If frid in my mind I were not fast, and shall not flyt,
That to no wight in wedlocke band I wold vouchsaue to knyt,
Synce first in vaine my loue I lost, and death did me deceyue,
That comfort none in chamber dedes nor ioyes I can conceyue:
Perhaps to this offence alone I might be made to syde.
For Anne, to thee confesse I shall (nor trueth I will not hyde)
Synce of my husband first the death and fatall end I knew,
And that my brother with his blod his altars did embrew:
This only man hath bent my hart, and sore my mind doth moue,
I know the steppes of old, I fele the flames of former loue.
But rather wold I wishe the ground to gape for me bylowe,
Or god him self with thonder dynt to hell my soule to throwe,
To hell beneth in darknes depe, with ghosts and furies blake,
O vertue, ere I thee refuse, or shamefastnes forsake.
He that him first to me did knit, he toke from me my loue,
He kepes it, in his graue it lieth, from thence it shall not moue.
Thus speaking in her bosom full the teares of water ronne.
Than answerd Anne, O sister myne more deare to me than sonne,
O sister whom I more regard than life or light of day,
Will you alone for euermore your youth thus mourne away?
Will you not seeke for children swete? nor Venus comfort craue?
Do dead men care (trow ye) for this? or soules that slepe in graue?
What though sometime (whan sicknes sores and greeues oppress your mind)
Of worthy princes non to wed your hart was than enclind?
Nor husband non of *Lyby* land, or lords you wold elect,
Nor king Hiarbas eke before whom *Tyrus* did reiect,
Nor capteyns proud of *Affrike* land of wyde renown and fame:
Whan loue that likes you shewes himself, wil you resist the same?
Nor waye you not what case ye stand, whose contrey here you hold?

Getula townes, a people wyld in warres, and vncontrold,
And sturdy Moores on euery quarter closes, and beside,
The sandes of Sirtes coast, and wilderneſſe both long and wide,
And deſertes drie, where saluage men of Barcey broad do stray.
Than of the warres of Tyrus now that rise, what shuld I saye?
And of your brothers threatnings?
I hope the gods of purpose good, and mighty Iunos grace:
Hath made the windes to bring the Troian ships into this place.
What citie sister shall you see of this? what empier grow?
When Troian armes to vs are knit, and men this wedlok know?
With what renown and glory great shal Affrike thinke you rise?
Do you your gods of pardon first beseeke (I thus aduise)
And after seruice don, do him in gest wise entertaine,
And causes find from day to day to make him here remaine,
While winter wind endures, and while the skies haue laid their rage,
And while the ships reparing ben, and force of seas aswage.
With this her burning mind incensyd more began to flame,
And hope in doutfull hart she caught, and of she kest her shame.
First vnto temples all they gon, and peace on altars all
They pray their gods to giue, and slaughters down they make to fall,
To Ceres first that lawes did giue, to father Bacchus pure,
To Phœbus, and to Iuno chief that hath of wedlocks cure.
Her self with boll in hand, Quéene Dido Quéene most fresh of hew
The wine betwene the hefers hornes (so white as snow) she threw,
Or at the stagys great of gods with gifts and vows she walks
With musing mind, and fortunes new by wondrous meanes she calks:
On beastes entrayles she pries, and liuers hote, and from their throtes
The breathing lungs she seekes, and euery signe therin she notes.
O calcars dreaming heads: what helps her vows, her pilgrim déedes,
What helps her temples sought? whan soking flame her mary féedes
This while, and festring déepe in brest her wound the faster brédes.
So sely Dido burnes, and through the town with raging chere
Astray she wanders wide, as doth sometime the striken dere,
Whom ranging through the chase, some hunter shooting far by chaunce
All onaware hath smit, and in her syde hath left his launce.
She fast to wilderneſſe and woods doth draw, and there complaines
Alone, but vnderneth her ribbes the dealy dart remaines.
Sometime about the walles she walkes (Aeneas by her side)

The maner was than to know fortunes by loking vpon the inward partes of their slain sacrifices and by sothsaiers.

A louer like a wod ded dere.

And

And town already made she shews, and pompe of Tyrus pride
Beginnes to speake, and in the midds therof her tale she staies.
Sometimes againe, and towards night to bankettes him she praies,
And Troian toyles again to tell she him beseekes, and harkes
With burning mind, and euery word and countnance al she markes.
Than whan they parted weere, and light of Mone was down by west,
And on the skies the fallyng starres do men prouoke to rest:
She than alone (as one forsaken) mournes, and in his place
She laieth her downe, and thinks she heares and seeth him face to face.
Or on her lappe Ascanius for his fathers likenesse sake
She holdes, if happely so she might this yrksome loue aslake.
The workes of towres are left, no feats of armes the youth applies,
Nor hauons are wrought, nor for the wars the mighty bulwarks rise.
All things onperfit stand, the buyldings great, and thretnings hie
Of hugy walles, and enginnes for their height that match the skie.
Whom whan dame Iuno saw with plage so wood to be distraide
(The mighty spouse of Ioue) nor for no speeche it could be staide:
To Venus first she came, and thus to her began to breake.
A goodly praise (in deede) and worthy conquest great to speake
Thy boy and thou do get: a gaye renown you do obtaine,
If one poore woman trainid be by heauenly persons twaine.
Nor thinke not but I know that thou my walls of *Carthage* hye
Hast in suspect, and dreding still the worst, al thinges dost trie.
But shall wee neuer end? or why do wee so fearcely striue?
And do not euerlasting peace and frendship fast contriue?
Why wedlockes ioyne wee not? thou hast thy self thin own desier,
Now loue in Didos bones is bredde, she fries in raging fier.
Two people now therfore in one let vs conioine, and guide
With equall loue: to Troian husband (lo) she shall be tyde,
And *Carthage* all I giue to thee for ioynter fast to bynd.
To her againe (for well she knew she spake with fainid mind
That *Rome* she might reiect, and *Carthage* kingdome empier make)
Than Venus answerd thus. Who is so madde that will forsake
This thing? or gladly wold in warre with thee so long contend?
If what thou speakyst now will fortune bring to pat fit end.
But diffnies makes me doubt, and whether he that raignes above
One towne of *Troy* and *Tyrus* made can be content to loue:
Or will alow the peoples twaine to myre and league to bynd,

Iuno doth practise with Venus to keepe Aeneas still in Affrik y he might not com to Italy to bilde Rome.

Thou art his wife, thou maist be bold to frame and keele his mind.
Beginne, I will proceede. Than said dame Iuno Queene so stout,
Let me alone for that: now how this thing shall come about
Giue eare to me, for now my mind thou shalt perceyue outright.
A hunting forth Aeneas goth with Dido wofull wight
In woodes and forest wyde, whan morning next begins to spring,
And sonne with glistring beames again to light the world doth bring.
I from aloft a stormye cloude, and mirt with sleet and hayle
A tempest darke as night on them to powre I will not faile.
While in the woodes they walke, and while the youth enclose the toyle:
The rayn shall rise, and heaues with thonders all I will turmoyle.
Their company from them shall flee, eche one his head shall hide,
A caue the Queene shall take, the Troian duke with her shal byde.
I wil be there, and if thy will accord onto my mind:
For euer I shall make them fast and wedlock stedfast bind.
There shall beginne the day, that sorowes all shal quite exile.
Dame Venus graunted that, and to her self she gan to smyle,
She gaue a nodde, and glad she was she coulee perceyue the gile.

The morning rose, and from the sea the sonne was comen about,
Whan to the gates assembleth fast of noble youth a rout
With nettes and engins great, and hunter speares ful large of length.
The horsmen rush with noise, and dogges are brought a mighty strength.
The great estates of *Moores* before the doores await the Queene.
In chamber long she staies, and redy brydled best beseene
The plafrey standes in gold, attirid riche, and feerce he stampes
For pride, and on the fomy bit of gold with teeth he champes,
At last she comes, and forth with mighty traine she doth proceede,
All braue with mantell bright, encompast fresh in glistring weede,
Her quiuer on her shulder hanges, her heares with knottes of gold
Are trust: and gold about her brest her purple garments hold.
The Troian peeres also went on, Ascanius glad of cheere,
Aeneas eke before them all that fairest did apeere
Aduaunceth furth him self, and with the Queene he ioyneth band.
Most like onto Apollo cleere, whan to his contrey land
To *Delos* down he comes, and winter cold he doth forsake,
And feastes among his contrey lords and banketts great doth make,
The daunsers do disguise them selfes, and altars round about,
The husbandmen do hoppe and crie, with noyse and ioyfull shout.

Him ſelf aloft on hilles doth walke, his wauering lockes behinde
Ye wagges, and they with garlonds gay and twiſts of gold ar twind,
His arrowes on his ſhulders clattring hanges: in maner like
Aeneas went, ſo great a myght to men his face doth ſtrike.
Whan to the mountaines out they came and hauntes of beaſts on hie:
Behold, adown the rockes the deare with bounſing leapes do flie.
And ouer laundes they courſe, and many an heard of hart and hynd,
With fèet through duſt vpthrowen thei ſkud, and hilles they leaue behind.
But in the dale his prauncing ſtèede Aſcanius ſwift beſtrides,
And ſomtime theſe, and ſometime thoſe, with ſwift courſe ouerrides.
With daſtard beaſtes his mind is not content, but makith vowes
Some fomy boze to finde, oz lion ramping read wold rowſe.
By this time heauen with rombling noiſe and cloudes is ouercaſt,
And thonders breake the ſkies, and rayne outrageous pourith faſt,
And ſhoures of haile and ſleet ſo ſharpe, that faſt on euery ſyde
The *Carthage* lozds and Troian youth eche one them ſelfs doth hide
In woodes and houſes, here and there they ſeke, both man and childe
Foz feare, and down from hilles the flodes do fall with waters wilde.
A caue the Quéene did take, the Troian duke with her did byde.
The ground proclamyd myzth, and Iuno ſelf did giue the bryde.
The fier and ayre agrèd, and to this cowplyng gaue their light
In ſigne of ioye, and ouer head the mountain fairies ſhzight.
There firſt began the grief, that day was cauſe of ſorowes all,
Foz nothing after that by fame ſhe ſetts noz what may fall,
Noz longer now foz loue in ſtelth Quéene Dido her prouides,
But wedlock this ſhe calls, with wedlocks name her faut ſhe hides.
Anon through all the cities great of *Affrike*, Fame is gone,
The blaſing fame, a miſchief ſuch, as ſwifter is there none.
By mouing moze ſhe bzeedes, and as ſhe ronnes her might doth riſe.
By lowe foz feare ſhe lurkith firſt, than ſtraight aloft in ſkies,
With pzide on ground ſhe goth, and percith cloudes with head on hight.
Dame Earth her mother bzoded furth (men ſay) that child in ſpite
Againſt the Gods, whan Giantes firſt of ſerpent fèted line
Enceladus and Ceus wzought hie heauen to vndermine.
Than foz diſdaine (foz on them ſelfs their owne wozke Ioue did fling)
Their ſiſter crawlyd furth, both ſwift of fète and wight of wing.
A monſter gaſt ly great, foz euery plume her carcas beares:
Lyke number lèring eies ſhe hath, like number harckning eares,

The fairy ladies.

Fame the doughter of earth & ſiſter to the Giauntes that attẽpted to ſkale heauem.

Fame.

Lyke

Like number tonges & mouthes she waggs, a wondrous thing to speake,
At midnight fourth she flies, and vnder shade her sounde doth squeake.
Al night she wakes, nor slomber swæte doth take, nor neuer slæpes
By daies, on houses toppes she sittes, or gates, or townes she kæpes.
On watching toures she climes, and cities great she makes agast,
Both trueth and falshed forth she tels, and lies abroade doth cast.
She than the peoples mouthes about with babling broade did fill,
And things onwrought and wrought she tolde, and blew both good and yll.
How one Aeneas of the blood of *Troy* was come to lande,
Whom Dido freshe for wanton loue ful sone had caught in hande.
And nowe this winter season long in pleasour passe they must
Regarding non estate, but giue them selues to filthy lust.
These things in mouthes of men this goddesse vile ful thicke did thrust.

A woer.

Than turning, straight her way she toke onto Hiarbas king,
Whose mind with tales on fier she set, and sore his wrath did sting.
This king was Ammons sonne of Garamanth Nimphe his dame,
A hundred temples huge about his kingdoms wide of fame,
A hundred altars hie to loue he kept, with waking fiers
Both night and day to God, and holy prieستes had theyr desyers.
Of beastes and slaughters fat: the soiles with blod were al embrued
And swæte with floures and garlondes fresh, the floores alway renewd.
He mad in minde, and through these bitter newes incensyd wood,
Men say, as he before his altars prayed and humbly stod:
His handes to heauen vp threwe, and thus he cryed with verid mood.
Almighty Ioue, whom duely *Moores* esteeme for God and king,
And feastes of broidred beddes to thee, and wines of ioy do bring,

Antiquitie fedde vpon beds as the Turkes do yet.

Beholdst thou this? and mighty father thee with thunder dintes
Despise wee thus? and yet from vs thy strokes of lightninges stintes?
Nor quake wee not, whan through ỹ cloudes thy sounding breakes aboue?
In vayne thy voyces runne? wil nothing vs to vertue moue?
A woman, lately come to lande, that bought of vs the grounde,
To whom the soyle wee gaue to tille, and citie new to founde,
And lawes also wee lent, my wedlock (lo) she hath forsake:
And now Aeneas lorde of her and all her lond doth make.

Hr compares Aeneas to Paris.

And now this pranking Paris fine with mates of beardles kinde:
To dropping heare and sauours nice, and vices all enclinde,
With Greekish wimple pinkid, womanlike: yet must the same
Enioy the spoiles of this, and wee thy seruauntes take the shame,

For

For all our offryng giftes to thee wée finde no fruite but fame.
Thus prayeng in his feruent moode, and altars holdyng fast,
Almighty Ioue him heard, and to the courte his eies did cast.
Where now these louers dwell forgettyng life of better fame.
Than Mercury to him he cals, who strayght obeyed the same.
Go son, come of, and call the windes, and wynged slip thée downe
Unto the Troian duke, that now aloof in *Carthage* town
Doth lynger time, and of his fatall cities hath no minde.
Go speake to him, and thus conuey my words as swift as winde.
Not such a man his mother deere did promise he should proue,
Nor him from daungers twise of Greekes for this did she remoue:
But one that shuld *Italia* lond where dredful warres do swell
By conquest vndetread, and them to right and peace compell,
And Troian blood he shuld aduaunce to due renowne and fame,
And all the worlde shuld vnder lawes subdue and rule the same.
If glory non of things so great nor corage him doth moue,
Nor for his praise him self to take the paynes he doth not loue,
Yet from Ascanius why doth he the towres of *Rome* remoue?
What meanes he? why remaines he thus within his ennmies ward?
And had not vnto *Lauin* lond and offpring there regard?
Bid him to sea, this is the somme, (qd he) go tell him this.
This spoken, he his fathers mind obeyed as duety is.
And first his slender fæte with shoes and wings of gold he ties,
That him both vp and down doth beare, where euer coast he flies,
Both ouer seas and ouer londes, in post in ayer aboue.
He toke his rodde also, wherwith from hell he doth remoue
The louring soules, and soules also to dongeons dæpe he sendes,
And slæpes therwith he giues and takes, and men from death defendes.
The winds by force therof he cutts, and through the clouds he swimms,
And now, approching nære, the topp he sæth and mighty limms
Of Atlas mountain tough, that heauen on boistous shulders beares,
Of Atlas old, whom beating shoures and stormes and tempests weares.
Whose head encompast all with trées of Pine in gerlondwise,
With louring cloudes is euer clad, that more and more do rise,
His shulders hid with snow, and from his hoary beard adowne,
The streames of waters fall, with yse and frost his face doth frowne.
There first on ground with wings of might doth Mercury ariue.
Than down from thens right ouer seas himself doth headlong driue,

The commaundmẽt of Ioue to Mercury.

Mercury buskethhim forward.

The descriptiõ of his iorney frõ heauen along the mountaine Atlas in Affrike, hiest in earth.

Most like a byrd that nere the bankes of seas his haunting kéepes,
Among the fishfull rocks, and low byneth on water swéepes.
Non otherwise Mercurius betwéen the skies and lands
Did sheare the winds, and ouerflew the shores of *Lybi* sands.
Whan first the bowres of *Affrike* land with wingid féete he twight:
Aeneas he might see to stand among them broad in sight
Aduaunceing vp the towres, and houses hye was altring newe,
Begyrt with hanger bright, beset with stones as starrs to bewe,
And shining read in roabe of *Moorishe* purple, mantle wise,
Ye stood, and from his shulders down it hing *Morisco* gise.
Quéene Didos worke it was, her precious gift of loue to hold,
Her self the web had wrought, and warpyd fine with wreath of gold.
Straight vnto him he steps and sayd. Thou now of *Carthage* hye
Foundations new dost lay, and doting dost thy mind applye
To please thy lusty spouse, and citie fayer thou dost prepare,
Alas, and of thine own affaires or kingdoms hast no care.
Him self the mighty god doth me to thée on message send,
The king of heauen and earth, that all this world with becke doth bend.
Himself hath bid me through the winds so swift these things to tel.
What gost about? why spendist time in *Lybi* land to dwell?
If glory non of things so great thy corage do not mone,
Nor thou for praise to take the paine wilt for thine owne behoue:
Yet by Ascanius rising now haue some regard to stand,
And hope of heyres of him, to whom by right *Italia* land
And empier great of *Rome* is dew. So said this heauenly wight,
And in the middes his tale he brake, and fled from mortall sight,
And out of reatche of eyes as thinne as aier he vanisht quighte.
Aeneas than affrighted stood in silence domme dismaid,
His heare vprose for feare, his voyce betwéene his iawes it stayd.
Faine wold he flée, and of that contrey swéete his licence take.
Astoynid with so great commaundment giuen, and god that spake.
Alas what shall he do? how dare he now attempt to breake
Vnto the Quéene of this? or where his tale beginne to speake?
His doubtfull mind about him swift he kest both here and there,
And sondry wayes he wayed, and searcheth dangers euery where.
Thus striuing long, this last deuise him liked best of all.
His captens. Cloanthus and Sergestus strong, and Mnesteus he doth call,
And bids them rigge their fleete, and close their people draw to shore,

And armors all prepare, and lest therof might rise vprore:
Some causes els they should pretend, him self whan time shal serue,
Whan Dido least doth know, and lest suspectes his loue to swarue,
He will assay to take most pleasaunt time with her to treat,
And meetest meane to make (for craft is all, who can the feat)
They glad without delay their lords commaundment did fulfill,
All thynges in order set, and close they kept their princes will.
Anon the Queene had found the gile. What craft can compas loue?
She did forecast no lesse, and first she felt their practise moue,
All thynges mistrustyng straight, and fame also that monster wood
Her fumes encreased more, with newes, the ships in armor stood,
And Troians for their flight (she sayd) all thynges prepared had.
Her hart therwith did faint, and frantike (like a creature mad)
She rayles with rampyng rage, & through the streates and townes about
With noyse she wanders wyde, most like a gide of Bacchus rout:
Whan shouting through the fields with trompet sound they run by night,
In freke of Bacchus feast, and mountaynes hie they fill with shright,
At last vnto Aeneas thus in talke her wordes she dight.
To hide also from me this mischef great, hast thou the hart?
Thou traitor false? and from my londe by stelth wouldst thou depart?
Nor my vnfayned loue, nor thy remorse of promise plight,
Nor Dido, like to die with cruell death, can stay thy flight?
But in the middes of winter stormie away thou wilt in hast?
In these outragious seas, and through the force of northen blast?
O caytife most vnkynde: what if it were a contrey knowne,
The lond thou gost to seeke, no straungy realme, but all thine owne?
What if that Troy, sometime thy natiue town, did yet endure?
Should Troy through all these boystous seas this time thy ships allure?
And fleest thou me? Now by these weepyng teares, and thy right hand
(For nothyng els I left me miser now wherby to stand)
By our espousayll first, and for the loue of wedlocke sought:
If euer well deseruid I of thee, if euer ought
Of ioy thou hadst of me, haue mercy now, I am ontwind.
Destroy not all my house, O be not so extreme cnkind,
If prayers may prenaile, let prayers yet relent thy mind.
For thée alone the tirantes all and kings of Lyby land
Do hate me now, for thée alone my people me withstand,
For thée also my shamefast life I brake, and euermore

My fame I lost, that to the starrs exalted me before.
To whom alas shall I be left (O gest) since die I shall?
That surname must remaine (for husband thee I dare not call)
Why shuld I longer liue? shuld I abide the day to see
Mine ennmies ouerthrow this town for hate and spite of thee?
Or tyll that king Hiarbas come and me his captiue make?
Yet if I chauncid had some frute of thee before to take:
If yet before thy flight there were soune yong Aeneas small
Resembling me thy face, to play with me within this hall:
Than slaue I shuld not count my self, nor yet forsaken all.
These things she spake, but he remembring Ioues commaundment stil:
Dyd stand with stirid eyes, and couchyd care his hart dyd fill.
Few wordes at last he spake. All that (q he) and nothing lesse
But rather more, what euer tong may tell I will confesse,
Nor neuer (noble Quéene) shall I denay thy goodnes kind,
Nor Didos loue on me bestowd shall neuer out of mind,
While on my self I think, while life and breath these limmes do gide.
To purpose this I speake, I neuer thought nor hoapte to hide
(Do you not faine) this flight, nor did prepare from hence to steale,
Nor I for wedlock euer came, nor thus did mynd to deale.
For as for me my lyfe to leade if destnies did not let,
As I could best deuise, and all my charge in order set,
Myne auncient town of *Troy* for me and mine I wold againe
Restore with labour sweete, and Priams towres shuld yet remain,
For though they conquerd be, their walls agayne I wold aduaunce.
But now *Italia* lond to séeke, and there to take our chaunce:
To *Italy* Apollo great, and mighty gods vs calles,
There lyeth our contrey loue. If you delite in *Carthage* walles,
And you a *Moore* among the *Moores* reioyce this town to see:
Why should the Troians from their contrey land restraynyd be?
What reason is but wée lykewyse may straungy countreys take?
My father Anchises soule to me (as oft as shadowes blake
By night doth hide the ground, as oft as light of starrs do rise)
He warns me through my dreames, and me with fearful gost doth grise.
My child Ascanius eke, to me most deare, I put to wrong,
Whom from *Italia* realme, and fatall fields I keepe so long.
And now the message great of god from hie Ioue downe is sent,
I call to witnes both, as swift as winde his warning went.

I saw

I saw the god my self as cleare as day, when on the ground
Ye lighted first, and from the walls these eares did heare the sound.
Cease for my loue, with wailing thus to fret both me and thée,
Italia against my will I séeke.
These things while he did speake, she him beheld with loking glumme,
With rolling here and there her eies, and stil in silence dumme
His gestur all she bewd, and musyng long against him stood.
At last thus out she brake, and thus she spake with burning mood.
No goddesse neuer was thy dame, nor thou of Dardans kind
Thou traitor wretche, but vnder rocks and mountains rough vnkind
Thou were begot, some brood thou art of beast or monster wild,
Some Tigres thée did nurse, and gaue to thée their milke vnmild.
For what should I regard? or whereto more should I me keepe?
Did he lament my teares? did ones his eyes on water weepe?
Did he not comfort shewn? or turn his face to me for loue?
What should I first complain? now now dame Iuno great aboue,
Nor god him self on my mischaunce with equal eyes doth loke,
No stedfast truth there is: this nakyd miser vp I toke
Whom seas had cast on shore, and of my realme a part I gaue,
His fleete I did relieue, and from their death his people saue.
Alas, what furies driue me thus to rage? Lo now anon,
Apollo laith his lottes, to Phœbus now he must be gon.
Now Ioue him self hath sent his feareful mandat through the skies,
The post of gods is come: here is a fetche of fine deuise,
What els? be not the careles gods with these things combryd sore?
These labours vere them much: who euer heard this like before?
They carke for this? I neither that defend, nor hold thee more.
Go, seeke *Italia* through the windes, hunt kingdoms out at seas.
In mids thereof I hope thou shalt (if good gods may displeas)
Upon the rocks be thrown, that vengeaunce due thy carcas teare.
On Dido shalt thou crie, with brondes of fier I will be there.
And whan the cold of death is come, and bodie voyde remaines:
Ech where my haunting spryte shal thee pursue to giue thee paines.
Yea thief it shalbe thus: and as I sit in *Lymbo* lowe,
These tydings when I heare: I shal reioyce thy wo to knowe.
And in the midds of this her tale she brake, and from the light
She fleed with heuy hart, and drew her self a way from sight,
Him leaning there perplexed sore in mynd, and sore in feare.

Ye wold haue spoke, her ladies lift her vp, and vp did beare,
To chamber her they brought, in precious bed they layd her there.
But good Aeneas though full faine he wold her grief aswage,
And wordes of comfort speke to turne from her that heuy rage,
In hart he mourned much, and shaken sore with feruent loue:
Yet to his ships he went to do the charge of gods aboue.
Then all the Troians them bestyrd, in hast on euery side,
Their ships they launched out, the anoynted plankes on water glide.
And ores they made of bowes, the woods with them to seas they beare
Unshapen yet for hast.
From all the town they ranne, you might them swarming thick behold.
The discription of pismares or emotes. And like as Antes applie their worke, that thinck on winter cold,
Whan heapes of corn they spoyl, and to their house conuey their store:
Their army blacke goeth out, and from the feelds with labour sore
Their bowties home they bring, and some the kernels great of grain
With might of shulders shoue, and some behind suruey the train,
Correcting some for slewth, with cheering forth the worke it heates,
The waies are worn with weight, and euery path of labour sweates.
What mynd alas O Dido now? what grief was this to thee?
What wailing vp thou settst? whan so on shore thou didst them see?
And whan thou mightst behold before thy face from toures on hye
The seas on euery syde resound with such vprore and crye?
O Loue vnmylde, what dost thou not man mortal driue to seeke?
Again to teares she goeth, again she falls to prayers meeke,
She yeldes to him for loue, nor nothing will she leaue vntried,
But practise all to proue, if ought will helpe before she died.
Lo sister Anne, thou seest how swift to shore this people hies,
From eueri coast they come, their sailes are set for wind to rise,
With crownes for ioy their seamen deck their pups in garlandguise.
If euer, sister, such a grief had come within my thought:
I wold haue borne the same, or els som other swift haue wrought.
Yet one thing sister, in this woful plight do thou for mee,
For this peiured wretche regarded non so much as thee.
To thee alone he wold commit both secret thought and deede,
Thou knowest the mans good houres, and plesāt time with him to spēde.
Go sister, and go tel my wordes to my disdainfull foe:
I was not she that did conspier with Greekes to *Troy* to go,
Nor did subuert his townes, nor ships nor armour euer sent

To stroy the Troian blod, nor to his foes assistens lent.
I neuer brake his fathers tombe, nor bones in peaces chopt.
Why hath he thus to my request his eares so stifly stopt?
Where nowe away to ronne, will he remoue in al this hast?
O let him yet haue one respect to me for token last,
This one rewarde I craue, for duties all most miser wight,
O let him byde a whyle, tyll winde and seas may serue his flyght.
I sæke no more the wedlocke olde, which he hath nowe betrayed,
Nor from *Italia* goodly lande he lenger should be stayed.
I sæke no longer him to kæpe his kingdome to forbeare.
A vacant tyme I aske, and respit small my wo to weare,
Whyle fortune *learne* me to lament, and brœke my fatal fall,
For pity (sister) sue for me this pardon last of all.
Which whan thou doest obteyne: requite it with my death I shal.
Thus talked she with teares, and wæping thus both to and fro
Her sister went and came, and bare and brought encrease of wo.
But wæping nought preuayles, nor wailing ought his minde doth moue,
His brest so stifly bent, entreatinges al from him doth shoue,
God worketh so, his gentle eares are stopt from heauens aboue.
And as an auncient Oke of timber stout is tost and torne,
With northen boystous blastes, now here, now there with bending born,
Whan struggling windes do striue, the craking noise aloft doth sounde,
The braunches breake aboue, and bows abrode ar spread on grounde.
Yet still on rockes it standes, and as the top doth climbe to growe
To heauens in height: so reacheth downe the roote to *Limbo* low.
Non otherwyse afflicted is this prince with message brought,
Incessauntly with teares, and græuous cares opprest his thought,
Yet standes he fired styll, and teares of eyes do tryll for nought.
Than Dido (woful soule) with plagues of destnies foule affright
Desires to dye, she lothith nowe of heauen to see the light.
Her purpose also further forth to set, and lyfe to leaue:
As she on burning altars did encense and offeringes heaue,
(A lothsome thing to speake) the sacred liquors blacke they stood,
And wines in powring forth she saw them turne to filthy blood.
This vision to no wight, no, not her sister dære she tolde.
There was also within her court, to serue her husbande olde
A marble temple pure of wondrous worke, that day by day
Deuoutly she did dresse with flæses whyte, and garlandes gay:

Princes had tẽples in their houses

where they worshipt them that they loued as god.

From thence were voyces heard, and speeches playne did seeme to sounde,
Her husband her to call, whan darcke of night did hide the grounde.
And oftentimes on houses tops the shrikyng oule alone
Her deadly song did drawe, with waylyng voyce and weepyng mone.
Much thinges also that prophets old of long time spake before
Amazed made her minde with grisly threatnyngs more and more.

Dreames contrary.

And visions in her sleepe she seeth. Him self Aeneas there
Pursues her fierce in chase, and she away doth flee for feare.
And euer left alone she seemes to be, and long alone,
She walkes in desert wayes, and people seekes and findeth none.
Her *Moores* also she thinkes hath her forsaken fled and gon.
As Pentheus whom fables fayne with feendes enchanted was,
Two sonnes at ones, and townes of *Thebas* twayne did seeme to pas:
Or as Orestes bayted was with bugges and ghosts vnkinde,
Whan he his mother fled, and she pursued him fast behinde
Al girt with serpents grim, and shakyng brondes of vengeance fell
With fier, and euery doore beset with wrekefull hagges of hell.

Desperation.

Whan she therfore conceyued had these monsters wood, for wo
She gaue her self to death, and from this world decreed to go.
A time therto she seekes, and what deuise is best to take
She studies fast, and to her heauy sister thus she spake.

She dissimuleth to her sister that she hath got: tē an old woman to heale her of loue by magike.

Lo sister, now reioyce with me, for I haue found away,
That either I shall hold him still, or els my loue shall stay.
There is a lond in Ocean sea, that furthest lieth of all,
Where *Æthiops* do dwell, and where the sonne from vs doth fall,
Where Atlas mighty mount on shoulders strong the Heauen doth turne,
And vnderprops the pole that starrs doth beare that euer burne.
From thence a virgin priest is come, from out *Massila* land,
Sometime the temple there she kept, and from her heauenly hand
The dragon meate did take. She kept also the fruite deuine,
With herbes and liquors sweete, that still to sleepe did men enclyne.
The minds of men (she sayth) from loue with charmes she can vnbind,
In whom she list, but others can she cast to cares vnkinde.
The running streames to stād, and from their course the stars to wreath,
And soules she conjure can, thou shalt see sister vnderneath
The ground with roaryng gape, and trees, & mountayns turne vpright.
I call to witnesse God, and vnto thee my trouth I plight
O sister sweete, and by thy head whom I so deare do loue,

Compeld

Compeld against my will I must these artes of Magike proue.
Go thou therefore, and in mine inner court (in secret wyse)
Prepare the pile of wood, and frame it large aloft in skies.
Than take his harneis all, and euery thing that thou canst finde,
Which in my chamber yet this wicked theefe hath left behind.
Than all his wearing weedes, and than my bed of wedlock wo
Where I was cast away (alas) lay that with them also.
Al monumentes and tokens where that sinful wretche hath past,
I wil consume with fier, so doth my priest commaund in hast.
This speaking sodenly she stopt, and stood with loking pale.
Yet could not Anne suspect by that, nor by her sisters tale,
That vnder such pretence of seruice new, her death she ment,
Nor of so fierce outrage she thought, or mynd on madnes bent.
No greater thing she feared now, than whan Sichæus died.
Therefore as she was bid, she did.
The Quéene, when she prepared had the pile in skies on hie,
With logges in peeces cut, and pitche and gummes and timber drie,
With garlonds them she decks, and bowes and herbes doth on thé strowe,
In mourning guise, than al the robes thereon she doth bestowe,
His sword also she layed, and faier on bed his picture newe,
She couched al her self, and wel she wist what should ensue.
Yer altars stands about, the priest her self with heare vnfold,
Thre hundred gods with thondring mouth she calls, and Chaos old,
And gods of vnder ground, and on the threfoldshapen dame.
And on Diana virgins faces thrée she doth exclame.
Than waters sprinckling (black as *Lymbo* pit) on them she throws,
And forth by night thei gon, wher weedes and herbes of mischief grows,
With hookes ful hard of bras, by light of moone they seeke and croppe
Their heary budds, and milke of poison black that from them droppe
They seeke also, and from a tender colt they take the knap
That from the front at foaling first the damme for loue doth snap,
Whom now thei do preuent.
Her self at offring alters pure deuout with giftes in hand,
With one foote naked bare, in garment lose vngyrt did stand,
Protesting loude before her death her gods, and starres aboue,
That know her destnies all. Than if there be for them that loue
Remembrance ought in heauen, or god that iustice kéepes in skies,
Regarding breach of faith: to that she prayes and humbly cries.

vnder this colour she causeth her funeral fier to be made, for thā they vsed to burn their dead.

Conturations of magike.

Thynges perteining to witchecrafte.

Descriptiõ of mid-nyght.

Than was it night, and creatures all that wéery were on grounde
Dyd take their slomber swéete, both woods and seas had left their sounde,
And waues of waters wylde, whan starres at mydnight soft do slyde,
Whan whyst is euery fielde, and beastes and birdes of painted pryde
In bushes: broade that brædde, and countrey foules of lande and lake,
By night in silence styll are set on sleepe, their eas to take,
Forgetting labours long, and care away from hart they shake.
But not so Dido coulde, nor neuer rest relieues her mynde,
On sleepe she neuer fals, her eyes or hart no night can finde.
Her cares encreasing ryse, with raging loue in brest she boyles
A freshe, an surges wylde of wrath within her selfe she toyles.
Betwéene them thus she striues, and thus her heauy hart turmoyles.
Lo, what shal I now do: shal I agayne go sécke with shame,
My former suters loue: shal I go sue to wed the same:
Whom I so oftentimes to take to me disdayned haue:
Or shal I in the Troian fléete go serue, and lyue a slaue:
What els: for where they had before this tyme reliefe of mée:
They wyl remember that, and wel they quite me now you sée.
Admit I woulde so do, what is he there wyl me receiue
To their disdayneful ships: O fole, thou dost thy selfe deceiue.
O creature lost, dost thou not yet the falshed vnderstande
Of that periured nation false of Laomedons bande:
What than: shal I alone pursue these boatmen braue in flight:
Or shal I rayse my people al in armes with me to fight:
And them that out of Sydon lande I skarsely brought with payne,
Shal I go bid them sayle, and sende them out to seas agayne:
Nay rather dye thy selfe, as worthy wel thou dost deserue,
And with this weapon quenche away thyne owne distresse and sterue.
Thou sister ouercome with teares, on me this mischiefe furst
Didst put, and to my mortal foe didst throwe me most accurst.
Coulde I not yet my lyfe haue led without reproche or misse,
As doth some saluage beast: and not haue felt the cares of this:
My promise broken is, that I my husbande dead dyd make.
These waylings she within her brest with hart ful heauy brake.
Aeneas than abourd in ship assured forth to passe:
Was taking rest, and for the flight al thing prepared was.
To hym the god agayne in habit lyke, and former face
Appearing shewed him selfe, and thus in dreame bespake his grace.

All

All things lyke Mercury he bare, both forme and voyce and hew,
And glosse of shining heare, and comely youth of beauty newe.
Thou goddesse sonne, in all this parlous season canst thou slepe?
Nor howe thou art beset with dangers great hast thou no kepe?
Thou folishe man? these godly westerne windes dost thou not here?
She now on mischiefe thinkes, and wicked craft her minde doth stere,
Assured bent to death, and waues of wrath her hart doth cast.
Wylt thou not headlong flée betyme, whyle power to flée thou hast?
Anone the seas enclosed vnder ships, and blasing brondes
On euery syde shal shyne, thou shalt see burnyng all the strondes,
If thée this mornyng sonne about this countrey finde to raunge.
Breake of dispatche: a diuers minded thing, and full of chaunge
Is woman kinde alway, dispatche. So spake this heauenly wight,
And through the darke of night hymselfe withdrew from mortal sight.
Aeneas with that sodayne voyce in minde right sore appalde:
Him selfe from slepe he shoke, and on his mates he freshly calde.
Nowe euery man awake, bestow your selues on hatches hye,
In hast hoyst vp your sayles, agayne the god is come from skye.
In hast forthwith to shift, and cables cut from hence to flée,
Lo ones agayne he calles. O blessed god wée wayte on thée
What euer thou art: thy wyl ngayne with glad chéere wée obey.
Be with vs nowe for spéede, and sende vs starres to guyde our way,
And weather good (he sayde.) With that, he drewe his fawchon out,
That bryght as lyghtning shone, and cables strake with courage stout.
Than euery man bestirs: they séeke, they snatche, they take, they teare,
The shores alof they leaue, the seas for ships appéeres no where.
And nowe the Morning read had left fyr Tythons paynted bed,
And broade on earth her glystring beames and lyght had newly spread.
The Quéene as dawning wared whyte from tooting towres on hye,
When she the fleete thus vnder sayle in order did espye,
And winde at wyll to driue, and nothing left behynde at shore,
And salwe the hauons all emptie stonde withouten beate or ore:
Thrée tymes her hands she beate, and foure times strake her comly brest,
Her golden heare she tare, and frantikelyke with mode oppressed:
She cryed, O Iupiter, O god (q she) and shalla go
In déede? and shalla flowte me thus within my kyngdomes, so?
Shal not myne armies out? and al my peoples them pursue?
Shal they not spoyle their ships, or burne them all with vengeance due?

The morning was taken for a goddesse & imagined nightly to lye with Tithon king of the East.

Out people, out vpon them, folow fast with fiers and flames.
Set sailes aloft, make out with ores, in ships, in boates, in frames.
What speake I? or where am I? what furies me do thus enchaunt?
O Dido woful wretch, now destnies fell thy head doth haunt.
This first thou shouldst haue don, whan thou thy kingdom putst frō thée.
Lo this it is to trust. This godly faith and trouth hath he
That so deuout, his countrey gods men say doth seke to reare,
And he that on his shulders did his aged father beare.
Could I not him by force haue caught, and péece from péece haue torne?
Or spred his limmes in seas, and all his people slaine before?
Could I not of Ascanius chopping made? and dresse for meate
His flesh? and than his father done thereof his fill to eate?
Than grown a doubt there had perhaps in fight, what if it had?
Whom dred I bent to death? than would I straight with furies mad
Haue brent his campe with brondes, and fild his ships with fier & flame.
Both fier and son destroyd, and of their nation quenche the name,
That done, I wold haue thrown my self ful glad vpon the same.
O Sonne with blasing beames, that euery déede on earth dost bewe,
And Iuno goddesse great, that knowest what thing to this is dewe:
Diana déepe, whose name by night al townes in crospathes crie,
And fends of vengeans fell, and gods that Dido make to die,
Receiue my wordes, and turne from me the wreke of sinners paine.
Heare now my voyce: yf destnies do that wicked head constraine
To enter hauen, and néedes he must with mischief swimme to land,
If god will néedes dispose it so to be, there let it stand.
Yet let him vered be, with armes and warres of peoples wyld,
And hunted out from place to place, an outlaw stil eryld,
Let him go begge for helpe, and from his child disseuered be,
And death and slaughters vile of all his kinred let him sée.
And whan to lawes of wicked peace he doth him self behig'ht,
Yet let him neuer raigne, nor in this life to haue delight:
But die before his daye, and rotte on ground withouten graue.
This is my prayer last, this with my blod of you I craue.
Than to their linage all, O you my people shew despite,
O *Moores* applie them still with strife, let hatred hate acquite.
This charge to you I leaue, these offring présents sende you me,
Whan dead I am: let neuer loue nor leage betwene you be.
Than of my bones arise there may some impe reuenger fell,

Of her came Hannibal that after plaged Rome.

That

That shall the Troian clownes with force of fier and sword expell.
Now, than, and euermore, as time shall serue to giue them might
Let shore to shore, and streame to streame, be stil repugnant right.
This I desier, let them in armes and al their offspring fight.
Thus said she, and her minde about in compas wyde she kest,
Desiring sone this hateful world to leaue and be at rest.
Than thus to Barcey straight, Sichæus nurse she shortly said,
(For at her contrey old, her own, in dust before was laid:)
Deare nurse (q^p she) go bid my sister hast that she were here,
Attyre her selfe she must, and washe with streames of water clere,
And offrings bid her bring, and beastes appointed here to leade,
And thou thy head (O nurse deuout) with vesture see thou spreade,
Than let her come. To Pluto deepe such vowes as I haue take
My mynde is to performe, and of my cares an end to make.
The tokens all of *Troy* to burning fier I wyl commit.
She hearing steppid furth, and hasted on with aged wit.
But Dido quaking fearce with frantike mode and grisly hewe,
With trembling spotted chekes, her huge attemptings to pursue,
Besides her selfe for rage, and towards death with visage wan,
Her eyes about she rold, as red as blood they loked than.
Anon to the inner court in hast she ronnes, and vp the pyle
She mounting climes aloft, and on the top thereof awhyle
She stood, and naked from the sheath she drawes the fatal blade
A gift of *Troy*, that vnto these effectes was neuer made.
There, whan she saw the Troyan weeds and couch acquainted laid
With tricling teares awhile, and mourning hart her self she staied.
Than flat on bed she fel, and these her last wordes than she said.
O swete remain of clothing left, and thou O dulcet bedde,
(While god and fortune wold, and while my life with you I ledde)
Receyue from me this soule, and from these cares my hart vntwyne.
A tyme of life I had, of fortunes race I ran the lyne:
And now from me my figure great goth vnder ground to dwell.
My walls I reysed haue, and citie riche that doth excell.
My husbandes death, and on my brother false I wroke my téne.
O happy, (welaway) and ouer happy had I béne,
If neuer Troyan ship (alas) my contrey shore had séne.
This said, she wried her head, and vnreuenged must we die?
But let vs boldly die (q^p she) thus, thus to death I plie.

Thus vnder ground I gladly go, lo thus I do expier,
Let yonder Troian tyrant nowe wyth eies deuour this fier,
As on the seas he sittes, and with my death fulfil his ire.
Thus speaking, in the middes thereof she left, and therewithall
With brest on persing sword, her lacies saw where she did fall.
The blade in fomy blod, and hands abrode with sprauling thrown,
To heauen the shoutes arise, and through the town the fame is blown.
Lamenting loude beginnes, and wailinges wide, and roarings hie,
In euery house they houle, and women cast a ruful crie.
The citie shakes, the noyse rebounding breakes the mighty skie.
Non otherwise, than if some rage of enemies all their towne
At ones had ouerronne, and houses hie were tearing downe,
As all at ones shuld fall, Carthago proude, or auncient Tyre,
And buildings both of gods and men shuld burne with blasing fier:
Her sister heard the sound, as dead for drede she stood vndrest,
With nailes her face she tare, and with her fistes she beat her brest,
And ramping through the midds of men she ronnes, and by her name
She calls her: now in death. O sister mine, and lady dame,
Is this the cause that I from thée so far beguiled was:
Did I this pyle of fier and altars builde for this: alas,
What shuld I now forsaken first complaine: O sister swéete,
Hast thou despised, me to take with thée, a mate so méete:
Why didst thou me thy sister to this death disdaine to call:
One wepon shuld vs both dispatch at ones from sorows all.
And with my handes haue I so wrought: haue I my gods so cried:
That from this cruel plight of thine my presens was denied:
O sister, now thou hast vndon this day bothe thée and me,
Thy town, thy peoples all, thy worthy lordes confounded be.
Carthago quenched is: O let me washe these wounds in hast,
And if there be remaining yet some lyfe or breathing last,
My mouth shall fetche the same furthwith. So said she, and now aloft
The pyle she clymyd had, and in her bosom clasping soft
Her sister heauy helde (in pang that was) and with her wéede
She wailing wypid of the deadly blod that black did blæde.
She towardes her, hir heaui fainting eies wold faine haue cast,
But fired vnderneth her brest her wound reboyleth fast.
Thre times her self she lift, and on her elbow sought to staye.
And thrise she sounding fell, and there vpon she gaue a braye,

Than

Than thryse on bed she tost, and with her eyes vprolling round,
Of heauen she sought the light, and groned sore when it she founde,
Almighty Iuno than, these labours hard, and passage long
Lamented sore to see, and down she sent in message strong,
Danne Iris hie, that on the Rainbow read in heauen doth sit:
This struggling soule to take, and from these pains her lyms vnknit.
For whereas no deserued death, nor destnies her did kill,
But sely soule before her day, by rage of frantike will,
Her golden heare as yet from her not taken was, nor yet
Diana dampned had her head to lake of *Lymbo* pit:
Dame Rainbow down therfore with safron wings of dropping showres,
Whose face a thousande sundry hewes agaynst the sunne deuoures,
From heauen descending came, and (on her head.) Here I doo thee
To Pluto nowe bequeath, and from this corps I make thee free.
She sayde, and with her hande she clipt her heare so cleare that shynde,
And therewithal her lymmes at ones their heate from them resynde.
And thinne as ayer her lyfe went out, dispersit abrode in wynde.

DEOGRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, *in foresta* Kilgerran.
ix. Aprilis. Anno. 1556. *Opus*
Quindecim dierum.

¶ The fifth booke of *the Æneidos of Virgil.*

The Argument.

¶ Aeneas leauyng Carthage, and saylyng towards Italy, by force of a tempest is driuen into Scicil, where, beyng freendly receaued by Aceſtes: he celebrateth his father Anchiſes tweluemonethes mynde, whom he had buried at Drepanus that day tweluemoneth before. And maketh playes, and games at his graue, and diſtributeth rewards to ſuch as wunne them. Cloanthus wimneth in fight on ſea. Eurialus, through the ſleight of Niſus: wimneth the price in runnyng, and ſo doth Eurytion in ſhowting. Entellus the auntient, ouercometh Dares at ẏ game called Cæſtus (which is fightyng with bagges or flappes of leather hanging by ſtringes, wherin is either lead, or ſand) who youthfully boaſted of him ſelf. Howbeit the cheif rewards, and honour, in reſpect of age, and dignitie: were adiudged vnto Aceſtes, whoſe arrow when it flew into the ayer: ſodenly waxed a fier. Aſcanius in the honour of Anchiſes his graundfather with the other youth of nobilitie practizeth fight, and feates on horſebacke, reſemblyng warlike prowiſſe. In the meane time the Troiane wyues, at the inſtigation of the Raynbow and for wearyſomneſſe of theyr longe trauayle: caſt fier amonge the fleet, and quite deſtroyed foure tall ſhips. The reſt by a ſoden ſhowre of rayne ſent by Iupiter: were preſerued from burnyng. The night followyng, Anchiſes appeareth to his ſonne Aeneas in a dreame, & warneth him from Iupiter, that followyng the counſell of Nautes, he leaue behind him the women, and the impotent old men, in Scicil, and he himſelfe with the force of his army, and the luſtieſt youthes of all the compame: ſhou d ſayle into Italy. Where he ſhould firſt go ſeeke Sybillas den, by whoſe direction he ſhould be brought vnto him into the fields called Elyſij, or fieldes of pleaſure, where he ſhould be enfourmed of all the race of his poſteritie, and learne the euentes of all warres that ſhoulde ſhortly befall him. Wherfore Aeneas then obeying his fathers commaundement: builded a citie in Scicil named Aceſtes, and there made a Colonye of women, and old men that were vnfit for warre, and him ſelf with the ſtrength of his army taketh his viage towards Italy. Therwhiles, Neptunus at the entreaty of Venus maketh the ſea calme, whyll Aeneas ſayleth. In this goodly calmneſſe Palinurus the ſteareſman fallyng a ſleape: is caſt helme and all into the ſea, whoſe turne Aeneas ſupplieth.

AEneas on his way this whyle with ſhippes the ſeas did ſheare,
Amids the worſking waues of Northen wynde full rough ẏ were,
Aſſured now to paſſe, and backe full oft he keſt his eien

To

To Didos woful wals, on euery side that now did shine
With flames of burnyng bright, what kindlyd hath so great a fier,
The cause vnknowen it is, but wondrous feates in feruent yre,
Is wrought by woman kinde, whan breach of loue hath made them mad:
Thus pensiue passe the Troians from that sight and token sad.
Whan to the deepe their ships were come, and now on neither side
Appeares no land, but seas and skies about them broad are spide:
A showre aboue his head there stoode, all dusky blacke with blew,
Both night and stormе it brought, & straight the waters darke their hew.
Him self the Lodesman Palynure from puppe at stern on hie
Alack, why hath these clouds so thicke encompast thus the skie:
What worke st thou father Neptune now? he sayd, and therewithall
He bids them trusse their tackels, and with ores to labour fall,
And sailes to leeward set, than thwart the wind he kest about,
And thus he spake Aeneas prince of might and corage stout.
If god him self, as now this wether stands, wold say to me,
To fetch *Italia* land, yet wold I thinke it could not be.
So worke these waiward windes, and from by west the tempest grimme
Doth rise with boistous noise, and aier with cloudes encloseth dimme.
Nor striue no more wee may, nor if wee list wee can come there.
Since fortune therefore doth preuaile, let vs with fortune beare,
And turne where fortune calls, not far it is (as I suppose)
Vnto thy brother Erix coast and hauons of *sicil* wose,
(If I in mind my wonted course of starres do well retaine.)
Aeneas gentil said, In deede I see thee striue in vaine
With labour al this while, and so me thinke these windes require.
Turne thou therto thy sailes, is any lond to me more deere:
Or where shuld I my wery ships more wishe to set at rest:
Than where Aceste s Troyan dwells my frend beloued best:
And where my father Anchises bones entombed lyen in chest:
He said, and towards hauons anon they make, and windes at west
Doth blow them through the deepes: the chanell swift their nauy driues,
And glad at last on their acquainted shore their ships arriues.
And from the mountain top, with meruell great to see them saete,
Aceste s hasting ran, his contrey ships at shore to meete.
All hunterlyk, in hide of boystous beare, with dart in hand,
His father (flood Crinisus) him begat in Troian land.
Dame *Troy* his mother was, his worthy stock ful stout he bare.

He landeth in Sicil frō whence he came out at the first.
The king of Sicil.

He bad them welcome backe, and ioyfully with mountayne fare
He did them entertayne, and freendly comfort after care.
The morning next, whan first the dawning starrs expulsed were,
And cleare the day began, Aeneas out from euery where
Assembled al his mates, and into counsell did them call.
Than from a banke on hie, he thus pronounced to them all.
You mighty Troians, from the blood of great gods that descend,
This time is comen about, a perfit yere is now at end,
Since whan my father Anchises blessed bones were put in ground,
And mourning altars for his holy relikes wee did found.
And now the day (if I do not mistake) approcheth nere:
That vnto me shal euer dolefull be, and euer dere,
Since gods hath pleased so: if I this day were cast a land,
Among the saluage *Moores*, or on the shores of *Sirtes* sand,
Or caught on Greekish seas, or in *Micena* town a slaue:
Yet pay my yerely vowes I wold with pompe of dueties braue,
And gifts in feastful gyse on altars large I wold adnaunte.
Now here in hauen wee be, among our freends, not by no chaunce,
But by the gods (I trust) of purpose wrought, and for the nones,
To worship here my fathers blessed dust, and precious bones.
Come on therefore, let euery man set furth these honors pure
With mirth on euery side, that of good windes we may be sure.
And as I yerely now these offringe dayes to him do make,
So whan my citie builded is, in temples he shal take.
For euery ship Acestes giues to you of oxen twaine,
With charge your selfs to chere, set out your contrey gods agayne,
And with our host Acestes gods to feasting see you fall:
In worship of this day, let vs reioyce with corage all.
Moreouer, whan the morning ninth to mortall men doth spring,
And sunne with glistring beames the world agayn to light doth bring,
For prises proud to striue, I wil prouoke the Troian fleete.
And who so wrastleth best, or best can ronne with force of feete,
Or surer driues a dart, or archer best his bowe can drawe,
Or fighting dares combat, with boysterous baggs of lether rawe:
Rewards I shal set furth, and prises meete for euery matche.
Be present all, and he that best deserues the best shall catche.
Say all Amen, and crown your heads with bowes of Laurell greene,
So speaking on his head he set his garlond freshe beseene.

Thei feasted alwaye before their idols.

So Helimus, so king Aceſtes doth, (ful graue of age)
So child Aſcanius doth, and after him both man and page.
Ye from the counſel came with thouſands thicke in myghty throng,
Vnto his fathers tombe, in middes of all his princes ſtrong.
Two bolles of bleſſed wine in ſolempne guiſe he keſt on ground,
And milke in baſons twaine about the tombe he powred round,
And twaine of ſacred blod: than all the graue he ſpred and layd
With flowres of purple hewes, and thus at laſt ful loud he prayd.
All haile O bleſſed father mine, yet ones again all hayle:
From death preſerued twiſe, but nought to me can that preuayle.
Thy bones I worſhip here, vnto thy ſoule mote glory be.
My luck was not *Italia* fatall feeldes to finde with thee,
Nor Tyber flood (where euer it is) could we togethers know.
Thus talked he, whan from the tombe at ſecret caue by lowe,
A ſerpent great did glyde, with circles ſeuen of mighty ſiſe,
Along the graue he drew with foldings ſeuen in compaſſwyſe,
Embraſing ſoft the tombe, and tombling ſoft on the altars rolde,
His back as azure blew, beſpotted gay with ſpecks of golde,
And gloſſe of burning ſkales, as in the clouds with diuers hewes
Againſt the ſunne, the rainbow red in thouſand ſortes renewes.
Aeneas with that ſight atroynyd was, but he along,
Came lagging forth in linkes, and all the deynty meates among
He taſted euery diſhe, and home againe in hermeles wyſe,
Returning toke his tombe, and was not ſeen again to ryſe.
So much the more his fathers tombe he plied with offrings than.
For what it was, or how therof to thinke he could not ſkan.
If priuat ghoſt it were, or ſpryte that in that mountaine dwells,
Or ſeruant from his father ſent, but ſlaughters downe he fells,
Of ſheep in number fiue, and fiue of ſwyne ful large of ſyſe,
And mighty hefers blacke in number fiue, as is the gyſe.
And wines in bolles he ſhed, and on the mighty ſoule he cried,
Of great Anchiſes ghoſt, and ſpryte that ouer ground was ſpied.
His mates alſo ful glad, as euery man was ſped of ſtore,
Their offringe preſents brought and laded altars more and more,
And hefers down they flew, and ſom by rowes their pans of braſſe
Did ſet to ſeeth in sight, and down they ſpred them ſelues on graſſe,
On rumbles fat they feede, and broche, and broyle, and time they paſſe.
And now the ninth deſired day was come with morning bright,

And Phœthons horses faier had mounted vp the sonne to sight,
And by the fame, and for Acestes worship round about
The contreys al were come, and shores they fill with ioyfull rout
To sée the Troyan lords, and some in minde themselfs to trye.
Wagers for rowing First priles great in sight, aloft a banck, aduaunced hye,
Were set amids them all, thrée footed bolles of precious mold,
And crowns and garlonds gay, for them that win the wager sholde.
And poudryd purple robes, and armor gorgeous glistring bright,
And talents great of gold, and plenty plate of siluer pight.
With glee the game begins, the trompet blows with noise on hight.
First vessels foure, that chief elected were from al the fleete,
Auncetors of certeine the noblest men in Rome when he wrote this booke Come forth to coape with ores of hugy weight as matches méete.
Syr Mnesteus his galeon swift whose name was Pistrin, driues,
Syr Mnesteus Italian prince, whence Memmus lyne deriues.
Syr Gias than with hugy monster ship Chimera calde,
A cities worke she was, with rancks of rowers treble walde,
And Troian youth with triple tyre of ores did shoue the same.
Sergestus than, from whom the house of Sergis drawes the name,
Centaurus him did beare (that galée great). But Scilla blew
Cloantus brought: from whence thy race (o Romain Cluent) grew.
Far out in seas there stands a rocke against the sorny shore,
That sometime vnder water lyeth with surges beaten sore,
When stormes of winter wind encloseth starrs in cloudy skies:
But smoth in calme it lieth, and in the middes thereof doth rise
A pleasant plain of féeld, where often Mewes, and birds of seas
Do kéepe their haunting walk, and sunne their fethers when thei pleas.
Aeneas there aduauncing set a signe of braunches gréene,
A marke of oken bowes, that of the boatmen might be séene,
To know their turning place, and courses long from whence to fold.
Eche man by lot their standing toke, and glistring bright in gold:
The gorgeous capteins stood, on hatches hie in garmentes gay.
The rest of youth with crownes of garlonds greene in due aray,
Their necks and shulders shine with oyles annointed naked bare,
On settels down they sit, their ores in hands prepared are,
Their armes ententiue bent, when at the signe they shal begin.
Their harts for ioy doth hop, and fear doth flap their brests within,
And grédy pride of praise, and feruent loue renown to win.
When when the blast of trompet first doth sound, thei al arise

Atones,

Atones, and from their bounds they breake, their clamors perce the skies,
Their stroks at ones thei strike, the fomy waters through thei cliue,
The stremes resisting breake, and with their stēmes the seas they cliue,
Their ores with labor creaks, by strength of armes themselfs thei driue.
Not headlong half so swift, doth coursing stēedes bellyr their hēles,
Whan for their wager fast with all their force thei flye with whēles.
Nor charet gyder non more fre on feeld doth let them slip,
Or slacker shakes his raines, or louder them doth lash with whip:
Than with the shoutes of men that clap their hands, and parties takes,
The cries encreasing rise, that euery wood with sounding shakes,
The noyse repulsed ronnes from banck to banck, and through the shores
The voices broken ben, and hill to hill rebounding rores.
Before them al sir Gias first escapes through al the throng,
And first to seas he flies with noise, and him Cloanthus strong
Pursues at hand, and better was with ores, but sluggish kēle
And mast vnweldy lets. Than after him euen hard at hēle,
Centaurus preasing glides, and Pistris her doth equal matche,
Thei striue with sturdy strokes, and formost place they seke to catche.
And now Centaurus gets the vauntage, now doth Pistris win:
Now iointly both, with side to side, and equal spēede they spin.
And now approching nēere the rock they were, and marke thei held,
Whan Gias victor prince, (of conquest proud) the land beheld.
And as from chanel depe his barge to land he wold haue hied:
Unto Menetes lodesman than thereof full loud he cried.
Why roust away so wyde? take here I say, loue nie the shore,
Fetch me this left hand land, and on these rocks let beate thine ore.
Let others kēepe the deepe, he said, but fearing rocks, and sholdes,
Menetes stil at sterne his hand on helme to seaward holdes.
Where yet astray so wide? yet (whan I bid thee) fetche the stones,
Sir Gias on Menetes cried and cald, and (lo at ones)
He seeth Cloanthus come, euen hard at back, and formost glide,
He through the roaring rockes, and vnderneth sir Gias side
Did sheare his lefthand way, betwene them twaine, and swift anon
Escapes them both, and suer in seas beyond the marke is gon.
Than verily for feruent wo, the yong mans bones did glowe,
Nor teares his eyes could hold, but by and by Menetes lowe,
(Forgetting worship all, and that he was his helpe at helme,)
Yet hedlong down he threw, and him in seas did ouer whelme.

Menetes is cast ouer bourde.

Him self to sterne he stept him self his maisters roume supplies,
Exhorting men with noyse, and fast to shore ward helme he wries.
But whan (good aged man) Menetes vp was cast on brim,
From botom deepe of seas, and in his garmentes wet did swimme,
He caught the rocke on hie, and on the drie land there he sat.
The Troians had good game, and sporting al they laught therat,
Whan first in seas he fell, and whan he rose and flat did fleete,
And whan to pourge his gorge he kest vp floodes of salt ons weete.
Than hope and comfort kindled is vnto the twaine behind.
Sir Mnestheus and Sergestus strong, they both with burning mind:
Wold passe sir Gias by, (that hinderid is) and passe they do,
Sergestus first the place doth take, and rock approchith to,
And yet not formost al, nor al her keele hath forhand wonne,
But part before, for half with her doth Pistris striuing ronne.
But kindling fast his mates on euery side sir Mnesteus steres.
From man to man he steppes, and chafing vp their corage cheres,
With loude exhorting noise. Now now (q he) with might and maine,
Now cheerely stur your ores, now al your force do you constraine.
O Hectors worthy peres, whom I at Troys extreme decay,
Did matche to be my mates, and chose with me to take our way,
Expresse me now the might ỹ somtime brought vs through ỹ streames,
And sturdy wanes of seas, and sondry gulfes of Greckish realmes,
I aske not now the chief, nor of this game renown to bost,
(Albeit O), but let it go where Neptune fauours most.
Yet last let vs not be. O liuely laddes of noble kind,
Let neuer man for shame behold vs last to lag behind.
Now for our contreys loue, (if any thing your hartes reuiues)
Now pull or neuer pull. They than at ones all for their lieues,
Laid on with lusty strokes, the brasen puppe with plucking quakes,
With strength of arms they strue, that skudding furth the stem it strakes
The land aloof withdrawes, than panting breath doth beat their lims,
Their mouths of moistur dry, on streming swet their bodies swims.
Fortune also to them desirid luck and honour sent,
For as Sergestus (mad in mind for hast) in turning bent
To neere the shore, and straighter wold haue cut the shorter space:
Among the stones he stack (vnlucky man) in parlous place.
The rockes therwith they shoke, and on the craggy pointed pikes
Their ores with crashing breake, & keele on ground with danger strikes.

The

The botemen rise with noise, and loude with cries thē selues they let.
And proppes, and pykyd poales, with hurlyburly great they get.
And some their broken ores, in peces fleeting vp they set.
But Mnestеus reioysing than, and proud for this mischaunce,
With cluster swift of ores, and windes at wil that did aduaunce:
Al groweling through ỹ seas he skouring ronnes, and through the depes
The waues he smothly cuttes, and swift his way on water swepes:
Most like a Doue, whom chaunce disbourbyd hath from pleasant rest,
That in some corner close within some house, doth keep her nest,
Affraid she stertith first, and flushing loud she flappes her winges,
That all the house resoundes, than vp to skies aloft she springes,
And fast to field she flies, where gliding soft in aier abode:
She sheares her tender way, and wing for hast doth neuer moue.
So Mnestеus, so Pistris makes her way with might extreme,
So slides she through the seas, and so with force to flye they seeme.
And first Sergestus strong, that on the rock did yet remayne,
He leaues him struggling there, and calling helpe full oft in vaine,
Among the sholdes, and glad with broken ores to lerne to crepe.
Than Gias, than Chimera ship her self that monster steepe,
He ouertakes, (for of her maister late she spoyled was)
And now remaynes there non but sir Cloanthus last to passe,
Whom fast he doth pursue, and hard at hand he hath in chase,
With power and pith he pulles, and towardes him he draws apace.
Than noyses dubbled been, and shoutes of friendes eraltyng cries.
Prouokyng forth with prayse, that vp to heauen the clamours flies.
They proude of former prayse, their honour won they will not lose.
And if they should, no longer than to liue they do dispose.
Those other fortune feedes, they thincke to win for win they may.
And with the prise (perhaps) or half therof had gon they're way:
Had not Cloanthus to the seas his handes abroad displayed,
And cald his gods for help, and thus to them full loude he prayed.
O Gods that empier keepes on seas, whose kyngdoms here I stroke,
Upon this water shore to you myne altars will I make.
A white electd Bull I vowe to giue with seruice braue,
And cast his fleash in fluddes, if I myne honour now may saue.
And plenty pure of wynes, I will to you in waters throwe.
He spake that word, and him beneth in botoms deepe by lowe,
The god Portunus heard, and virgin rout of Mermaydes all.

And ladies bright that daunsing liues in seas with bodies tall.
Him self his mighty hand to send her furth did set behinde.
So did the noble water Nymphes, the swifter than, than winde:
And swifter glaunsing smoth than arow glidyng goeth from bow,
To land she leapt, and sauf in hauen her self she did bestow.
Aeneas than eche man in order due let call by name,
And sir Cloanthus victor chief by Heraldes did proclame.
And crowne of Laurell greene about his browes himself he set.
Than giftes for euery ship, three hefers large he bids to fet,
And plenty great of wines, and talents fayre of siluer bright.
But specially the capteins all with due rewards he dight.
A mantell riche to him that wan the chief was giuen of gold,
Whom purple borders broade enuironned with diuers fold,
And wrought therin there stands a princely child of precious face,
That in the woods with Dart in hand both Hart and Hinde doth chace.
All liuely, breathyng like, whom, fallyng downe from Ioue on hie:
The story of Ganimedes. An Egle feerce vptoke, and in his pawes conueied to skie.
His keepers waylyng stand, and handes abroad to heauen they hold
In vayne, and barkyng noyse of dogges against the cloudes do skold.
But he that second place by doughty deedes deserued had:
A harneys coat to him with heauy hookes of gold bestad,
A harneys coat he gaue, whom he him self in battell broyle
Did vnder Troian walles from Demoleus brest dispoyle.
That worthy gift he had, and strong defence in armes to weare.
Skant yemen twain with shoulders ioyntly set the same could beare,
So sondrie folde it was, but Demolee him self alone,
Was wont therin to hunt the straglyng Troians one by one.
Than for the third renowm, two caudrons great he gaue of brasse,
And silner cuppes, with signes of stories old engrauen that was.
And now rewarded all, eche man full proude in best aray,
They went with garnisht heads, and bare theyr gifts galanta gaye.
When from the parlous rocke, with much a do to skape the same,
(Besides his losse of ores, and of a ranck of rowers lame)
With laughter great of men, his prayseleese ship Sergestus brought,
In maner like, as when some serpent (by some banck vnsought)
Is brused by some wheele, that ouerthwart his backe hath past.
Or pilgrim passyng by, with stroke of stone welnere hath brast,
In vayne he seekes to flee, and wrigling wreathes his limmes about,

His

His angrie half onbroke, and hissing neck he launchith out,
All bright with burning eies, and though his limping half him holdes:
He knittes him great in knobbes, and in him self him self he foldes.
Non otherwise, and like, with feeble ores his ship did steere,
Yet saile he makes with wind, and into hauen approcheth cleere.
Aeneas to Sergestus gaue reward of duety there,
Reioysing for the ship, and for the men that sauid were.
A woman him was geuen, a seruant good to weaue and spinne,
And sucking boyes a payer, of giauntes kind, her pappes betwinne.
Than good Aeneas went (whan all this matche dischargid was:)
Into a goodly field, that ouerspred was all with grasse, Running.
Whom woodes and crokid hilles on euery side did compas round,
And in the mids a vale ther lay, and pleasant plaine of ground,
Where he with thousands thick did make for plaies a seemely plat,
And in the mids of al, in stately seat, as prince he sat.
Here they that lyst to ronne, and trie themselfes with force of feete,
With gifts he them prouokes, and settes before them prises meete.
On euery side they came, both men of *Troy* and *sicill* land,
Eurialus and Nisus first.
Eurialus a springold fresh of youth, and beauty cleere,
And Nisus that of al mankind had him in loue most deere,
And yong Diores, of king Priams blood a princely childe.
Than Salius and Patron, auncient stocks and vndefilde.
Panopes than, and Helimus, of *sicill*, striplings twaine,
That hunters were in woods, and men of old Acestes traine.
And many more also there came, whom faine in darkenes hides.
To whom in middes of al, Aeneas thus his tale deuides.
Take this for certayn trueth, and in your minds conceyue it so,
Not one of all this number here shall vnrewarded go.
For dartes I wil them giue, with pointed steele full bright a paier,
And wrought with siluer fine to beare in hand a Pollax faier.
All men alike shal here rewarded be, saue onely thre,
With bowes of Oliues greene, as victors chief shal crowned be.
The first a palfray bright, with harneys gorgeous glistring braue,
Shall get, the second for his paines a quiuer gay shal haue.
A quiuer gay, with girdle broad of gold and arrowes fret,
Embroydred fine that is, and precious stones thereon are set.
The third shal with this Greekishe helme depart and be content.

Whan this was ſaid, their place they toke, and right incontinent,
At ſigne of trompet heard, their bounds they breake, and out they powre,
As light as whirling winds, and to the marke in ſight they ſkowre.
First and before all other bodies, nimble Niſus ſpringes,
More ſwifter yet than wind, and than the dint of lightnings wings,
Nert vnto him, but long alof, in diſtance nert of place,
Doth Salius purſue, and after him a certain ſpace,
Eurialus the thirde.
And nert Eurialus ſir Helimus enſues, and ioyntly than
Behold he flies, and héele to héele with him Diores ran,
With elbow nert and nert, and if the race do long remaine:
Is like to ſcape them all, or one to leaue in doubtful gaine.
And towards now the latter end they drew, and wery all,
They ranne with panting breathes, whan ſodenly did Niſus fall.
(Vnhappy man) where hefers had ben ſlaine by chaunce on graſſe,
And ground was ſlypper made by certein blod that ſhed there was.
There now the gentle lad, (whan conqueſt proud he had in hande)
His legges he could not hold, nor ſtombling ſo, could longer ſtand,
But groueling flat he fel, and in the ſlime embreiud him vile.
Yet not Eurialus his freend, did he forget that while:
For quickly ſterting he, ſir Salius way with fote did ſtop,
That headlong downe in duſt he ouerturnid taile and top.
Eurialus than ſpringing ſkuddid forth, and through his frend,
With ioyful ſhoutes of men, he gets the chief at races end.
Than Helimus and now Diores third in place ſuccédes.
Ther, whan the lords were ſet, and eche came forth to claim their médes:
Sir Salius before them all, with noiſe exclaming cried,
And praied his honours dew, that by deceit was him denied.
The peoples fauour helpes Eurialus, and comely teares,
And vertue found in body fayer the greater grace it beares.
Diores eke, that third in wager was, doth him complaine
What wrong ſuſtaine he muſt, and al his courſe hath ron in vaine,
If Salius, without deſert, the firſt reward ſhall haue.
Than lord Aeneas ſaid, you ſhal not nede to ſtriue nor craue,
Your príſes certain ben, ſhall no man them from order ſtáre.
Yet let me rue the plight of mine vngilty frend ſo déere.
He ſayd, and than a Lyons heauy hyde of combrous fold,
To Salius he giues, full rough of hear and pawes of gold.

Quoth

Quoth Nisus than, if such rewards haue folkes that conquerd be,
And pity shew thou dost to fallinge men, what giftes to me
Shall worthy yelded be? that chiefest prise did first deserue:
Had not enuious fortune me (as Salius) made to swarue.
And as he talkid thus, his face he shewd with dirt defild,
And body moist of mud. The noble prince on him than smilde,
And bad bring out a sheld, a target great ful coastly wrought,
That by the Greekes somtime was for a gift to Neptune brought.
That semely gift he gaue vnto that gentil lad to beare.
When courses al was past, and al the gifts dispatched were,
Now he that manhod hath, or corage bolde doth beare in brest,
Shew forth himself, and with his armes in thonges let him be drest.
He said, and therwithall he setts rewardes of honours tweine.
A crownyd bull, all clad with gold, shal be the victors gaine,
A sword and sheld to him that beaten is, shall comfort be.
Nor linger long they do, but straight with force full huge to see,
Aduaunceth Dares furth, with murmour great of men extold,
Alone somtime that durst with Paris fight in armour bold.
He, in the place where Hector most of might entombyd lies,
Did ouerthrow sir Buten, giaunt byg of monstrous sise,
That wrastlyngs all did winne, and Bebrix linage boasted strong.
Yet Dares him to death did ouerturne, and layde along.
Such one this Dares was, and hie on feelde his head he lifts,
And shewes his shulders broad, and to and fro his armes he shifts,
And braggs with boistous brawnes, and with his fists he beats the wind,
A matche for him they seeke, but through them al is non to find,
That durst with Dares coape, nor ones his slings with fingers touche.
He proud therof, and thinking al mens might to him did couche,
Before Aeneas feete he stood, and longer nothing staied,
But by the horne in left hand toke the bull, and thus he sayd.
Thou goddesse son, if no man dare come furth to trie with hand,
What end of wayting is? How long am I thus bound to stand?
Let me rewarded be, the Troians al did crye the same:
And, yeeld vnto the man his promise due they do proclame.
Acestes there, as on a banck by chaunce he nert did sit,
With these rebukes of speche Entellus old at hart he smit.
Entellus, thou somtime of doughty knightes the capteyn chief,
(In vaine) so goodly giftes to lose is it to thee no grief?

Fighting with bagges or flappes of lether and lead.

How canst thou suffer this? shall from thy side with triall non
These worthy prises passe? O where is now our maister gon?
Erix our maister good? where is become that glorioule fame?
That *sicill* land did fill? and spoyles with thee recordes the same,
Within thy halls ỳ hange, is it for nought thou knewst that game?
Ye theronto: it is not sure for feare (you may well thinke)
Nor loue of praise I lacke, nor for no doubt therof I shrinke.
But age me feeble makes, and slouthfull blod congealyd cold,
Hath spent my former force, and dull doth make my carcas old.
If I had now the strength sometime that was, and yet wherwith
This yonglyng proudly braggs, if of those yeres I had the pith:
Not for the prise, nor for the bull, but gladly, and (onpraid)
I wold haue come, for gifts I care not for. Whan he thus said,
Ye brought before them al, of baggs on weldy, matches tivaine,
And threw them down in sight, wherwith somtime in battail plaine
Syr Erix wonted was to giue combat, and hand to hand
Against all men to striue, and sturdy strokes he did withstand.
Yens hartes astoinid were. Of backs of bulls seuen boistous hides
All vnderlaid with lead, and stif of stele they stoode besides.
Aboue al other wondrith Dares most, and doth refuse
Such great onlawfull toles, or in conflict the same to vse.
Aeneas eke theyr massy wondrous weight, and endles fold,
Ye bewd with maruell muche, and vp and down full oft he rold.
Than onto him with brest onfaynyd, spake Entellus old.
What if a man had seene the dredfull baggs, and wepons sore
Of Hercules him self? in dolefull fight here on this shore?
These toles thy brother Erix than did beare, with these he stood
Against syr Hercules most strong, here yet thou seest the blod,
And braynes that broken were, thou seest how yet they ben enbrewd.
These wepons I somtime (whan better blod my strength endewd)
Was wont in bre to put, whan not as yet enuious age,
Nor head with hoary heares my lusty corage did aswage.
But if this Troian Dares here, these toles wil needes refuse:
If so Aeneas please, and me Acestes wil excuse:
Let vs be matchid meete. These Erix baggs I pardon thee.
Cast of thy feare, and thou of Troian baggs onburdend be.
Thus speaking, from his shulders twain he kest his garments al.
And bare with myghty bones, and mighty ioyntes of membres tall,

And

And stnows great in sight, among them al he stod full stout.
Than baggs of meaner matche Aeneas prince him self brought out,
And eche with equall weyght and hands of both, he bound and drest.
Upright forthwith they stand, and face to face, aduauncing prest,
Their arms to heauen they heaue, & void of fear they throw their slings,
Eche one from others dints their heads ful boistous backward wrings,
And strokes in strokes thei mixe, and hands in hands, and fiers they fight,
That one with lusty leggs, and fresh of youth in shifting light,
The other huge in heyght, and large of limmes, but mouing slowe,
His trembling knees him letts and troblid breath doth panting blowe.
Full many a wound is geuen betwen them twain with leaden lomps,
And many a stroke in vaine, and on theyr rybbs full thyck it thomps.
Theyr sides within thē sounds, & loude their brests wō bobbings rings,
And styl their armes they stur, about their browes the buffets flynges,
About theyr eares, & crakyng both theyr iawes their weapons swings.
Entellus heauy standes, and in his place onmouid bydes,
With armes and watchyng eyes, and for the strokes defence prouides.
But he, as one, that with some engin worke doth siege a towne,
Or towre or castle strong, and long thereat is beatyng downe,
And this way now, and that way nowe he sekes, and entries all
Assautes with sondry sleyghtes, and faylyth yet to breake the wal.
Entellus rowsing than, his ryghthande bent on hye dyd lyft:
Ye from the stroke that came, with good foresight, and bodye swift
Aduoiding shranck for fear, and from the dint thereof declinde.
Entellus mist his marke, and al his force he lost in wind,
And ouer that, himself, with heauy peyse and heauy sound,
All groueling flat he fell, and with his limmes he spred the ground.
Non otherwise, than whan some auncient oke and ouergrown,
From mountayn top on hie, by vnderminyng down is thrown.
The Troians rise for ayde, so doth the youth of *sicill* land,
To heauen the cries ascend, and first to him with helpyng hand
Acestes swiftly runnes, and from the ground his freende he takes,
Of equall age, and in his hart for him great mone he makes.
But nothyng slacke for this, nor with his fal one whit affryght,
This valiant knight vpstood, and fiercer yet renewes his fight:
And forceyng prealeth forth, and wood for wrath his strength vpstieres,
Than shame prouokes his might, and manhood felt of former yeres,
And headlong Dares down, through all the field, he dashyng dynges,

And now the righthand stroks, and now the lefthand sends the slinges,
Nor time, nor rest ther is, but as a stormy shoure of hayle,
On houses ratling falls: so doth this knight with force assayle,
With thondrings thomping thick, and wery Dares wretch on soyle
With both his armes he bumpes, and vpside down doth tosse and toyle.
Than lord Aeneas wold no longer wrath shuld in them fret,
Nor more Entellus bitter mood on rage he wold haue set.
But end of fighting made, and tyeryd Dares vp dyd take,
And soft with gentill speche in comfort thus to him he spake.
Unhappy man, what fonde outrage hath thus possest thy minde?
A stronger force than thine, and Gods against thee dost not finde?
Giue place to god, he said, and with his word the batell brake.
Him dragging weake his legges, and to and fro his head did shake,
And casting much at mouth, and clodded blod with teth among,
His trusty mates vptoke, and bare to shyps a way from throng.
And than commaunded came, and sword and helmet did receaue,
And to Entellus dyd the bull and fame of combat leaue.
Than bragging proud in mynd, and of his bull conceiuyng ioye:
O goddesse son behold, and you (q he) ye men of Troy.
What strength in lusty yeares somtime I had now iudge in me,
And from what death your Dares taken is, now shall you see.
He spake that word, and right afront before the bull he stood,
That there for gift was set, and vp the slinges with corage good
In righthand marking held, and iust betwene the hornes at ones
He strake, and brake the braines, and al in peces droue the bones.
The beast is ouerthrown, and groueling dead on ground it quakes.
He stamping therupon, wyth feruent mind his praier makes.
This better soule to thee for Dares death I victor send,
(O Erix) here of bagges, and al min arte I make an end.
Anon Aeneas them that list contend with arowes wight,
Shotyng. For wagers he prouokes, and settes before them giftes in sight.
And from Sergestus ship aduauncing huge in heyght a mast,
He hanges a pigeon there, and by a cord he made her fast.
A marke for men to shote, and where their darts they shuld direct.
Assembly great ther came, and by theyr lottes they were elect,
In brasen helmet cast, and first of al with ioyfull cryes,
Unto Hippocon worthy lad by draught the lot doth rise.
Next whom sir Mnestеus, that late at seas was victor seene,

Hys

Syr Mneſteus with crown and garlond gay of Olyue gréene.
Eurition was third: (thy brother déere thou noble knight
O Pandarus, that didſt ſometime the leage alonder ſmight,
And firſt commaunded didſt, among the Greekes thy wepon throwe)
Aceſtes laſt of all, and laſt in helmet lay by lowe.
Him ſelf alſo with hand, the yong mens game did not diſdayne.
Than bending al their bows, their corage great they do conſtrayne,
And ech to ſerue him ſelf from quiuer draweth his toles amaine.
And firſt from ſounding ſtring along by heauen his arow driues
Hippocon luſty lad, and ſwift therwith the ſkies he cliues,
It lightes apace, and in the midds the maſt it ſtack and ſtaied.
The tree with trembling ſhoke, and of the ſtroke the bird afraied,
Did flickring flushe her winges, and noyſe there riſeth round about.
Than Mneſteus his bowe to drawe, forthwith with ſtrength ſtood out.
And ſtretching hand aloft, his dart and eye dyd leuell right,
Yet could not he (good man) for all his art the culuer ſmight.
But hyt the hemping corde, and of the knot the bandes he braſt,
Wherby the byrd was bound, and by her fote did hang at maſt.
She toke the wind forwith, and to the cloudes full faſt ſhe flewe,
And euen that time (as he his bowe and dart directing drewe)
Eurition, and for his brothers help in heauen, he cried:
The byrd he ſawe was loſe, and ſporting her in ſkies he ſpied.
Yet markyng well with eies, and ſtedfaſt hand, in cloudes aboue,
He quickly brake her play with ſodein ſtroke, and flew the Doue,
That tumblyng down ſhe fell, and in the ſtarres her life ſhe laſt,
And dead ſhe came to ground, and in her body brought the ſhaft.
Aceſtes than alone, with no deſert did yet remayne.
Who neretheleſſe his dart to hurle in ayer did him diſtrayne.
And ſhewde his former might, and of his bowe to proue the ſound,
There ſodenly their eyes a wonderous monſter did confound,
And token ſore of thinges, as afterward the end did teach,
And all to late for nought their fearful ſongs did prophetes preache.
For as in tender cloudes his arow ſwift from him did flie,
In ſight it caught a fier, and flamyng forth it went in ſkie.
And waſted thinne in wind, as oftentimes we thinke do flyde,
The fired ſtarres of heauen, with drowpyng tayles along that glyde.
Aſtoynid al they ſtood, and on theyr Gods aboue they prayed,
Sicilians and Troians both, nor he him ſelf denayed

Aeneas peereleſſe prince, to take that ſame in ſigne of grace.
But glad with great rewards, he did Aceſtes thus embrace.
Moſt noble father deere, (for by theſe tokens well I ſee,
The mighty kyng of heauen for thy good will doth honour thee,)
Thou ſhalt haue here a gift of old Anchiſes frend of thine,
A drinkyng bolle of gold, that portraied is with figures fine.
Which vnto him ſomtime, Cisleus, great of Thrace the kyng,
In token gaue of loue, for euermore with him to dyng.
So ſpake he, and with Laurell greene his temples twayne he tied,
And loude before them all Aceſtes victor chief he cried.
Nor good Eurition did his preferment ought enuie,
Though he alone it were, that brought agayne the byrde from ſkie.
Aduaunced next with giftes was he that cord a ſonder braſt,
And laſt of all was he that with his arow ſtrake the maſt.
Than lorde Aeneas, ere theſe matches all diſſolued were,
Epitides to him, Aſcanius mate and keeper there,
He calde, and roundyng thus to him he ſpake in ſecret eare.
Go bid Aſcanius (if by this time he the childerns crue
Aſſembled hath with him, and horſes put in order due)
Before his graunſire here let him bring out his bandes in rowe,
For worſhip of this feaſt, and let him ſelf in armour ſhowe.
Diſpatche (q he) with ſpæde, the people than he bids deuide,
And broader ſpreade them ſelues, and made a lane both longe and wide,
Than come the childern forth, and proude before their parents ſight
In order ſeemely ſhyne, on barbed courſers brideled bright,
Whom for their freſh aray, and comly marchyng through the felde,
The youth of *Sicill* land, and Troians all with ioy behelde.
Eche one as was their gyſe, with rounded hear, and garlond bandes,
And horny dartes a payer, with poynted ſteele they bare in handes,
With quiuers light at backes and down their breaſts in diuers folde,
About their gorgets runnes, the rollyng cheines of wreathed golde.
Three bandes of horſemen were, and capteyns three their bands did gide,
And rankes of riders three, and childern twelue on euery ſide
In glitteryng armour went, with maiſters like and equall peeres,
One ward of ſtronger youth, whom trimme triumphant fearce of yeeres,
Did Priam yong conduct (thy noble childe Polites tall,
That of his graunſirs name encreaſe Italians ſhortly ſhall.)
A valiant ſteede him bare, beſpotted whyte, of kinde of *Thrace*,

And white his fote before,and lifting white his lofty face.
Another trowpe ther was, that litle Atis giding lad,
The litle Atis,whom Ascanius smal for darling had.
From whence the line at *Rome* of Atis name doth now procéde.
Than last of all,and most of beauty bright,and precious wéde,
Ascanius himself on palfray gorgeous borne aboue,
Whom vnto him somtime Quéene Dido gaue for pledge of loue.
The rest of youth,and such as were of old Acestes trayne:
On horses fayer they rode.
The Troians them did chere,and did receyue with wondrous ioye,
And in theyr minds conceyue resemblaunce old of former *Troy*.
Whan mustrid all they had, and all the fæld had compast round,
And bewd Anchises tombe, they ioynyd al on equall ground,
Epitides to them with noyse and whipping gaue a sound.
They coursing brake theyr bands, and thrée from thrée dissevered all,
By matches half from half, and fast agayn they turne at cal,
With wepons brest,to brcast and compas round returning met,
By coursings byckring braue,and race with race entangling let,
Inuading skyrmishe wise,and lyke the face of battall fight.
And now retyre they done,now shew theyr backs in signe of flight.
Now turning throw their darts,now truce they make with hand in hand.
Like *Labirinthus* maze,that men report in *Candi* land,
Is compast déepe in ground with sondry walls,and crokings blind,
And thousand wandring wayes,and entries false for men to find,
Where tokens non there be,nor skape can non that steppes astray,
Such turnings them begiles,and so deceytful is their way.
Non otherwise,the Troian youth by coursings round about,
Disporting chace them selfs,and windyngs weaue both in and out.
Lyke Dolphin fishes light,that for theyr pastyme daunsing swimme,
In middes of depest seas,and play them selues on water brimme.
Thys kind of pastime fyrst,and custome boyes to learne at Baase,
Ascanius whan *Alba* walls he made,dyd bryng in place. How play of Baase come vp.
And taught the Latines old,in solempne sorte to vse the same,
As he sometime a child,with Troian youth had made that game.
The Albans than from thence with practise lyke theyr children taught,
And thens hath pereleste *Rome* and most of might,that custome caught.
And for theyr contreys loue,with honor due this day it standes,
And yet the name remaynes of Troyan boyes,and Troian bandes.

Thus farforth worshipt was, his father dere with seruice due.
There fortune false to trust, did turne their case with chaunges newe.
For, as about Anchises tombe with playes the time they spent:
A new vexation by Iuno. Dame Iuno down from heauen the *Rainbowe* read her seruant sent,
Renoluing former grief, and rancours old not yet from mind,
Against the Troian fleete, and as she went she gaue her wind.
She swiftly bent her bowe, and through the clouds with thousand hewes,
Full virginlike she salles, her new deuise onknown, to vse.
A huge concourse she seth, and compas wide she vews the strandes,
Now bare the hauons are left, and nauy dry defenceles stands.
But secret by them selfs, the Troyan wines assembly kept,
And for Anchises losse lamenting sore they stode and wept.
Beholding broad the seas: alas, alas, O wretches we,
So much of boistous waues remaines vs yet that wery be?
A towne to dwell they craue, and of the seas abhorre the payne,
Eche one to other wayles, and all with one voice do complayne.
Dame *Rainbowe* subtile there, amidds them all her self did place,
Her garmentes gay she left, and laid a side her goddesse face,
And of Doriclus wife the likenes toke, a sober dame,
That sometime great renown, and children bare of noble fame,
And Beroe was cald, and thus to them she did proclame.
O women misers most, whom hands of Greekes wold neuer kyll,
O cursid nation, whan of thee shall fortune haue her fill?
What death, or mischief more are wee thus kept to bide at last?
Sins *Troy* vproted was, now sommers seuen are comen and past,
That we through seas and lands, and contreys all (the world besyde)
To straungy starres of heauen, and endles streames wee wander wide,
In seeking land that fleeth, and wee alway with surges tost.
Here is our contrey ground, here dwelles Aceste deere our host.
Why shuld wee hence remoue? who lets vs here our walls to bilde?
O former native soyle, O contrey gods (in vaine exilde)
Shall neuer *Troy* vpryse? shall citie Troian neuer be?
Those Hectors holsome streames shall I from henceforth neuer see?
Come on (good wiues) come burne with me these ships of luck vnkind.
For so Cassandra through my dreame apering did me bind.
And gaue me burning brondes, seeke here (q she) your Troian walls,
Here lieth your contrey rest, this is the time that fortune calls,
What neede wee longer loke? lo Neptunes altars foure on fier,

Lo god himself (you see) with mindes and might doth vs enspier.
Thus talkid she, and with a brond in hand ful fierce she sprang,
With (whirling lof aloft) against the fleete the same she flang.
The rest amasyd were, their hartes astoind stood with rage.
Than one among them all, dame Pirgo matrone most of age,
King Priams nurse that was, and princely children vp did reare:
Not Beroe (q she) this woman is, you wiues I sweare,
Nor neighbor none of ours, behold what beauty bright deuine,
What liuely spirite she beares, and marke me wel her glistring eyen,
Her loke, her sounding voice, and of her pace the great estate.
I left dame Beroe my selfe at home ful sicke but late.
Full sicke lamenting sore that she her self from vs alone,
This day must absent be, and yeld Anchises worship none.
This spoken:
Therwith the matrons first, with wauering minds began to dout.
And with peruersid eies beheld the nauy round about.
And what betwene the loue of present land, and present rest,
And fame of fatall realmes: they wot not which of them is best.
When lifting vp her self to clouds aboue with equall wings,
In flight before them all, with bowe ful broad the goddesse springs.
Than verily with monsters wild affright, and mad for yre,
They cry to burne their ships, and from their tentes they reaue the fire.
Som spoile their altar piles, and burning bows, and sticks, and brandes,
Abourd the ships they spreede, vpleapith flame with lousid bandes,
On hatches, decks, and ores, and plancks anoyntid thicke on sides.
Unto Anchises tombe, Eumelus post with panting rides,
And shews the shipps are brent, and they them selues beholding spie,
The sparcklings rising broad, and blustring smoke to sprede in skie.
And first Ascanius as coursings still he kept and plaied,
Ye toke the campe in hast, that with vprore was all dismayed,
Nor for their liues his maisters him could hold, or backeward send,
What sodeyn rage is this? where now (q he)? what do ye entend?
O neyghbors, wretched wiues, your ennmies host you haue not here,
This is no Greekishe campe, you burn your own relief most dere.
Lo I Ascanius your owne, and to the ground his helmet kest,
Wherwith in bataill playes, he for disport that time was drest.
Aeneas eke with hast, and Troians, all therto them sped.
But straglingdiuers wayes, through al the shores the women fled,

To woods, and mountayn caues, and holes of rocks they miching ronne,
And creeping hide them selfs, repenting foule theyr worke begonne.
Abhorring sight of heauen, and on theyr frends they thinke and quake,
With better chaunge of mind, and from their brest dame Iuno shake.
But not therfore the flames, nor burning rage the lesser spreedes,
But catching still encrease, it more and more preuailing breedes.
And spitting spewes a smoke, whom vapor wild of pitche and towe,
And dropping timber feedes, and mischief close in keele doth growe,
Nor might of men can helpe, nor water flodes that on they throwe.
Aeneas from his shulders than his garments tearing brast,
And calde his gods for helpe, and broad to heauen his hands did cast.
Almighty Ioue, if not as yet all Troians from thy mind
Reiected ben to death, if seruice old of pore mankynd
Not vtterly be lost: now saue these ships from burning fier.
God father now, preserue these Troyan godes, and small desier,
Or thou thy self (which one thing yet remaynes) with lightning fell
Here whelme me down to death, if I deserue, and dryue to hell.
Skant spoken wer these words: whan ratling storme not sene before,
And raine downraging falls, and thonders thick doth rombling rore,
That tremblith hills and fields, down rolle the skies in gushing shoures,
And troublous water streames from al the heauen the tempest powres.
That ships therwith are fyld, and burning bourds are quenchid quite,
And still descending driues, and on the fleete with force doth smyte,
Tyll smoke was ceassyd al, and all the ships from plage was kept.
So sauid al they were (by gift of god) but foure except.
But lord Aeneas whom this great mischaunce did pinche at brest,
With heaps, of hugy cares, now this, now that, was sore opprest,
Reuoluing much in mind, shuld he remayn in *sicill* lend:
Forgetting destnies al, or still go seke *Italia* strond.
Than father Nautes old, whom goddesse Pallas learnid had,
With artes of worship great, and famous name of wisdom sad:
These answers him did tell, which either gods eternall yre,
Or fatel destnies wrought, or fortunes course did so requyre,
And thus with freendly speche Aeneas mind he set on fire.
O goddesse son, where destnies drawes and driues let vs go there,
What euer it is, who conquer fortune wil, must fortune beare.
Thou hast Acestes here, of Troyan blod and stocke deuine,
His counsell take to thee, and ioyne with him aduise of thine.

And

And leaue with him those people which thy ships can not receyue,
And such as of thy great affaires no corrage doth conceyue,
Both aged feble folks, and wiues of seas that wery be,
And all that feareful is, or weake of strength shuld comber thée,
Let them be chosen furth, and here on gods name citie frame,
And of Acestes name, Acesta they shal call the same.
Incensyd so by this (for from his freend this councell past)
Than verily from care to care his mynd discoursyd fast.
And night with darknes dymme, the poles of heauen had vndercast.

That time his fathers face descendyng down, in vision cléere,
From heauen appering came, and sodenly thus did him chéere.
My son, more déere to me than life sometime, whan life I had,
My son, whose vertues *Troy* doth trye, by destnies good and bad,
Commaunded here I come, from mighty Ioue in skies aboue,
That comfort sent at last, and from the fléete did fire remoue.
Obey the counsells good, which faithfull Nautes the hath told,
And for *Italia* land, pike out a youth of corage bold,
To take with the to seas: an eger nation féers and tough
Thou hast to vainquish there, and must subdue in batailes rough.
Yet first Auerna caue, and vnder growndthe dwellings grimme,
Of *Lymbo* must thou see, and dangers passe of darknes dymme.
And thens ascend to me, for I (my son) am not in hell:
Nor with no wickid kind of wofull ghostes haue I to dwell.
But fieldes of pleasur pure, and *Paradise*, doth me retayne,
With ioyfull sort of soules, in blisfull state that do remayne.
There Sibly pure, by offryngs black of beastes shal thée conduct,
And there thine ofspring al, and fortunes al I shal thée instruct.
And now farewel, for midnight moist her half cours hens doth wrethe,
And dawning day with blast of horses, hote on me doth breathe.
He spake, and thinne from sight as smoke, in skies dispersit he styed.
What now: where gost away: why dost thou shrynke: Aeneas cried.
Whom fléest thou thus: or who from swéete embracings vs withal ádes:
Thus talked he, and from the dust he steres the slépynge brandes.
And Troian sacred fier of Gods that euermore doth dure.
And offrid simple floure, and frankinsens, in plenty pure:
Strayt for his mates he calld, and first onto Acestes old
Commaundments great of Ioue, and what his father déere had told,
He shewes before them all, and whervnto his mind enclines.

Spyrites can not abide the dai light.

Nor counsel long they make, nor good Aceſtes ought repines.
A towne they meaſur furth, and wines and people there they plant
Of baſer hartes, deſeruing worſhip ſmall, for corage ſkant.
Them ſelfes their ſhips repare, and burnid bourdes anew reſtores,
And cables meete they make, and ſhrowdes and sayles, a ſtrength of ores.
A youth of number few, but liuely bluddes in batayll tough.
Ther whiles, Aeneas did the cities plat deſcribe with plough,
And houſes laid by lot, here Ilion toures: here gates of Troy
He ſets: and of his kingdome new Aceſtes maketh ioy.
And market place he made, and lawes he taught and iudges gaue.
Than large and broad in ſight right nere the ſtarres, a temple graue
To Venus founded is, in hieſt place, and prieſt deuine
To ſerue Anchiſes tombe, and ſacred grone theron to ſhine.
And now nine dayes this people feaſted had, and altars all
Applied with offringes due, and ſunne had made the ſea to fall,
And ſound of pipling wind, eaſtones to deepe their ſhipps doth cal:
A wondrous weeping noiſe through al the ſhores is reiſyd wide,
And all that night and day they twæn themſelues embracing byde.
The matrones now themſelues that of the ſeas were earſt affraied,
And dowted labours long, and of their ſtrength diſpairing ſtaied,
Now gladly go they will, and trauailes al ſuſteine at ſeas.
Whom good Aeneas did his beſt with frendly ſpeche to apeas,
And weeping did commend vnto Aceſt his kinſman deere.
Three Calues to Erix than, and to the ſtormes a lambe ful cleere,
He biddes for offring kill: and cables loſe through al the ſtrandes.
Him ſelf with garland freſhe, and crowmet greene of Oliue bandes,
Aduauncing ſtod in ſhip, and bolle in hand he held on hie,
And fleſh in fludds he threw, and wines in plentie keſt in ſkie.
Behind them blowes a coole, and wind at wil them furth doth driue,
His mates thei ſkomme the ſome, and ſaltſea brine to turne they ſtriue.
But Venus in this while, whom care for Troians ſore did ſtraine,
To Neptune ſtraight ſhe came, and thus to him began to plaine.
The greeuous wrath of Iunos breſt, whom no reuenge can ſlake,
Compells me (Neptune) now to thee, all humble ſute to make.
Whom neither length of time, nor pity non, from rancor ſtaies,
Nor deſtnies order non, nor Ioue him ſelf one whit ſhe waies.
She thinks it not ynough the Troyans town to haue down borne,
And all their laſt remaine with turmentes long almoſt forlorne,

The bones and pouder powre she persecutes, and all their brode
She wold destroy, let her declare one cause of such a mode,
Thy self can record beare, how in the waues of Lyby coast,
What wild vprore she made, and seas and skies turmoyling tost.
With stormes of Aeolus her frend, and all with labour vaine:
So bold within thy kingdomes thus to do.
O vile despite, lo yet of late how Troyan wiues in fume
She made their ships to burne, and foule their nauy to consume,
And leaue their kinred there, in contrey straunge onknown to bide.
There is no more, but let vs now (I pray thee) saufly ride
In sailing through thy seas, let vs arriue where Tyber flowes,
If graunted things I are, if destnies vs those kingdomes showes.
Than spake Neptune, that hie seas doth control with lordly browes
God reason Venus is, that in my kingdomes thou be bold,
From whence thy linage leades, I haue deseruid eke of old.
Full oftentimes ere this, both seas and skies vnkindly rage
I bridling couchid haue, and madnes wood did oft aswage.
Nor lesse my care on land, as al the streames of Troy can tell,
Was for Aeneas thine, whan fierce Achilles did compell
His throngs in field to fal, whan thousands thick down tombling dead
Ye vnder Troyan walls with slaughter wood did trampling tread.
That brokes and riuers cried, whan peoples heaps their chanels fild,
Nor fall to seas they could, nor find their waies for bodies kilde.
I from Achilles than, Aeneas thine, full sore bestad
In fight, (that neither force with him nor goddes indiffrent had)
Conueid away by cloude, whan peece from peece I wolde haue torne.
(Myn own handwork that was) the walls of Troy so fals forsworne.
And now also that mind with me remaines: cast of thy dreede,
In hauons where thou dost wishe he shal ariue right saufe with spéede.
One only man shall be, whom lost in déepe seas he shall sécke,
One poll shal walke for all.
Whan he the goddesse brest with speaking thus had put from care,
As prince his horses proud he cupling set and bound in chare,
With fomy bridlyng bittes, and lowsing gaue them al the raines,
Full smoth his charet slides, and blew sea brimit skantly straynes.
Down sinck the surging waues, and great sea swolne in thondry skies,
Doth couche their waters close, from al the heauen the ratches flies.
Than sondry fournes and faces shew them selfes, onweldy whales,

And mossy Glaucus grey, and mankinde monsters voyd of skales,
And Pollantines, and armies broade of seales, and Dolphins blew,
And Tritons blowe theyr Trumpes ỳ sounds in seas wd dropping slew.
Dame Thetis lefthand keepes, and daunce doth leade of Nymphes all,
And Ladyes bright, that leapyng liues in seas with bodies tall.
There lorde Aeneas secret minde a sodeyn ioy did fetche,
He bids them reyse theyr Mastes, and all theyr sayles abroad to stretche.
Together to theyr tacles all they step, and slackyng lines,
To Larbourd now they set, and now to Starbourd sayles enclines,
And halyng hoyse theyr wings, that shrowdes : hookes : bowlines bends
And swift in seas they swim, the wynds them selues their nauy sends.

Palinure his principal pylot.

As prince and pilot chief, syr Palinure his course doth beare,
Before them all, and eche to marke at him commaunded were.
And now from heauen the drowpyng night her mid course nere had past,
And folkes in slumber sweete, theyr wery limmes on rest had cast:
And Mariners had layd them selues on hatches hard of barres:
When lightyng swift, from skies the God of sleape did fall from starres,
And brake the darcke of night, with glimsyng shade of fayned beames.
To thée (O Palinure) and brought to thée right heauy dreames,
Without desert, and on the puppe full hie his seate did take,
Resemblyng Phorbas face, and vnto him these wordes he spake.
Frend Palinure, lo how the tydes them selues conueys the fléete,
This gale by measure blowes: an houre of rest to take is méete.
Lay downe thy head, and steale thy painfull eyes one nap of sléepe,
I will for thée my self supplie thy rowme thy helme to kéepe.
Whom aunswerd Palinure, skant liftyng eyes for slumber déepe:
Know I not yet my seas? what? thinkst thou me so small of wit?
To trust this fawnyng face? shall I my lorde and prince commit,
To this inconstant beast? should I beléeue that monster wilde?
So oft as I with flattring seas, and skyes haue ben begylde?
Such thyngs he spake, and holding hard at helme he cleaued fast,
And still dyd setue the streames, and shyll on starres his eyes did cast.
Behold, the God on hym a droppyng braunche of *Lymbo* pyt
With deadly sléepyng dewe, on both his temples dashyng smyt.
And struggling to resist, his swymmyng eyes with sléepe oppresst.
Skant first resoluyd were his wéery lymmes with sodeyn rest,
And leanyng noddyd lowe: when half the puppe with hym he drew,
And rother, helme, and all, in myddes of seas he fallyng threw

Muyte

Quyte hedlong ouer bourd, and callyng oft his mates in vayne.
The God than toke his winges, and thinne in wind he went agayne.
Yet neretheleſſe therfore, with ſauf conduct theyr fleete did pas,
And careleſſe ronnes theyr courſe, as god Neptunus promiſe was.
And now they entring were the ſtraytes, Sirenes rockes that hight,
A parlous place ſometime, and yet with bones of people whight.
Than breaking broad the fludds, the ſaltſea ſtones ful hoarce did ſound,
Whan lord Aeneas felt his ſhip to ſtray and mayſter dround.
And toke himſelfe the giding than therof in ſeas by night,
Lamenting much in mind his frœnds miſchaunce and heavy plight,
O Palinure, that flattring ſeas and ſkies to much didſt truſt,
All nakid on ſome ſtrangy ſand onburied lye thou muſt.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foreſta Kilgerran, finitum iiii. Maii. Anno. 1557. poſt periculum eius karmerdini. Opus xxiiii. dierum.

¶ The syxt booke of the Æneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

¶ When Aeneas was come to Cumas, he went vnto Sibyllas den, where doyng sacrafice accordyng to the custome: he asketh counsel at the Oracle of Apollo, and there learneth both the dangers at hand, and the successe of future warres. Misenus body which he found on the shoare he burneth, his furniture, and his spoyles he burieth vnder the next hill, which therof was called Misenus. From thence, by direction of Dooues, he was braught to the golden boughe, which beyng gathered, and hauyng appeased, & worshipped the infernall gods with slayne sacrafice: by conduct of sibylla he goeth downe to hell, through the mouth of Auernus. He findeth Palinurus wandryng about the lake of STYX, because his body was vnburied, and when sibylla had refused to take him ouer vnto the farther shore, which he requested: Aeneas putteth him in good cõfort wt exequies, and hope of honorable buriall. Frõ thence Aeneas passynge ouer styx, and castyng Cerberus in a sleape with a medcined soppe, takynge his iourney through the place of Infantes, and of such as were wrongfully condemned, and put to death vndeserudly: he cometh vnto the seats of those, that through impaciencie of loue, had shortned their owne dayes, where espying Dido, when he would haue purged him self vnto her: disdaynfully she auoyded his sight. Then departyng thence, he came to the habitation of those that were somtime famous in warre, where he saw Deiphobus torne, and rent with many wounds, and is there by him enformed by what cruell and shamfull meanes he came to his death. Afterward, leauynge Tartarus on the left hand, and beyng by sibylla instructed in the punishments of the wicked: he approcheth nigh the walles of Pluto, and there sticketh vp the golden bough euen in the Queenes entrie, and from thence he proceedeth to the fields of the blessed, and is by Musæus braught vnto his father. There Anchises declareth vnto his sonne AENEAS the order, and succession of the Albane, and Romane kynges, and runnyng ouer the names of certen of the Romane nobilitie: cometh to the commendation of Iulius, and Augustus Cæsars, and wonderfully extolleth Marcellus the sonne of Octauia, who was sodenly cut of by vntimely death. Then goyng forth out of the Iuery gate vpon the earth: visiteth his mates, and leauyng Cumas, sayleth to Caieta.

Here he cõmeth to Italy at Cumas.

SO talkyd he with teares, and to his fleete he gaue the raines.
And at the last on *Cumas* coast *Italia* land attaines.
Their forreships al from seabourd th̃ they turne, and ankers
Thei pitching laid a lãd, and al the crokid shores along (strõg

Their

Their ships in order set, out leapes the youth with long desier
To tread *Italia* land, some seeke for seedes of lurking fier
In secret vaines of flints, some breake the bedds of beastes onkind,
And reauing spoil their dennes, some shew what woods, what flodes (thei find.

He visites the tẽple of Apollo at Cumas wher sibilla that tyme did prophecie.

But good Aeneas to Apollos church, and temple towres,
He went to seeke the secret caue of Siblies dreedfull bowres.
A vaute of widenes wast, where mighty spryte, and mighty mind
Apollo her inspires, that al thing knowes in secret kind.
And things that fatal ben he doth to her ful broad vnfold.
And now the sacrid groues they see, and houses bright of gold.

Dedalus made the temple at Cumas

By old report whan Dedalus from Minos kingdoms fled,
With bold attempt of wings he toke the skies hie ouerhead.
And Northward fast he flew, a passage straunge vnseen before,
And lighting down at last, he stood a land on Cumas shore.
There he ariuid first, and there (O Phœbus bright to thee)
Did consecrate his wings, and made a temple huge to see.

Diuers histories graue vpõ the walles.

Upon the dores Androgeos death there stands, than yere by yere
How Athens was compeld, (a wretchid thing), their children dere

Citie of Athenes.

By couples seuen and seuen, both sonnes, and doughters bound in bandes,
To send to slaughter vile, the pot with lotts there redy standes.

Pasiphae wife to king Minos of Candy.

Right theragainst in seas doth *Candy* kingdoms answer ful.
There Pasiphae was made, and nert to her there stood the bull
With tokens foule of loue, and how by stelth, in metall thinne
She vnderlay that beast, with stinking lust of lothsome sinne.

A monster half man, half bull.

And Minotaure there was, the mongrell vile of mixed kind,
Inclosid kept in maze, where issue non there was to find.
There lay the labour sore, and wandring house of endles wayes,
In corners croking darke, a wofull worke for them that straies.
But Dedalus, that pitie did the Queenes outragious loue,
Him self the craft did teache, and dangers all he did remoue,
By gioing through the darke her passage blind by threde full fine.

Icarus son to Dedalus flew from Candy with his father and was drowned by the way in the sea.

And thou O Icarus also among those workes deuine
Hadst had no slender part, if sorowes him not letted had.
Two times in shining gold, thy drowing fall with hart full sad
Thy father there beganne, and twise his hands for fainting fell.
These stories old, and things of former fame right long to tell
They shuld haue ouerbewd, whan (sent of purpose there before)
Achates did returne, and brought the priest with head full hoare,

now called therof marte Icarium.

That ſeruid Phœbus church, and did Dianas offrings make,
And Deiphebe ſhe hight, and to the king theſe woordes ſhe ſpake.
This time requirith not with gaſing thus to linger there.
Now hefers ſeuen to kill, to ſerue the gods more wiſdom were.
And ſeuen of choſen ſhæpe (as cuſtome is) you ſhuld haue brought.
Theſe things ſhe ſpake, and they furtwith her iuſt commaundment wrought.
Than ſhe the Troian lords into the temple gorgeous calles.

Diſcriptiō of ſiblies caue in the tēple & how ſhe prophecied at certaine houres by fittes. The ſayd caue yet remains.

A caue there is, cut out in rock, euen through the temple walles,
Both huge and broad at mouth, a hundred dautes, a hundred dores,
A hundred roarings ſound, whan Siblies anſwers beates the flores.
Before the ſame they ſtod, whan ſhe the virgin cloſe within,
Diſkried her ſelf and ſpake. Now doth (q̄ ſhe) my tyme begin
To learne at god, lo here comes god. As ſhe thus babling prates,
All ſodenly, with faces more than one, before the gates,
And colours more than one, diſfigurid wild ſhe ſtod in traunce.
Her hear vpſterting ſtands, her trembling breſt doth panting praunſe.
Her hart outraging ſwells, nor mortallyke ſhe lokes at laſt:
Aboue mankind ſhe ſpeakes, whan of the god ſhe felt the blaſt
In ſpite approching nære. And ſtandſt thou ſtill, and doſt not pray?
Thou Troian thou? (q̄ ſhe) and ſtandſt thou ſtill? ſhall not this day
One dore diſcloſe it ſelf tyl prayer come. Whan ſhe thus ſayd,
She ſilence made: than quaking cold in Troyans limmes affrayd
Did ron through al their bones, and thus their king ful humbly prayd.

No grace without prayer.

Aeneas oration to Phœbus and to siblye.

O Phœbus, whom the painefull toyles of *Troy* did euer greue,
Thou that ſir Paris hand and dart (pore Troyans to releue)
Directing didſt conduct, and gaueſt Achilles mortall wound,
Thus many mighty ſeas that mighty lands encompas round
I entryd haue by thee, through nations wilde, and parlous ſtrands,
Through coaſts of mountayn *Moores*, and contreys cloſe of Sirtes ſands.
And now *Italia* ſhore (alwayes that ſhrancke) we touche at laſt.
Thus farfurth now haue we through dangers al our fortune paſt.
And you alſo your indignations great is time to end,
You gods and goddeſſes eche one, whom *Troy* did ought offend
With glory great of pryde, eke thou, (O ſacred prophet trewe)
That fortunes doſt forſee, (I aſke nothing but kingdoms due
That deſtiny doth me giue), *Italia* land let vs enioye,
Our wandring gods to place, and relikes dere outcaſt of *Troye*.
Than I, to Phœbus clere and to Diana, temples pure

Of marble stone shal make, and feasts that euermore shall dure.
Rewardes also to thee, and offrings great for thee shall stand
Within my kingdoms all, and I my self shall out of hand
Enrolle thy sacryd lotts, and dities, deere of holy rymes.
My people them shal learne, and chosen men at standing times
Shall consecratid be, thy mighty mind that shall expound.
Do thou this time thy self thy verses speake with perfit sound.
Nor write no line in leaues, lest whirling wind therwith may play,
Confounding then from course, and lest in skies they fly their way.
Ye endid thus. Speake thou (q he) thy self I humbly pray.
But wrastling wild as yet, against the god in thentry large
Dame Sibly mombling made, and strugling strong withstode the charge,
If haply so she might the gods enforcing shake from brest:
But he preuailing stil, with more and more her sprite oppresst.
Her hart, her raging mouth, he taming stayed and fired fast.
And now along the caue, a hundred dores were open brest
Of proper strength, and through the vaute these answers out she cast.
O thou that dangers great of seas at last hast skapid all,
But greater things on land remaines for thee. The Troyans shall
To *Lauin* kingdom come, cast from thy brest that point of feare.
But sone repent they shal, and curse the time that brought them there.
Repent right sone they shal: wars, dredful warrs vprising growes,
And *Tyber* flood I see, with fomy blood how thick it flowes.
Eft sones of Troyan streames nor Greekish campes thou shalt not faile,
And in *Italia* thee a new Achilles shal assail,
That borne of goddesse is, nor from the Troyans Iuno stout
Shal one where absent be, whan thou at neede extreme for dout,
What nations of *Italya* land shalbe? what cities great?
That thou that time for aide with humble sute shalt not entreat?
The cause of all this wo, shall be a wife of forayne line.
A forain spouse yet ones ageyn to Troyans.
Yet for these mischiefes all do thou not shrink, but bolder preasse,
Where thee thy fortune leads, thy chiefest helth and cause of peace,
(Where least thou dost respect) shal from a Greekish town apeere.
These words did Sibly speake, and rapt with spright in caue oncleare,
Her compas crokyd songes, and doubtful rimes she bellwing sounders,
Inuoluing truth in darck, such bridling bittes and rauing bounders
Apollo giues his præst, and close to preache he prickes her brest.

This was accomplished afterward, & in rome there were x. interpreters of siblies bokes, called decem viri sibillini, with a college of the same. sibil resisted til the sprite compelled her.

siblies voyce.

 When

Trueth in darkenes.

Whan first her pattring mouth and raging limmes were left at rest,
Aeneas prince began. No trauail new this is to me
O virgin pure, nor face of labour non vnselt I see.
All this I do conceiue, and in my mind considred late.
One thing I shal desire, (for here men say beginnes the gate
Of great infernall king, and darcksome flodes by hell that fleete)
Giue licens me to go to seeke and see my father sweete.
Vouchsaue to gide my way, and holy doores do open make.
Him I from thousands swordes, and burning flames alway did take.
These shulders, euen these shulders, through the foes did bring him out,
He passage toke with me, with me al streames and londe about,
And threatnings all of seas and tempestes all with wery payne,
Aboue his age and strength, onwerdy man, he did sustaine.
And now that I this time before thy doore so meekely pray:
He me commaunded thus. Haue pity now of both vs tway
O sacred virgin pure (for thou maist all) nor here in vaine
Diana thee hath set, on *Lymbo* wodes to rule and raine.
If Orpheus obteynid ones his wife from vnder ground:
By singing sweete at harp, and striking stringes of pleasant sound:
If Pollux did his brothers death redeeme with his exchaunge,
And went and came so oft, what shuld I talke of Theseus straunge?
Or strongest Hercules? my selfe from hie Ioue do discend.

An easy way to hel.

These thinges he talked thus, and fast he held the altars end.
Than prophet Sibly said. O borne of blod of heauenly kind,
Thou Troian duke, the way that leades to hel is light to find
Both nightes and daies, the doore of *Limbo* black doth open gape.
But backward vp to clime, and frés to skies estsones to skape,
There worck, there labour is: few men whom equall Ioue did loue,
Or vertue percing al, did to the starres aduaunce aboue,
Could worck so great a worck that midwaies al ar compast wide
With desertes darck of woods, and slimy flod ful black doth slide.

For he must neuertheles afterward.

But if so great desier, such feruent loue thou hast in mind,
Two times to loke on hell, two times to swim those lakes onkind,
If pleasour ought there be, this frantike toyle to take on thee:

She apoints him first to the golden tree wherby is

These things first must thou do. In shadowes great there lurks a tree,
With golden cropps and bowes, with leaues and braunches smothe of gold:
Which to Diana deepe, infernal Queene, is sacred hold.
This tree hath euery wood, and dark in vales doth hide with shade.

But no man breathing life can vnder ground haue power to trade,
Til from those goldilocks of bows he brings one braunche deuine,
Which to her self for chief reward Diana doth assigne.
Whan one bough broken is, another springs as fresh in sight
Of gold, and twigges are euer like, with buddes of metall bright.
Seke out therfore with spede, and whan thou duely hast it spied,
Lay thou theron thy hand, for willingly with eas, onwried
It self it shal releas, if dest nies thée therto do call:
For otherwise not breake it wil, for strength, nor wepons all.
Moreouer, now thy frend deceassed lieth with corps on ground,
Alas vnware thou art, and al thy fleete he doth confound,
While here thou harkning standst, and councels great of God dost craue.
Him first go bring to earth, and giue to him his worthy graue.
And slaughters black of beastes for sinnes redemption sée thou leade.
So maist thou *Limbo* woods, where breathing man may neuer tread,
Behold at last, (q she.) With that, her mouth she stopping staied.
Aeneas mourninge went, with fired eies on ground dismaied.
And leauing thus the caue, these fortunes hard and chaunces blind
He pondring did reuolue, so did with him Achates kind,
And ioyntly step by step with equal cares they walking went.
Much talk betwéen them twain of sondry things they speaking spent,
What frend dame Sibly means, what corps it is they should entiere.
But whan to shore they came, onware on sand approching néere,
Misenus slaine they sée with giltles death, their frend ful déere.
Misenus trompet sounder chief, whose nobler neuer was,
In kindling men with noise, and fighting fieldes to chéere with bras.
Somtime sir mighty Hectors mate he was, to Hector strong
With trompet bold and speare he corage gaue in battail throng.
But whan that him from life Achilles victor spoilid had,
Vnto Aeneas Troian prince this valiant captain sad
Did place him self as péere, and nothing worse his chaunce he drew.
But than (as mischief was) while brasen trompe he swimming blew
For pride, and calling to compare the Gods of seas did greue:
Him Triton toke for spite (if men may boldly this beleue)
And dragd him through the rockes, and depe in seas his enmy drenend.
The Troyans than with noise his body dead encompast round,
And good Aeneas chief, than to accomplish Siblies charge,
No longer time thei take, but weeping fast an altar large

signified wisedome that ouercometh al things.

He found his trõpet tour Misenus dead on the land.

Triton a fisshe with a trõpet did drown Misenus in the sea for his

They re,

They lade with timber logges, and hie to heauen a pile they bilde.
Into a foreſt old they gon, and hauntes of beaſtes vnmilde,
Down tombling crake the trees, vpriſith ſounde of ares ſtrokes,
Both holmes, and beches broad, and beames of aſhe, and ſhides of okes,
Wich wedges great they clyue, and mountain elmes with leauers rolle.
Aeneas eke their work with corage kindling did controlle.
And toles in hand he toke, and foremoſt man amongſt them wrought.
Yet heauines in hart he bare, and often thus he thought,
If now this golden braunche wil through this foreſt thick apeare,
Than verily right true it is (as al things ells ben cleare)
And to to true (alas) of thee ſhe ſpake Miſenus deere.
Skant ſpoken were theſe words, whan culuers twain by chaunce in ſight
Came ouerhead in ſkies before his face, and down they light,
And ſoftly ſat on ground, he knew forthwith his mothers burdes
Doues are Veaus birds for their encreas. Aeneas mighty prince, and thus he praied in ſilent wurdes.
O, be my gides (if any way there be) and through theſe glades
Direct me to the place where fertill ſoile in darckſome ſhades
Doth beare this golden braunche, and thou O mother great, I pray
Now faill me not at neede. Thus ſpeking ſtil himſelf did ſtay,
Beholding brim thoſe byrds, and how they riſe, and where they flie.
They feding there a while amounted furth, and went in ſkie.
Myſteltew callyd of ſome miſteldē growyng on trees in winter with a yelowe ſlimy bery clammy lyke bird lyme, it cometh by donging of birdes on the tres. So far as eyes of man could them purſue, or marke could make.
Than whan againſt Auerna mouth they came, (that ſtinking lake)
They lyft them ſelfes aloft, and through the tender aier they flyde
And falling down at laſt, they toke their trée, and there did bide,
Where gliſtring braunches ſhewes of ſondry gloſſid ſhining gold.
None otherwiſe, than miſtelteiwe on woods in winter cold
Renewes his buſhes greene, whom tronck of tree did neuer breede,
But ſaffronfrutid bows the ſtubbes therof doth ouerſpreede,
So from the tree the golden braunche did ſhewe, ſuch was the kind,
So wauering ſoft it wagde, and tincling ſweete it made in wind.
Aeneas at it ſtraight, and caught a crop with much ado.
And glad with comfort great, daime Siblies houſe he brought it to.
Nor nothing leſſe this while, the Troyans all in ſolempne giſe
Did wayle Miſenus corps, and gaue to him their laſt outcries.
Firſt, cut in culpons great, and fat of ſappe with pitche among
The funerals. A ſtately pile they bilde, with timber trées and Cipers ſtrong.
(That dead mens treaſour is) his gorgeous armes alſo they ſet,

Some

Some brought the water warme, and coudrons boyling out they fet.
The body cold they waſhe, and precious ointments on they powre.
Lamenting loude is made, than cloſe his limmes in bed on flore
They couch with weeping teares, and purple weedes on him they throw:
His robes, his harneis bright, and enſeignes al that men may know.
In mourning ſort, ſome heaue on ſhulders hie the mighty beere,
(A dolefull ſeruice ſad) as childzen do their father deere,
Behind them holding brondes, than flame vprifing, broad doth ſpreede,
And oyles and deinties caſt, and frankinſens the fier doth feede.
Whan faine his cinders were, and longer blaſe did not endure:
His reliques and remain of duſt with wines they waſhyd pure.
Than Choriney his bones in braſen coffin bright did cloſe.
And ſprincling water pure, about his mates thre times he goes,
And dropps of ſacrid dewe with Olive palmes on them did ſhake,
And compas bleſt them al, and ſentence laſt he ſadly ſpake.
To fieldes of ioye thy ſoule, and endles reſt we do betake.
But good Aeneas than, right huge in height his tombe did rere,
And gaue the lord his armes, his ore and trompet fired there.
On mountain nere the ſkies, that of Miſenus beares the name:
And euerlaſting ſhal from world to world retaine the ſame.
This done, dame Siblies further mind to execute he ſhapes.

A dongeon darke there is, that euermore wide open gapes,
Full rough of rocky ſtones, and lothſome lake there flowes about.
Therouer dare no bird attempt to flie, for deadly dout,
Such priſon breath outbreaks, and through the throte with ſtifling ſtink,
Such ſmolthring vapour ſmokes, and vp to ſkies is borne from brinke.
Wherby the Greekes by name *Auerna* mouth that place do call.
There hefers choſen foure, full blacke of backes, he firſt of all
Did bring, and wines betwen theyr fronts the prieſt of cuſtome threw,
And with her hand ſhe pluckt the hear betwen their hornes that grew,
To caſt in ſacrid fier, redemption chiefe of deedes amis.
And on Diana calls, in heauen and hel that mighty is.
Som other ſturres with kniues, and blod lukewarm in bolles they take.
Him ſelf a lambe by darke, onto the dame of furies blake,
And to her ſiſter great with ſword he ſtrake, and onto thee,
(O Proſerpine) a fruteleſſe cowe he kild ful blacke to ſee.
Than onto *Lymbo* king his altars large he made by night.
And bowelles whole of bulles in burning fier enflamid bright.

of Miſenus maruelouſly expreſſyd of Virgill.

Warme water and cryengs, for manye ſeeme dead and be yet a liue.

Nouiſsima verba.

Diſcriptiō of a place in Italy called Auerna, where antiquity ſuppoſed to be the entry into hel & is yet a terrible place to loke on.

And plenty fat of oyles, till offrings al were wastid quight.

sibly brought Aeneas in to Auerna mouth, and so vnder ground to Lymbo wherin Virgil expresseth all the belief and opinion of the Pagans.

Behold, before that light of sonne did rise in skies aboue,
The ground with roaring shooke, and vnder feete did trembling moue.
And toppes of trees do turne, and dogges in shade did seeme to houle,
When first the goddesse came. Auaunt, auaunt, you sinners foule
Dame Sibly loud did crie, from al these woods stand out beneath.
Kepe thou thy way by force, and nakyd sword pull from thy sheath.
Now time of corage is, now fire thy mind Aeneas fast.
And with that word into *Auerna* mouth her self she cast.
Ye void of feare doth stalking her pursewe at elbowe fast.
O gods that empier keepes on ghostes, and soules of silens dumme,
Thou Chaos, and you firy boyling pittes and places glumme:
Giue licens me to tell your secret workings vnder ground,
Giue pardon to disclose things deepe in mist, and darkenes dround.
They walking went in night, alone, in silens through the shade,
By *Lymbos* kingdoms wast, and houses empty voyde of trade.
Like as the feeble Moone doth giue sometime a fainting light
To men that walke in woods, whã clouds do kepe the skies from sight,
And al things altred ben, and coulours cleere are hyd by night.
Euen at the porche, and first in *Lymbo* iawes, done Wailings dwell,
And Cares on couches lyen, and Settled Windes on vengeans fell.
Diseases leane, and pale, and combrous Age of dompishe yeeres,
And Feare, and filthy Neede, and Hunger hard that mischief steeres.
Misshapen things in sight. Than death himself, whose neighbor nest
Was Slepe that kinsman is to Death, than proud Winds vnperplext
Reioysing vile in sinne, and mortal Warres afront the gate,
And Furies fight in beddes of steele, and Discorde farre from state
With bleding browes, and vglome startling heares of angry snakes,
Amids them all an Elme with armes out spreding, shadow makes.
An Elme both huge and old, that seat, men say do Fanties keepe,
And Dreames vncertaine dwell, and euery leafe they vndercreepe.
And diuers monsters more there was, of sondry sortes vnkind.
As Scillas and Centaurus, man before, and beast behind.
In euery doore they stampe, and Lyons sad with gnashing sound.
And Bugges with hundryd heades as Briarey, and armid round
Chimera fightes with flames, and gastly Gorgon grim to see,
With heardes of Harpies vile, and Goblines foule of figures three.
Aeneas sodenly for feare his glistring sword out tooke,

And

And as they threatning came, he towards them his fauchon shooke.
And (but his learnid gyde instruct him did, to let go by
Those flittring tender formes, and not to touch those shappes that flye
Which nothing ben but life, and substance none, but likenes thinne)
He wold with them haue fought, and did in vaine to beate beginne.
Here now the way doth lead to *Lymbo* lake and filthy flud,
Whose chanell chokid is with troublous grounds of miry mud,
And belching boyles a sand, which to the banks it throwes from deepes.
A dreedfull feryman that streame with visage lothsome keepes,
In tattrid wretched weede, and Caron he by name doth hight.
His hoary bushe and beard both ouergrown and foule vndight,
With skouling steaming eyes, and from his shulders down his loynes
His filthy mantell hanges, whom sluttishe knot oncomly ioynes,
Himself with pykyd poale his boate doth guide, and beares a charge,
Transporting stil the soules, in rusty dusty cankryd barge.
Well agyd now, but sappy strength he keepes of greener yeres.
To this place all the rout doth drawe themselfs with louring cheres,
By numbers great, both men and women dead, nor long delayed.
With princes, preaced boyes and girles, that wedlocks neuer saied,
And flouring youth, that in theyr parentes time were layd in ground,
And all that life had borne, about the banke they clustrid round,
As thick as leaues of trees among the woods in winter wind
When first to ground they fal, or like as foules of waterkind
Assembling flocke them selfs, when yere of frost hath first begonne,
And ouer seas they seeke in warmer londs to take the sonne.
They stood, and crauing cried, that first transport they might before,
And stretching held their hands desiring much the further shore.
The churlish feryman, now these now those by course receiues,
And somedown thrusting throws, and from the sand restraining weyues.
Aeneas than, for of this great tumult he merueld sore:
O virgin tel (q he) what meanes this busye great vprore?
What seeke they thus? why to this water banck ronne they so fast?
Wherfore be these reiect? and yonder those their course haue past?
And some with ores I see are sweeping yet this chanell blewe?
Than shortly thus to him dame Sibly spake, that prophet true.
O great Anchises son, vndouted child of gods in blisse,
Now *Lymbo* lake thou seest, infernal poale this water is.
Cocitus cald it is, and Stigies moore the name doth beare,

Caron the fery man of hell fludds.

By which the gods them ſelfs ſo ſore affraid ben to forſweare.
This preaſe that here thou ſeeſt, ben people dead not laid in graue,
A piteous rable pore, that no relief nor comfort haue.
This boateman Caron is, and thoſe whom now this water beares,
Are bodies put in ground with worſhip due of weepinge teares.
Nor from theſe feareful bankes nor ryuers hoarce they paſſage get:
Till vnder earth in graues theyr bodies bones at reſt are ſet.
A hundred yeres they walk, and round about theſe ſhores they houe,
And than at laſt full glad, to further poles they do remoue.
Aeneas ſtopt his fote, and ſtayed him ſelf againſt that place,
Reuoluing much in mynd, and pitied ſore their woful caſe.
He ſawe lamenting there, and lacking graues and worſhip due,
Leucaſpis and Orontes, lords of Troyan fleete full trewe.
Whom ioyntly both from *Troy*, as through the ſwelling ſeas they paſt:
The ſouthwind whirling toke, and ſhip and men did ouercaſt.
Behold, his mayſter chief, and pylot guyde, ſyr Palinure
Chafing did vere him ſelf, who late in *sicil* ſeas full ſure
His courſe with ſailing kept, while ſtarrs of heauen he beWd at helme
He through the puppe was falne, and ſeas him quite did ouerwhelme,
Him ſcarſe he could diſcerne among the ſoules with frowning face.
Than firſt he ſpake. O Palinure, what god with heauy grace
Hath ſpoilid me of thee? and thee in deepe ſeas thus hath drowned?
Declare to me, for neuer here tofore that fals was found,
With this one tale vntrew Apollo me did feede in vaine,
Who ſaid, that ſauf from ſeas, *Italia* land thou ſhuldſt attayne,
Lo where a man may truſt. Is this his faith ſo vndefilde?
He thereonto. It is not Phœbus thee that hath begylde
O Troian king, nor me that god in ſeas did ouerwhelme.
For as at ſterne I ſtood, and ſteering ſtrongly held my helme,
Wherwith I charged was, and courſe of ſhips with ſailes did beare,
I hedlong fell therwith. By all the ſeas full rough I ſweare,
Nothing ſo ſore I dreedde, nor for my ſelf ſo much did rare,
As leſt thy ſhip diſpoyld, and of her guide and maiſter bare:
Shuld by miſfortune fail, as waues ſo great that time did riſe.
Three weery winter nightes, in combrous ſeas in waltring wiſe,
With waters borne I was: the fourth day ſkant at laſt I ſpied
Italia land, as ouer waues full hie my head I wried.
By ſmal and ſmal to landward than I ſwam, and ſure I was,

Had

Had not the nation wild destroyd me there vnknown, alas.
And as I creping held with crokid hands the mountaynes toppe,
Encombrid in my clothes that dabbing down from me did droppe:
They slew me there with swordes, and thought by me to grayne a pray.
Now still in flodes I fleete, and to and fro with winds I stray.
That I thee, by the gladsome light of heauen and ioyfull skies:
Now for thy fathers loue, and for thy son whose lucke doth rise:
Unwrap me from thes wrongs (o pereles prince) and bring me a ground,
I pray thee, (for thou maist) in *Velin* hauens I shall be found.
Or thou, if any way there be, if goddesse mother thine
Hath shewd thee how to shift (for not without some power deuine
This place I think thou seest, nor *Lymbo* pooles thus canst thou swim)
Reatche me thy hand, and take me wretche with thee by water brim,
That after death at least, in pleasant rest I may remayne.
Such things he talking spake, whan Sibly thus replied agayne.
Sithe whan O Palinure, hath al this madnes comen on thee?
Woldst thou the *Lymbo* pole and dolefull fluddes vntombid see?
Unbidden from this bank dost thou in deede to skape entende?
Seke neuer Gods eternal dome with speche to think to bende.
Yet take with thee his word, and comfort thus thy greeuous fal.
For they that border nert vnto that mount, and cities all,
By tokens great from heauen shal be compeld thy bones to take,
And tombe they shall the byld, and solempne seruice thee shall make.
And Palinurus name for euermore the place shall keepe.
This spoken, from his heauy hart his cares abating creepe.
And sorowes partly shrank, and glad on earth his name he knewe.
They on their iourney went, and towards now the flod they drewe.
Whom as the boteman first, with eies vpcast in comming spied:
To walke in silent woodes, and how to shore their feete they plied:
He thus began to chafe, and towardes them ful loude he cried.
What euer thou art, that armid thus vnto our fluddes dost trace:
Tell what thine errand is, and stay thy selfe, and stop thy pace.
Here is the seate of soules, the place of sleepe and slumbry night,
Nor breathing bodies non this boat may bear by law nor right.
Nor Hercules (whom I did last receiue) did me no good,
Nor Theseus, with Pirithous, that pasid here this flod,
Though born of gods they were, and peereles lords of strength and mind.
He with his mighty hands the mastif hound of hell did bind

Before the king at benche, and dragde him trembling out to light.
Those other did attempt to steale from hens our empresse bright.
Than Sibly prophet præst, with gentle speeche thus did entreat.
Here is no treason such, do thou not chafe nor further freat.
These wepons work no harme, the porter huge for euermore
May barking keep his caue, and bloodles soules affraye from shore.
Well may Diana chast her vncles chamber long emoy.
Aeneas famous here, the curteis prince, in armes of *Troy*
Vnto his father goeth, vnto the soules of *Lymbo* lowe,
If vertue non so great may moue thy mind this man to knowe.
Behold (q she) this braunche, and from her garment out she toke
The golden braunche, than angry wrath his swelling hart forsoke,
Nor, more he spake, but wondring at that blessid gift of grace,
And fatall rod, that seldome seen had ben within that place,
Ye shouid furth his ship, and on the banck approching hit.
Than other soules, that on the sides in long arayes did sit:
Ye tombling draue them down, and made a rowme, and in he takes
Aeneas mighty prince, the boat in iointes for burden crakes.
And through that lethin seames the filthy floud in plenty drinkes.
Yet landed sauf at last both priest and man, on the vtter brinkes,
In miry woas, and slimy mudde mischapen foule that stinkes,

Cerberus the porter of hell.

There Cerberus, infernal hound, with throtes wide open three,
Doth bawle with barking noyse, at *Lymbo* mouth ful huge to see.
Whose neck whan Sibly sawe with startling snakes to swelling firt:
A soppe of bread with sleepy feedes, and hony sweete commirt
Against his throte she threw, he gaping wide his threfold iawes,
Al hungry caught that gubbe, and couching strait with stretching pawes,
Ye bowed his boistous back, and on the ground himself be spred,
Encombring all the caue, and groueling lay with slumbry head.
Aeneas toke the place, while thus the porter slurging was,
And skope the further shore, wher backward home no life can pas.
Anon were voyces hard, and piteous cries, and wailings shrill,
Of soules of tender babes, and infantes weeping void of skill.
That pleasure sweete of life did neuer tast, but from their brest
Untimely death them toke, and fortune grimme hath down oppresst.
Nert them be such, as false surmise haue don to death by lawe,
Nor they without their iudge, and for their seats their lots thei drawe,
King Minos mones their bore, and as a iudge their liues enqueres,

And

And calles enquestes of soules, and al their sinnes in silens heres.
Than louring nert in place, ben they that fel with wilfull death,
And giltles slew them selfes, with hasty hands, abhorring breath,
And shoke from them their soules, how gladly now in skies againe,
Wold they full poore estate, and hardnes al of life sustaine:
The destnies do resist, and lake vnlouely them detaynes,
And poles of *Lymbo* nine in compas ronning, them restraines.
Not far alok from thens, disperst abroad on quarters all,
The mourning feeldes they see (for so by name men do them call)
There they whom cruell loue consumid hath with fretting modes,
In secret pathes they walk, and hide them selues in Mirtill woodes,
Encombrid still with cares, nor death it self their sorowes slakes.
There Phædra, Procris, and Euriphilen he seeth that morning makes
For loue, and of her son vnmercyfull the woundes doth beare.
Euadnee than, and Pasiphæ, likewise that martryd were.
And Cenæus, a lad somtime that was, but now a wife,
Conuerted eft by kinde to former shap of females life.
Among al these, Queene Dido late that died of fatall wound,
In forest wandring went, whom the Troyan duke had found,
Approching nere and knew, in shimring shadowe darck and thinne:
Much like, as after chaunging new whan prime doth first beginne,
Men see, or think they see the doubtfull moone in cloudes aboue:
He blubbrid out in teares, and thus did speake for dulcet loue.
O wofull Dido deere, the tale to trewe (as now doth seeme)
Was brought me of thy losse, and of thy stroke and wound extreme.
I was thy cause of death, alas, now by the starres I sweare,
By all the Gods, and if there be remaining yet one where
Unfaind faith, if trueth on ground or vnder ground may bee:
Against my will (O Queene) from thy dominions did I flee.
But me, ỹ threatnings great of Gods that through these glimsing glades
Compels to seeke, these hoary mosy musty darksom shades:
Hath forcid me to this, nor neuer (Queene) could I beleeue,
That my departing thee, so sore at hart could euer greeue.
Now stay thy self, and from my sight withdrawe thee not so fast.
Whom fleest thou thus: this vnto thee must be my talking last.
Aeneas thus to her, that frowning stod, with skouling eyes,
He spake to swage her mind, and teares out gushing still did rise.
She turning, fixyd fast her face on ground with louring loke,

Nor more to him did mone, nor at his tale regard she toke:
Than sturres a standyng stone, or mountayn rocke for blast of wynde.
At last from him she brake, and backe she fled with spitefull minde,
To shadows thick of woods, where ioynt with her, her husband old
Sichæus doth complayne, and equall loue with her doth holde.
Aeneas netheless, whom this mischaunce full sory shooke,
Pursude her, wæpyng longe, and at her partyng pitie tooke.
From thens their way they sought, and now the borders last they helde.
Where worthy lords of armes enhabit thick in secret felde,
There met he with sir Tydeus, and valiant noble knight
Parthenopee, and pale Adrastus ghost, that wofull spright.
There, they that much lamented were on earth, and died in warre:
The Troyan lords, he knew them all in long arayes a farre.
Thersilochus, and Glaucus deere, he sobbid them to see,
And Medon, and Anthenor the famous children three.
And Polibetes, Ceres priest that was, both strong and bolde,
Idæus eke, that horses swift and armours yet doth holde.
By flockes about him drewe the soules full thick on euery hand,
Nor satisfied they ben with loking ones, but still thei stand,
And steppes with him they ioyne, and glad they be his cause to lerne.
But al the Greekish, lords, and Agammenons captayns sterne,
Whan first the man they saw in glistring armour through the night:
They trembling shoke for fear, some turning toke their wonted flight,
As to their ships somptime thei ran, some others squeking thinne
Wold lift their voyce, but in their iawes begonne, it stack within.

Deiphebus that maried Helen after the death of Paris.

There Deiphebus, Priams son he sawe, al boucherwise
Bemanglid foule in face, with body torne in cruell gise.
Both body, face, and hands, and temples twaine, and eares dispoilde,
With lothly croppid nose, and shameful woundes eche where defoilde.
Skarse him he could discerne, that trembling shrank, and couered wold
His filthy wounds, than thus he spake with voyce acquainted old.
O Deiphebus, mighty most in armes, O Troian blood:
What saluage tirant beast hath giuen to thee this plage so wood?
Who might so great a power obtaine on thee? The rumour went
How in the night extreme, of Greekish slaughters wery spent
Thou headlong threwst thy self on mirid heapes of ennies slain.
Than I my self to thee, an empty tombe on *Rheta* plain
Aduaunsing vp did bilde, and thrise thy soule saluted cleere.

Thy

Thy name and armes that place preserues, but thée (O frend so déere)
Could I not sée, that in thy contrey ground I might entére.
Than Deiphebus said. Nothing (swéete frend,) can I requier.
All duetics done thou hast, nor more my ghost can the desier.
But me, min own mischaunce, and Helen strompetts mischief more
Hath plungid thus in paines, these tokens me she left in store.
For whan that latter night with ioyes deceitful vs did féede.
Thow knowst: and ouermuch therof to think we must of néede.
Whan first that fatall horse our contrey walls did ouerskippe
With armour freyghted ful and harneist fotemen down did slippe:
Dissembling than to daunse with songes, and himpnes in strétes about
She drew the Troyan wiues, and in her hand amids the rout
She bare the burning torche, and from the towres the Greekes did lure.
Than ouercome with cares, I wofull miser sléeping sure
Within my chamber was, in pleasant eas, and laid at rest,
And slomber swéete and déepe, most like to death had me opprest.
My godly spouse this while, my wepons al way she cloinde,
From al my house, and from my head my trusty sword purloind.
And Menelae her former husband cald, and fild the flores
With clusters great of Greekes, and open wide she set the dores,
And me to them she gaue, for token chief of former loue,
That fame of old offence by that amendes she might remoue.
What shuld I longer make: into my chamber all they thrust,
With fals Vlisses help. O gods re dubbe them vengeaunce iust.
If due rewards I séeke, if Greekes with me vniustly wrought.
But thée, aliue, what wondrous fortune here this time hath brought?
Declare to me, by wandring wide at seas art comen astray?
Or gods appointment great, or what mischaunce doth thée dismay,
To sée this troublous place, these houses heauy voide of sonne?
With talking thus, the Morning golden bright had ouerronne
The compas halfe of heauen, and middes of skies she now did clime.
And happly speaking more, they shuld haue spent their pointed time.
But Sibly warning gaue.
The night approcheth fast, we wéepe away the time in vayne.
Here is the place where now the way deuides it selfs in twaine.
The righthand path goth vnderneth the walles of Pluto déepe.
That way we must, if path to *Paradise* we think to kéepe.
The lefthand leades to paine, and damnid sinners sends to hell.

Than Deiphebus ſaid. O prophet pure that doſt excell,
Do thou no furter freat, I wil depart to yonder feld
To fyl the number there, and me again to darknes yelde.
Go worſhip, go thou glory great of *Troy*, with heauenly grace,
God ſend thée more good lucke, and with that word he turnd his pace.
Aeneas turnd his eyes, and in the rock on lefthand ſide
A caſtle broad he ſeeth, with thre thick walls encompaſt wide.
Whom enuironned with rage of flaming flood that fier out ſpewes,
A dampiſhe firy flood, that ſounding ſtones outbelching ſtewes.
A gate againſt it ſtands, ful huge of height, with pillers great
Of Adamant vncut, whom force of mankind non can beat,
Nor gods themſelfs of heauen: vpſtands to ſkies a braſen towre,
Where ſits Tiſiphonee with blod read toles, and viſage ſowre,
That combrous monſter feend, both daies and nights the watch ſhe kéepes
Before that entry grim, with gargell face, and neuer ſléepes.
From thens wer howlings heard, and wretches wayling toſt in paines,
And clinching loud of iron, and gingling noiſe of dragging chaines.
Aeneas ſterting ſtood, and all that buſtling harknid to.
What vengeaunce noiſe is this? O virgin tell, what haue they do?
That thus tormented ben? what meanes this bounſing? this outrage?
Than Sibly thus began. O Troyan duke of wiſdome sage,
No good man may come nére this curſid houſe of dampnid Hell,
But me, whan in *Auerna* wodes Diana ſet to dwell,
She taught me than their paines, and through theſe places al did gide.
This boiſtous empier kéepes ſir Radamanthus, king of pride,
Correcting men for ſinne, and al their falſhodes heares and tries,
Conſtraining to confeſſe what euer thing they did in ſkies:
Differring til their death, as if al paines eſcapid were.
Anon, the giltie ſoules with ramping force and grilly feare
Tiſiphonee doth take, and ſcourging them ſhe ſwappes with whippes,
And ſerpentes grim ſhe ſhakes, and ouer them ſhe ſtamping ſkippes,
With flocks of ſwarming fiends, and al her ſiſters out ſhe calles,
Infernal hideous haggs, and to their turments them ſhe ſtalles.
Than verily with thondring fearefull noiſe, the facrid hookes
Doth opening turne their gates, ſeeſt what a gard againſt vs lookes?
What faces? what a watch ther ſtands at euery gate in ſight?
With fifty garing heades a monſtrous dragon ſtands vpright?
Yet ſitts a worſe within. Than, Hell it ſelf, that ſinkehole ſteepe

Two times as broad descends, two times as hedlong downright dépe:
As heauen vpright is hie, if men therto from thence might pépe.
There lie the Titans brood, and of dame Earth the linage olde:
Downthrown with lightning dintes, and in that gulf are tombling rold.
There saw I serpentfoted bastards twain, of giauntes syse,
That in conflict with heauen, to teare the skies did enterprise,
Despising Ioue himself, whom from his throne they wold haue thrust.
Eke Sulmon there I saw, in cruell wreake of turmentes iust.
For he the flames of god, and thondring soundes wold counterfeat.
He borne with horses foure, and shaking brondes and torches great
Through contreys al of *Greece*, and townes triumphing went about,
And honors due to God vsurping toke of euery rout.
A frantik man, that péereles lightning clouds wold think to skorne,
With brasse and ronning stéedes, that footed ben with hoof of horne.
But Ioue almighty than, a firy dart on him down flang,
His artes could him not help, nor cressetts fierce wherwith he sprang.
But hedlong he to hel in whirling storme was thrown to déepes.
There plungid now in paines, he in the botom crawling créepes.
Eke *Tition* the darling déere of Earth which al thing brédes
You shuld haue sene, that furlongs nine of ground with body sprédes.
And huge on him there sitts, with crokid beake and croming pawes
A gastly Gripe, that euermore his growing guttes outdrawes.
And tiring tearith furth his euerduring liuer vaines,
Nor neuer rest there is, but fresh renewes his endles paines.
What shuld I now rehearse the beastly Centaures rable all?
Whom ouer hangs a stone that euermore doth séeme to fall.
Their bridebedds faier are spred, and golden carpets shine ful bright,
And precious princely fare before their face is set in sight.
Than comes the foulest fend, and al their deinties ouerbrodes,
Forbidding them to touche, and from their hands doth snatch their feods,
And beats with burning brondes and thondrings thick her mouth doth cast.
There they that did their brethren most abhorre while life did last,
Or beat their parents, or their clients cause haue foule betraied,
And such as gatherid gwdes vnto themselfs, and no man paied,
Nor almes neuer gaue, wherof there is to great a throng.
Or for aduoutry haue ben slaine, or reisd warres in wrong.
Or rebells to their prince, or maisters goods wold not discerne:
Includid in that Jaile their paines they bide. Séeke not to lerne

What pains: what woꝛld of wo ther is: how ech his foꝛtune fæles.
Som rolls vnwoldy rocks, ſome hangs on hie diſplaid on whæles.
Some tombling tyꝛe themſelfs. There euer ſitts and euer ſhall
Unhappy Theſeus, and Phlegias moſt of miſers all:
Among thoſe caytiues darke and loud with voice to them doth roꝛe,
Learne iuſtice now by this, and gods aboue deſpiſe no moꝛe.
One wꝛetch his contrey ſold, and pꝛince of ſtrength therto did call,
He foꝛgid lawes foꝛ bꝛibes, and made, and mard, and altrid all.
Another leapt into his doughters bed, confounding kindes,
All ment outragious dedes, and fyld their foule outragious minds.
Not if I had a hundꝛed mouthes, a hundꝛed tonges to ſpend,
And voyce as ſtrong as ſtæle, yet could I neuer compꝛehend
Their ſondꝛy ſinnes and paines, noꝛ of their names ſhuld make an end
When Sibli to Aeneas thus had ſaid. Now make me ſpæde,
Go furth, kæpe on thy way, perfoꝛme thoſe things that thou haſt næde.
Diſpatche we now (q̄ ſhe) I ſpie from hence the chimneis topps
Of Ciclops boiſtous walles, I ſee their gates their foꝛge, and ſhopps,
Where we commaunded be to leaue this gift of golden ſpꝛaies.
She ſaid, and ioyntly both they paſt thꝛough croking darkſom waies,
And marching thꝛough the middes, vnto the gates appꝛochid nære.
Aeneas thꝛough them rusht, and than him ſelf with water clære
Beſpꝛinckling, toke the bꝛaunche, and at the gate he fyxt it faſt.

Deſcriptiõ of paradiſe

These things ſo done, and all the goddeſſe gift fulfyld at laſt:
Into the gladſome fældes they come, where arbers ſwæte and græne,
And bleſſed ſeates of ſoules, and pleaſant woods and groues are ſæne.
A freſſher fæld of aier whom larger light doth ouerſtrowe,
And purer bꝛeath, their pꝛiuat ſonne, their pꝛiuat ſtarres they knowe.
Some to diſpoꝛt them ſelfs there ſondꝛy maiſtries tried on graſſe.
And ſome their gambolds plaid, and ſom on ſand there wꝛaſtling was.
Som friſking ſhake their fæte, and meaſures tread: rimes thei ſowne,
And Orpheus among them ſtands, as pꝛieſt in trayling gowꝛn.
And twancling makes them tune, with notes of muſike ſeueral ſeuen.
And now with Puery quill, now ſtrings he ſtrikes with fingers euen.
There were the Troyan loꝛds, and antike ſtocke of noble race,
Moſt pꝛudent pꝛinces ſtrong, and boꝛne in yeres of better grace.
Both Ilus, and Aſſaracus, and founder firſt of Troy,
King Dardan, at their armour wædes he wondꝛed much with ioy.
Their ſpeares beſide them ſtand, their charets ſtrong are ſet on ground,

Their

Their comly coursing stéedes along the launds do féede vnbound.
What minds, what loue thei had, to dedes of arms whan life thei drew,
Or what delite in stéedes: the same them dead doth now pursue.
Another sort he séeth, with hand in hand where gras doth spring,
That feasting féede them selfs, and heaue and hoaw for ioy they sing.
Among the Laurel woods, and smelling floures of arbers swéete:
Where bubbling soft with sound the riuer fresh doth by them fléete.
There such as for their countreys loue while liues in them did last
In battel suffrid wounds, or prieستes that godly were and chast,
Or prophetes pure of life, and worthy things to men did preache:
Or to adorne mans mortall life did science goodly teache:
Their heads ar compas knit with garlond floures right fresh of hewe.
To whom than Sibly spake, as round about her fast they drewe.
Onto Musæus first, for he inclosyd is in throng
With numbers great of soules, and him they kéepe alwaies among,
Brestthigh aboue them all, and all to him theyr heads incline.
Declare (q she) you blessyd soules, and thou préest most diuine
What place Anchises hath? where shal we find him? for his sake
Wée be come here, and passyd haue the fluddes of *Limbo* lake.
Than vnto her the sacred préest with wordes ful gentle spake.
No man hath certen house, but in these shadowes broad wée dwell.
In beddes of riuer bankes, and medowes newe that swéetely smell.
But you, if such desire you haue, passe ouer yonder downes,
My self shal be your gide by easy path into those bownes.
He said, and went before them both, and fieldes ful bright that shynd
He shewd them from aboue, and all the downes they left behind.
Anchises prince, that time in pleasant vale surueyeng was
The soules included there that to the world agayn should passe.
And reknid al his race, and childers childerns line he told,
And kest their destnies al, and liues, and lawes, and manhods bold.
He whan against him there Aeneas comming first beheld:
As he did walke in grasse, his hands to heauen for ioy vp held,
With tricling teares on chéekes, and thus his voyce from him did yeld.
And art thou comen at last, long lokid for, my son so déere?
Thy vertue ouercame this passage hard, and now so clére,
Do I behold thy face? with rendring speche to speche of thine?
So verily me thought, and in my mind I did deuine
Acompting still the times, nor me my carck hath not begild,

What contreys thée (my son) what combrous seas? what nations wilde?
Turmoyld with daungers al, thée scapid now do I receiue?
How sore afraied I was, lest *Lybie* lands shuld thée deceiue?
Ye thereuntó: Thy ghost O father sweete, thy greuous ghost,
Perturbing in my dremes hath me compeld to sée this coast.
On Tirrhen shore my nauy stands at seas, now let vs ioyne
God father hand in hand, now thée from me do not purloyne.
Thus talkid he with teares.
Thre times about his neck his armes he wold haue set, and thries
In vaine his likenes fast he helde, for through his hands he flies
Like wind, vngropable, or dreames that men most swift espies.

This while Aeneas seeth a croked vale, and secret wood,
Lethee a floud of forgetfulnes. And shrubbes of sounding trées, and fléeting through them Lethee flowd,
With séeping sound, that by those pleasant dwellings softly rann:
And peoples thick on euery side that no man number can.
As bées in medowes fresh, (whom somer Sonne doth shining warm)
Assembling fal on floures, and lilies white about they swarm,
With huzzing feruent noyse, that euery feld of murmour ringes.
Pagans opinions. Aeneas with that sight amasid stood, and of those things
The causes al did are, what floud it is, so dull that glides?
And what those peoples ben, that fill so thick those water sides?
Anchises than to him. These soules (q he) that bodies new
Must yet againe receiue, and limmes eftsones with life endue:
Here at this *Lethee* floud they dwell, and from this water brinck
These liquors quenching cares, & long forgetfull draughts they drink,
That of their lyues, and former labours past, they neuer think.

These things to thée, full trew I shall set furth before thine eyes,
And shewe thée all our stock, of thée and me that shal arise.
That more thou maist reioice *Italia* land to find at last.
O father, is it true? may soules that ones this world hath past
And blessed ben in ioy, to bodies dulle again remoue?
What meane they so? why wretched worldly light do they so loue?
I will declare forsoth, nor long (my son) I wil thée holde,
Anchises aunswer made, and all in order did vnfolde.

First heauen and earth, and of the seas that flittring fóeldes and fines.
Thes gloriose starrs, this glistring globe of moone so bright that shines,
One liuely soule there is, that fédes them all with breath of loue:
One mind through al thes members mixt this mighty masse doth moue,

From

From thence mankind, and beastes, and liues of foules in aier that flies,
And al what marblefacid seas conteines of monstrous fries,
One chafing fier among them al there sittes, and heauenly springes
Within their sædes, if bodies noisom them not backward bringes.
But lompe of liueles earth, and mortall members make them dull.
This causeth them, of lust, fear, grief and ioye, to be so full.
Nor closid so in darck, can they regard theyr heauenly kind,
For carcas foule of flesh, and dongeon vile of prison blind.
Moreouer, whan their end of life, and light doth them forsake:
Yet can they not their sinnes nor sorowes al (poore soules) offshake.
Nor al contagions fleshlie, from them voydes, but must of næde
Much things congendrid long, by wondrous meanes at last outsprædd.
Therfore they plagid ben, and for their former fautes and sinnes
Their sondry pains they bide, some hie in ayer doth hang on pinnes.
Some flæting ben in fluddes, and dæpe in gulfs them selfes they tier. The painims purgatory.
Til sinnes a way be washt, or clensyd clære with purgin fier.
Eche one of vs our penaunce here abides, than sent we bee
To paradise at last, we fewe these fældes of ioye do see.
Till compas long of time, by perfit cours, hath purgid quighte
Our former clodded spottes, and pure hath left our ghostli spright,
And sences pure of soule, and simple sparkes of heauenly light.
Than al, whan they a thousand yeres that whæle haue turnd about:
To drinck of *Lethoe* floud, by clusters great, God calls them out.
That there forgetting al their former liues, and former sinne,
The mortall world afreshe, in bodies new they may beginne.
Anchises sayd, and therwithall his sonne and Sibly takes,
And drawes, them through the mids of al that prease ỹ sounding makes,
Unto a mount, from whence they may theyr orders long a rowe,
By leysour ouer read, and as they come theyr faces knowe.
Now let vs see what glory great our Troyan line shal spræde,
And what redoubted lusty laddes, *Italia* land shall brede,
Most princely spirites, our noble Troian fame aduaunce that shall,
In brief I wil dispatche, and thee declare thy destnies all.
Sæst thou not yonder liuely child that leaning bendes his speare?
His lot is nert to rise, and next in world his head shall reare,
Of Troyan and Italian blod commixt, thy worthy childe,
Thy Siluius, borne after thy decease in forest wylde.
Whom late at last to thée thy wife Lauinia bearing bringes,

Here Virgil

A Lately

taketh a wonderfull occasion to discoʒrse the posteritie of Aeneas, and to set furth the glozy and nobilitie of Rome.

A stately king him self, and father great of stately kinges.
From whom our linage long shal *Alba* kingdoms riche enioy.
Than yonder Procas nert, the pʒoud renowm of fozmer *Troy*,
And Numitor, and Capis good, and he that thee by name
Shall repʒesent, Aeneas Siluius of noble fame.
And dedes of armes with bertue mixt, if euer he may raygne,
If euer he his *Alba* lands, and kingdoms may obtayne.
Which lusty laddes behold, from them what coʒage doth redound.
And how their toppes with oken bows, and ciuill crownes ar bound.
They vnto thee *Nomentum* land, and *Gabios* townes shall tame,
And *Fidenas*, and cities great and pʒoude they shal reclaime.
Pometium, and *Innus* castles strong, and *Bolam* bowʒes,
And *Collantine*, and *Coram* hilles, suppʒesse they shal with toures.
These names shal than vpʒise, now nothing is but nameles dust.
Than Romulus, that valiant impe of Mars, him furth shal thrust,
To match his graunsir great, whon Ilia Quéene shal bʒing to light
Of Troyan blood, séest not his dubblecrestid head vpʒight?
And with what grace the king of heauen doth mark his chosen knight?

The chief crowne of honour among Romains was of grasse & oken bow. Romulus the founder of Rome.

Behold my son the man, foʒ thʒough his lucke and huge deuise:
That péereles mighty *Rome*, that gloʒiose *Rome* aloft shal rise.
Whose rod shal rule the total earth, whose mindes shal match the heuen,
And reyse their walls they shal, including toures, and mountains seuen.
Most foʒtunat in frute of men, as Berecinthia Quœne,
From whom the race of Gods, and linage al discended bene.
She riding thʒough the woʒld, in charet bozne with godly grace,
Her hundʒed déerlings swéete her childerns childern doth embʒace
All heauenly wightes, al scepter bearers bʒight, in starrs on hie,
Now this way turne thy face, and on thys nation cast thine eye.
Behold thy Romains, sée where Cæsar is, and of Iule
The pʒogeny that vnder poles of heauen shal beare the rule,
This man, this is the man, of whom so oft I haue thee told,
Augustus Empʒour, pʒince deuine, he shal the woʒld of gold
Saturnus Golden woʒld (sometime that was) eft sones restoʒe.
On Garamants, and Indes, and contreys conquerd moʒe and moʒe
His empier out shal stretche. Beyond the starres the kingdoms ronne,
Beyond the firmament and signe, from course of yeare and sonne.
Where Atlas (mighty mount) on shulders strong the heuen doth turne,
And vnderpʒopes the pole that beares the starres that euer burne.

He puts Augustus next Romulus foʒ dignity, being many yeres after in time.

At

At this mans comming, lo, euen very now, al *Asia* quakes
For drede, and temples great of Gods with aunswers greslу shakes.
And *Nilus* flood for fear his issues seuen doth foule confound.
Nor neuer Hercules him self could walke so much of ground,
Though he with dart the windy footed hinde did ouertyer,
Though monsters swift he slew, and dragons quaking brent with fier.
Nor Bacchus victor so could nations wild and proud reclame.
Though he with bridlyng bits of vines did ride on Tigers tame.
And stand we sti̇l in doubt by valiaunt dedes to purchase fame?
Or for *Italia* land to fight, shuld we our destnies blame?
But what is yonder he, that Oliue palme so comly beares?
Most like a priest? lo now I know, I know those hoary heares,
And whitishe beardid chinne of prudent Numa, Romain king,
That vnto lawes and peace shal first the simple people bring,
From poore estate to mighty kingdom cald, whom shal succede
Ye that his contreys ydlenes shal breake, and force of nede
To sturre themselfs in armes, king Tullus, he shal vp reuiue
Their slugging spirites, and teach to winne, and triumphes eft atchiue.
Nert vnto him. with greater boast, king Ancus them shal guide,
That of the peoples praise to much already takes a pride.
Wult see the Tarquin kings? and stately soule of Brutus brest?
Of Brutus, mischief wreaker? and by him the kings suppressi?
Ye first the Consulship on him shal take, and first of all,
His onely sons vnto their death, for welth of *Rome* shal call,
Whan they with battailes new against the Consuls wold rebell:
Himself for fredom fayer, with edge of axe shal do them quell.
Unlucky man, how euer latter age shal praise the same,
His contreys loue him driues, and gredy lust of endles fame.
See Decios, and Drusos, and his axe that doth distraine
Torquatus. Lo Camillus, standards lost that brings again.
But yonder matches twaine, whom shine thou seest in harneis bright,
Now louing soules they be, while both are wrapt in dark of night.
Alas, what wondrous warres? if euer they in life apeere,
What blody fighting feeldes? what slaughters wild shal they vpstere?
The fatherlaw from Alpes hilles, and towres of Fraunce shal fall.
The son in law, from Estern lands shal moue with armies all.
Not so my lads, not so, such greuous warres do you not mind,
Nor with your hands your contreys wombe to teare be so vnkind,
And chiefly thou, thou from the gods of heauen that dost descend,

For Augustus subdued Aegipt.

Here he returneth to Romulus succession.

Brutus slew his seditious sonnes

Camillus recouerer of ensignes

Iulius Cæsar Pompeius.

Pompeius. Cast from thy hand thy wepons, O my blod.
Ye with triumphant ioy, in charet borne, and mighty traine
Shall clime the Capitoll of *Rome*, whan lords of Greekes are slaine,
And townes vprotid ben, *Corinthus*, *Argos*, great *Micene*,
Ye victor conquer shal, and from the ground subuert them cleane.
Quintius. Another vanquishe must Achilles brod, sir Pirrhus wilde,
And wreke his graunsirs old of *Troy*, and Pallas church defilde.
Cato. Who can but thinke of thée, most worthy Cato sterne of minde?
Cossus. Or noble Cossus thée who can forgetting leaue behinde?
Gracchus. Or gracious Gracchus line, or capteynes twaine who can withstand
scipios destroid Carthage. Two Scipios? two thonderboltes of warre: for *Lybie* land
A deadly fatall plage: or who can thée ertoll ynough
Fabritius. Fabritius? that much canst do with small, or from thy plough
serranus. Serranus thou that comest? and after conquests sowest thy corne.
Fabius max. Where now away withdraw you wery me? you noble borne
You Fabij? thou Maximus, thou onely art the man
That al our welth forlorne, by sober lingring reskue can.
Some forsing metalls fine shal brasen shappes with breath endue,
I wéene they will to marble stones giue life with likenesse true.
Cicero. They causes best shal pleade, and course of heauen in wondrous wise,
Firmicus. They shal describe with rod, and teache the state of starres that rise.
Remember Romaine thou, to rule thy realmes with empier iust,
Good counsell. Let this thy practise be. To much on peace set not thy lust,
Thy subiects euer spare, and stomacks proud down vanquish plaine.
So lord Anchises sayd, and (as they wondrid) spake again.
Behold, how gorgeous gay with spoyles Marcellus goth vpright,
Aboue all men, by shulders hie he doth surmount them quight.
Marcellus. Ye, whan the Romayn state with great commotion troubled is,
Shal stay with horsemen stout, and make the *Moores* their purpose misse,
And ouerthrow their throngs, and rebell *French* in combat kylde,
His armour spoyles to Ioue for offering third he shal vpyelde.
Aeneas there, (for walke with him he saw a séemely knight,
Yong Marcellus, Augustus sisters son, that shuld haue ben his heir in the empier. A goodly springold yong in glistring armour shining bright,
But nothing glad in face, his eyes down cast did shewe no chére.)
O father, what is he that walkes with him as equall péere?
His onely son? or of his stock some child of noble race?
What bustling makes his mates? how great he goth with portly grace?
But cloud of louring night his head full heauy wrappes about.
Than lord Anchises spake, and from his eyes the teares brake out.

O son

O son, thy peoples huge lamented losse seeke not to knowe.
The destnies shall this child, onto the world, no more but showe,
Nor suffer long to line, O gods, though *Rome* you think to strong
And ouermuch to match, for enuie yet do vs no wrong.
What wailings loude of men in stretes, in feeldes, what mourning cries
In mighty campe of Mars, at this mans death in *Rome* shall rise?
What funeralls: what numbers dead of corpses shalt thou see?
O *Tyber* flood, whan fleeting nere his new tombe thou shalt flee?
Nor shal there neuer child, from Troian line that shal proceede,
Exalt his graunsirs hope so hie: nor neuer *Rome* shal breede
An impe of maruel more, nor more on man may iustly bost.
O vertue, O prescribid faith, O righthand valiaunt most.
Durst no man him haue met in armes conflicting, foteman fearce,
Or wold he fomy horses sides with spurres encountring pearce.
O piteous child, if euer thou thy destnies hard maist breake:
Marcellus thou shalt be. Now reatche me Lillies, Lilly flours,
Giue purple Violetts to me, this neuews soule of ours
With gifies that I may spreade, and though my labour be but vayne:
Yet do my duety deere I shall. Thus did they long complayne.
And compas round the campe they wandring went, and beheld about,
In borders broad of ayer, and of the soules surueied the rout.
Which whan Anchises thus had shewd his son in order due,
And kindlid glad his mind with faine of things that shuld ensue:
Than him of al his warres, and great affaires to come, he told,
Of king Latinus towne, and of his realmes and peoples bold,
And how eche labour best may boldid be, or easely borne.
Two gates of sleepe there be, the one men say is made of horne,
Wherthrough by passage soft do spirites ascende with senses right.
That other gate doth shine, and is compact of Puery bright.
But false deceitful dreames that way the soules are wont to send.
With talking thus, whan lord Anchises first had made an end:
And counsaile gaue his son, and all his minde had put from dout,
He brought them both, and through the Puery gate he let them out.
He toke his way furthwith, and to his nauy went by land.
And finding there his mates, he brought them to Caieta strand.
Their ankers from their forefhips cast, their pups on shore thei stand.

He died in youth, and was buried with fyue hundred hearses.

For these xxvi. verses Octauia mother of Marcellus did giue, in reward to Virgill asmuch as amounted in englishe money to more than v. M. frēch crownes.

Caieta in Italy betweene Cumas and Tyber.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per T. Phaer in foresta Kilgerran 13. Augusti, 1557. Opus triginta dierum.

¶ The seuenth booke of the Æneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

¶ Aeneas burieth Caieta his nurse, and calleth the place Caieta, by her name. From thence he passeth by the seat of Circes, & by prosperous winde is brought to the mouth of Tiber, and driuen with a contrary streame: he arriueth on the coast of Laurentum. And vnderstandynge thereby Ascanius woordes, that the same was the lande that was predestinate vnto him: he sendeth vnto kinge Latinus, that ruled those quarters, an hundred oratours, which should both carie gifts vnto him in his name, and request a place wherin to build a Citie. Kynge Latinus gently hearyng theyr embassadge, ouer and besides their request voluntarely offreth vnto Aeneas, his daughter Lauinia to wife, whom by the prophecy of his father Faunus, and the answer of the southsayers: he was cõmaunded to bestow vpon a straunger. This while Iuno displeased with the prosperous successe of ẏ Troians: calleth Alecto out of Hell to disturbe this peace. Who first enrageth with her furie Amata, kynge Latinus wife, & Turnus also. Then, turnynge her self to the Troian youth, whiche then haply was busied in huntyng: bringeth vnto theyr hands a tame stag which was dearly beloued among Tyrrheus the kynges heardmans children. Whom when Ascanius had wounded with an arowe, the husbandmen betakyng them selues to weapon, set vpon the Troians. Alecto from an hie place giueth thalarme, in which tumult are sleyne Almon, Tyrrheus eldest sonne, & Galesus the ritchest husbandmã in all that countrey. Who when they were braught dead vnto the citie, Turnus and Amata do pricke foorth kyng Latinus to make war, and to reuenge this iniurie. But he callyng to remembrance the destnies, and the league whiche he made of late with the Troians: could not be perswaded to make war agaynst them. Then Iuno her self openeth the gates of war. Mezentius with Lausus his sonne do accompany Turnus into battell. Likewise Auentinus sonne to Hercules by Rhea. Also Catillus and Coras Tyburtine brothers, and Camilla of the realme of Volsca, a most valient woman, and diuers other, whose names are recited in the end of the booke.

He burieth his nurse Caieta & giueth her name to that coast.

AND thou Caieta, Aeneas nurse, decreasing on oure shore:
Hast thereby gyuen thereto a lasting fame for euermore.
Thy bones, and name, thine honor there preserues, and
settlid be
In great *Italia* land, if that may worship do to thee.
But good Aeneas, whan her obyt ryghtes were ended al.

And

And tombe vpreisd round, as soone as hie seas down did fal,
He toke his way with sayles, and from that port departid quight:
The wind with pipling blows, nor moone doth lack to giue them light,
The trembling water shines with beames reflected glistring bright
Along dame Circes coast adioynant nert, their course they cut.
Where Circes Phœbus doughter proud her welthy seats hath put,
In sounding saluage woodes, and sauours swœte by night she burns.
And precious weauing webs, with clattring toles she works and turns.
From thence wer wailings heard, and lions wrathful loud did grone,
Resisting in their bands, and nere to night they make theyr mone,
Both bristlid groining bores, and beares at mangers yelling yawle,
And figures foule of wolues they heare for woo to fret and wawle,
Whom from the shappes of men, to brutishe beasts, and faces wyld
Dame Circes did transforme, with herbes of might, and charms vnmild.
Which sore mischaunce, lest simple Troyans pore should fale the like,
Or in those hauens ariue, or on that parlous coast should strike:
Neptunus fild their sailes with prosprous wind, and gaue them way
To flée that cursid shore, and from that daunger did conuey.
And now the sea with sonne beames warid read, and hie from skies
The golden morning bright with roset whœles did mounting ryse,
Whan euery wind was laid, and sodenly no breath did blowe.
And they their ships in marble seas with ores did wrastlyng to we.
And there Aeneas from the seas beheld a hugy wood,
Where fleeting swift with whirling streames most pleasant *Tyber* flood
Breakes out it self in seas, with sandy waters troblous read,
Where sondry sortes of foules, on euery side, and ouer head,
Their wonted chanel kœpe, and banks, whose chœrful noises shrill:
Reioycid swœte the skies, and in the groue they flew at will.
Their forships al to landward than to turne, and inward bend
He bids his mates, and to the dœpe floud glad he doth descend.
Now muse, now let vs se: what gouernment, what state of things,
In *Italy* that time there was, what captains great, what kings,
Whan first this straungers fleete in *Latium* land did ships ariue
I wil setfurth, and causes first of sight I shall deriue.
Thou goddesse giue me might, of gastly warres now must I sing,
Of mortall battailes fought and slaine with armies king by king,
Uprores of angrie realmes, and all *Italia* mirt with blowes
I must report, a greater course of things to me their growes,

He sayleth along the coast of Circes a famous enchantres or witch than dwelling in Italy which turned men into beasts

Here he espieth the riuer of Tiber in Italy.

They enter Tiber.

In the first syx bookes he described the trauailes of Aeneas now

 A greater in other bi.

he declareth of his warres performing his promis of armes and of the mã I ſing.

A greater worke I ſtéere. King Latin than that contrey helde,
Well aged now, and cities long in welthy peas did welde.
This man was Faunus ſon, Marica goddeſſe was his dame.
King Picus, Faunus father was, and he doth fetche his name
From thée O Saturne great, thou art his ſyre and firſt of blood.
No ſon to him there was, non iſſue Male (ſo fortune ſtood)
For in his ſpringing youth withdrawen he was, and life did yelde.
One doughter did remaine, and al that houſe ſuſteining helde,
Now huſbandripe, now wedlockable ful, of laufull yéeres.
From large *Italia* land, ful many a lord, and princely péres,
Ful glad for her did ſue, but ouer al, of beauty moſt,
King Turnus luſty prince (of kingly ſtock that beſt might boſt)
Aboue them al was chief, and him the Quéene did ſee moſt méete,
And wondrouſly did haſt, to ioyne with him her doughter ſwéete.

Laurentum the citie of king Latinus.

But monſters great frō gods, and heuenly threatnings makes her drede.
A Laurel trée there was, amids the court, that hie did ſpréde,
With ſacred crops and bowes, and many a yere in reuerence had:
Which whan king Latin firſt that tower did buylde, by deſtny glad
He found, and vnto Phœbus great did conſecrate the ſame,
And of that Laurel trée, did Laurent cal that cities name.
A wondrous thing to ſpeake, this Laurel buſhe ful thick of browſe:
From ſkies deſcending down, a ſwarme of bées beſet the bowes,
Inceſſant thick with noiſe, and faſt with féete in cluſter clung
Al ſodenly did cloſe, and on the top with heft they hung.
Anon the prophet cried. An alien captain, O (quoth he)
And alien army comes, and gettes poſſeſſion here I ſée.
And parties cluſtring cleaue, and gathring ſtrength the towér thei take.

Lauinia king Latinus doughter.

Beſides al this, whan she her ſelf to goods did offring make,
Lauinia virgin pure, and ſtood at the altars nert her Syer:
A wondrous ſight was ſéen, that all her hear had cought a fier,
And crakling flame outſpred, and all her garmentes brent at ones.
Her robes, her virgin lockes, her crown beſet with precious ſtones.
Which ſodenly did ſtint, than bluſtring ſmoke, and blaſing light
With violence vpflew, and to the roof it ran vpright.
This dréedful ſigne, and on this wondrous ſight men marueld much.
For like to her in fame al prophetes ſang, ſhuld be non ſuch.
But cauſes great of warre, betokened were by her to growe,
But Latine king, that on theſe monſters all did muſe and carck:

His

His father Faunus mind and sentence soth he went to harck,
To dark Albumea wood, which on the mountain growes ful great,
Where sacred flood doth sound, and fountains falling down do sweat.
From thens the countreys nere, and through *Italia* nations all
Do fetche their councell chief, and in their doubtes for aunswers call.
The prœst his offring makes, and kilies the shéepe at dead midnight.
And laieth his limmes at rest, and soundly sléepes on fléeses white.
There visions straung he seth, & many a spryte ful thinne that flittes,
And sondry voyces héeres, and with the gods in talke he knittes,
In heauen, in *Lymbo* poles, and soules he séeth in hell that sittes.
There: whan king Latin first deuoutly prayed for aunswer full,
A hundred chosen shéepe he down did kill that bare theyr wulle,
And spred their backs on ground, and resting slept vpon their skinnes,
With méeke desier: than through that groue a loud voice thus beginnes.
Séeke not to set thy doughter déere with none of Latin land,
O worthy son, nor trust this wedlock now thou hast in hand.
A son in law from contreys far there comes, whose stately race
Unto the starres our name shal lift, whose issue great of grace,
All things within this world, where euer sonne doth round recule,
Or both sides londs and seas, shal vnder féete down tread, and rule.
These warnings of his father Faunus giuen at dead midnight,
King Latin did not hide, but Fame the cities filde furth right,
Of all *Italia* realmes, whan to the shore this Troyan fléete
In landing toke their banck, and fastned ships with cables méete.
Aeneas with his captains chief, Ascanius faier to sée,
On grœne grasse toke their eas, and vnderneth a sé mely trée,
Their deintes furth they drew, and meat they set on cakes of meale,
Refeshing swéete their minds, so Ioue him self did pleas to deale.
And mountain frutes they toke, and heapes of apples hie they pight.
Whan al things els were spent, and they by chaunce wer driuen to bite
Their crusts of cracknel cakes, and eat for skantnes vp their crommes,
And hungry brake with hands their leauings last, and set there gommes
Upon their fatal bread, nor trenchers broad they did not spare:
Yow now sirs: haue we eat our tables vp for want of fare?
The child Ascanius said. For more to this did he allude.
That voyce receiued strait al fear from them did first exclude,
And end of labours brought, and from his mouth as he it said
His father toke that word, and with deuotion great he staied.

That time spirites gaue aunswers in woodes.

Here the prophecy of the Harpie was fulfild, mencioned in the third

Than

booke that they ſhould be driuen to eat their tables.

Than kneelyng, thus. Alhayle O contrey mine by deſtnie due,
And you al hayle (q he) O Troian gods of promiſe true.
Here is my dwelling houſe, my reſting lond: my father old
(Now comes it in my mind) theſe ſecretes me ful often told,
Whan thou (my ſon) thy ſhips on coaſt onknown doſt firſt ariue,
And hunger hard for lack to eat thy tables thee ſhal driue,
There maiſt thou truſt thy reſting place to byld, and ſafly there
Foundations make of walles, and houſes hie be bold to rere.
This was that hunger ſore, this is our laſt of labours al,
Al ſorowes now ſhal ceas.
Wherfore come of, and in the morning nert at ſight of ſonne,
What people dwells hereby, what townes they keepe, and where they
Let vs enquire and loke, and from the hauen withdrawe the al. (wonne,
Now ſkinke your cuppes to Ioue, and great Anchiſes cheerely cal.
And pray to gods for help, and fetch furth wines in plenty round.
This ſpoken, he with garlond bowes his temples freſhly bound,
And praied his gods of peace, and worſhip gaue vnto dame Ground,
(That formoſt is of gods) and aungell god that keepes that place.
And Nimphes, and fairie Queenes, & fluds vnknown he ſought of grace.
Than Gods of night he calde, and ſignes of ſtarres by night that riſe.

A token from heauē to Troians.

And chiefly Ioue, and both his parents ſtrong in hel an ſkies.
The almighty father than, thre times arowe from heuens on hight,
Did ſigne of thondring ſhowe, and golden beames with burning light
Was ſeene, and with his hand himſelf in cleare ſkie ſhoke the cloude.
Anon the rumour ſpred, and through the campe was blaſyd loude,
That now the daye was come, that houſes hie they ſhuld poſſeſſe.
Their bankettes they reſtore, and man to man their ioyes expreſſe.
And wines in bolles they ſet, and cuppes they crowne, and feaſts renew.
The morning nert, whan torche of burning ſonne the world did bew,
And day diſperſyd was, on enery ſyde they ſeeke, and ſend
Surueiours through the coaſt, and topps of mountains nert aſcend.
A city chief they finde, of Numik lake, here ſpringes the well.
This riuer *Tyber* is, here Latin peoples ſtrong do dwell.
Than lord Anchiſes ſon, from all his bands a hundred knightes
Embaſſadours did chooſe, and to the king on meſſage dightes.
Their crownes in compas knit with bows of peace, and myld attyre,
To beare the king his giftes, and leage to Troyans to deſyre.
They furth without delay, with ſpeedy feete did plie their pace,

Whiles

Whiles he describing drewe to bilde his walls a comly place,
In facion like a campe, with trenche and bullwarkes strong and hie.
And now the knights their iourney nere had past, and toures they spie,
Of king Latinus town, and lofty castels large appeere:
And orderly they set them selfes, and walls approchid neere.
Before the towne the liuely youth, and children fresh of lust
On horses tried them selues, and coursers wyld vpturnd in dust.
Or whirling drue their dartes, or launces long with strength they shake,
And some their bowes did bend, and some for wrastling matches make.
A ridyng post forthwith vnto the king doth tidynges beare,
How forein knightes vnknown, in garmẽts straunge approching were,
He bids men them receiue, and to his court to bring and call.
Himself to counsell went, and in the mids he sat in hall.
A Halle of huge estate, with pillers hie a hundred borne,
Aboue the towne there stode, kinge Picus court in time before,
Beset with sacred woods, where olde religion dredfull dwels.
There wonted were the kynges to take their crownes and no where els.
And there they scepters stode, this was both minster, court, and hall,
Here stode they offryng pewes, and many a slaughter down did fall.
And Lordes at tables round in solempne dayes did feast and dine.
There was besides all this, full many an ymage olde and fine
Of antike Cedar wrought, and row by row his graunsirs tall
Both Italus and Sabin kyngs, and he that first of all
Did plant *Italia* vynes, Saturnus olde, with croked hooke
In hand, and doublefaced Ianus slie did backeward looke,
At entry first they stode, and other kynges of olde discent,
That for their countreis loue, in battayle fight their blood had spent.
And ouer this, there hangs much ennmies harneis fixt on height,
And spoyles, and captiue chares, and halberd ares, huge of weight,
And helmet crestes, and brasen boltyng barres of conquerd townes,
With speares, and battrid shields, & topps of ships, and garland crownes.
Himself in kyngly throne, with cuttid coape, most like a God
In heauenly armour sat, and held in hand his bagle rod.
Kyng Picus, kyng, and tamer proud of steedes, whom caught with loue
Dame Circes dere his spouse from shape of mankinde did remoue.
She chaunged him by charme, and smit his head with golden spray.
And poysoned drinkyng draughtes, and him of man she made a iay,
And to the woods he flew, with speckled wings of colours gay.
In such a temple, and so costly seat, and comly wrought,

The description of kyng Latinus hall.

A bagle stat whom prelats that time did vse in their relig-

gio, & was called Litus.

King Latine sat, and bad before him Troians shuld be brought.
When they were in, with gentle speche him self did thus beginne.
Tel on you Troyan knights, for of your name, nor town, nor kinne
We neede not aske, nor vnbeknown to vs your ships ariue.

Kyng Latinus to ỹ Troians.

What seeke you here? what cause or neede of thinges do you thus driue
To touche *Italia* land? so many a port as you haue past?
With wandring from your way? or by some storme haue ye ben cast?
As like mischaunces oft, in depth of seas do shipmen byde.
How entred you this hauen? and in our rode so sauely ride?
Refuse not our relief, nor let it be to you vnknown:
How we of Saturns stocke, that quietly possesse our own,
Do iustice truely deale, not bound by leage, nor by no lawes,
But vncompeld, our gods example old our frée wils drawes.
And now I cal to mind (the fame by yeres is made obscure)
Of aged mens report, and mencion yet therof doth dure,
How from this nation first king Dardan sprang, and from these bowns
Departed first, and percid *Asia* land, and Troyan towns,
And *Samos* yle, that *Samothracia* yet by name is calde.
Now hie in heauen he sits, and on the golden starrs is stalde,
In pallais bright of skies, and power of gods he doth encrease.
Ye said, and Ilioneus thus began as he did cease.

Oration of Ilioneus to kinge Latin most artificiall.

Most noble king, O Faunus worthy blod, by neither blast
Of storme, nor winter wind, we to your contrey shore be cast.
Nor starres haue vs begild, nor we our way mistaken haue.
Of purpose here we come, and with good wil did alway craue
To reatche this coast. Expulsid out from realmes, that none so stout
The sunne did euer see, that all the round world whirles about.
From Ioue our linage leades, the youth of *Troy* from Ioue on hie
Reioyseth to descend, our king in blod to Ioue is nye:
Aeneas Troyan prince, from him we seeke your sacrid tower.
What plage, what tempest wood, from cruell *Greece* did late down power
On Troian feeldes and townes, and how the world on mischief set,
Both *Asia* and *Europe* sides in fatal conflictes iustling met,
Wel knowen it is: and he that furthest dwelles in furthest yles
Hath heard therof (and if there be) whom scorching flame eriles,
Diseuerid out from men by strength extreme of stragling sunne,
In middes the circles foure, as far for heate as man may runne.
From that deluge, through many a desert seas we turnd and tost:

Weseeke

Beſéeke your grace of reſt, and for our gods a harmeles coſt,
Of water, wind, and ayer, that open is to all mankind.
No loſſe to your eſtate, nor vs vnthankful ſhal you find,
Nor ſmall your fame ſhalbe, nor neuer we wil you deceiue,
Shall neuer Latins gréeue, the Troyans pow're they did receiue.
By king Aeneas fortune great I ſweare, and valiaunt might
Of his right hand, who liſt with him to trie in faith or fight:
Ful many a nation ſtrong (deſpiſe vs not that here we ſtand
As ſuters powrely ſent, with wordes of peace and palmes in hand)
Haue ſued likewiſe for vs, and faine with vs wold haue compound.
But we commaunded come, and by predeſtin ſéeke this ground,
By tokens ſtraunge from heauen. King Dardan hens that did deſcend,
Now claimes his right, and gods enforcing vs doth homeward send.
To *Tyber* flood, and to the ſacrid fourdes of Numikes welle,
Our wandring gods to place, and peaſably with you to dwelle.
Ye giues you here alſo, theſe tokens ſmall of fortune left,
Remaines of former welth, from burning *Troy* by force bireft.
This offring bolle of gold Anchiſes great was wont to lift,
This royall pall king Priams garment ſhewes, this ſtately gift
His kingly ſcepter was, whan lawes in peace he did pronounce,
Or nations ſubiect cald, or leagues of princes would renounce.
Lo here alſo, embroidred ſacrid robes, and crownes attire,
And clothes, the Troyan ladies worke.
At this oration of ſir Ilionee, the king Latine
With fired countnaunce ſtood, and round about him keſt his eyen,
Conſidring much in mind, nor him the pall nor purple wéede
Doth moue ſo much, nor to king Priams ſcepter giues ſuch héede,
As on his doughters fortune thinkes, he therin wholy ſtaies,
And in his breſt his father Faunus anſwers déepely wayes.
How this the ſtraunger is, whom gods appointment did prouide
To matche his doughter to, and him his realmes to helpe to guyde.
Of whom their ſhould (as lately bruted was by prophetes true,
An iſſue ſpring, that all the world with vertue ſhoulde ſubdue.
At laſt he chéerely ſaid. God worke our meaninges to the beſt,
And ſend encreaſe of grace. Thou ſhalt haue Troyan thy requeſt.
Your giftes I not reiect, and while king Latin hath his health:
Abundant ſoyle ſhall you not lacke, nor wiſhe for Troian welth.
Now let your kinge him ſelf (if ſuch deſire he beares in minde,

If frendſhip ſuch he ſeekes, and if he liſt this leage to bynde:)
Prophecis had ſetled his minde before the commyng of Aeneas.
Approche our preſence to, let him not feare his frend to ſee.
His right hand ones to touche, ſhal pledge of peace remayne to mée.
Depart your way and to your kyng do you my wordes declare:
A doughter I haue, whom ioyne to neighbour none I ſkarcely dare
For tokens downe from heauen, for wonders dayly thicke that riſe.
The deſtnies do forbid, and prophetes bookes pronounce like wiſe,
That for the peoples wealth a ſtraunger borne ſhould haue that chaunce,
Whoſe famous bloud ſhould to the ſtarres of heauen our name aduaunce.
Perhaps him fortune cals, and if in minde I rightly geſſe:
This man is he, and if gods will ſo be, I would no leſſe.
Theſe thinges he ſpake, and horſes ſtraight from ſtables furth he calles,
Thrée hundred freſh there ſtode, at mangers hie beſtowd in ſtalles.
For euery Troyan knight, a palfray brane he bids out bryng,
In crimſin couerid all, and of their féete as ſwift as wyng.
Their breſtes embroydred gilt, their poitrels pendant compasfolde,
All gilded gliſtryng bright, and vnder teeth they gnaw their golde.
A charet for Aeneas eke, with courſers like in tire,
Of heauenly ſeede, and from their noſethrils fierce outbreathyng fier.
Circes inuented to ioyne celeſtial horſes to mortall Mares, whereof came a diuine race of ſteedes.
Engendred of that race, whom Circes liuely did inuent
To mire with mortall ſtéedes, and ſtale the ſtormes for that intent.
With ſuch rewards, and with kyng Latins wordes, the knights of Troy
On horſes hie returne, and peace they bryng with feaſtfull ioy.
Behold, from Græcia lande dame Iuno Quéene did than remoue,
(The teſty ſpouſe of Ioue) and hie on cloudes ſhe ſtoode aboue
Beholdyng all theſe things, and from the Cape of Sicil ſtrond
She beiwd the Troian fleete, and army ſauſly ſet a lond,
She ſeeth Aeneas glad, and plattes vpriſe for men to dwell,
And nauy deſert ſtand: with boylyng mode her breſt doth ſwell.
Than ſhakyng mad her head, her wrathfull hart did thus expell.
A new vexation by Inno.
O hated brood, O ſpitefull fortune, me that alway frettes,
This fortune vile of Troy, how euery chaunce my purpoſe lettes?
Where they not cleane downkilled? yet could they not be cleane deſtroid?
Were they not caught? yet could they not be caught? hath fier them noid?
Hath burnyng Troy them burnt? but through the thrõgs, & through ỹ fiers
They founde away? I wœne againſt their lucke my power erpiers.
Or haue I left my wrath? and yet not fylde am faine at reſt?
Erpulſed from their land I them purſued, and down oppreſt

With

With totall power of stormes, and totall seas on them I brought.
Both force of skies and deepes on them I spent, and all for nought.
What good did *Scilla* me? what coulde preuayle *Charibdis* wood?
Or *Sirtes* parlous sands? be they not now in *Tyber* flood?
In spite of seas, and mee? and where they wisht are setled sure?
Yet Mars could haue the might to kill down quite without recure,
The hugye Centaurs kinde. Diana did of gods obtayne,
On auncient Calidon to wreake, while one man did remayne.
For what offence? or how could Centaurs so, such wrath deserue?
But I, the mighty spouse of Ioue, whom all things els should serue?
That nothyng left vntried, to euery shift my self transformde:
My strength, my practise spent, and yet my purpose vnperformd:
Aeneas makes me shrinke, and *Troyes* of me shall conquest crake.
What should I therefore doubt where euer I can my frends to make?
Since heauens I may not moue, yet pits of Hell I will vprake.
From *Italy* to keepe them of, no shift I see can holde.
Let pas Lauinia wedded needes shalbe by destny tolde.
Yet still prolong the time, and discorde foule betweén them brede,
And peoples both distroy, were in my minde a worthy dede.
The stepsonne and the father both, shall haue theyr loueday fee,
With Troians and with Rutils bloud, this wenche endowde shalbee.
This Venus godly brood, and second Paris, fine and nice,
Shall bryng again to dust this seconde *Troy*, by mine aduise.
For Priams wife alone shalbe, whose wombe a brond of fier,
To world did bryng, but like successe I giue this gentle feuier.

She reseeth him to Paris, whose mother in vision seemed to bryng forth a fier brond.

These things whan she had sayd, adown on earth she greesly falles,
From darke infernall damps, Alecto mournfull vp she calles.
Alecto foulest fende, in dolefull warres that doth delite,
And wrathes, and treasons vile, and sinnes, and slaunders, and despite.
A dampned monster grimme, whom all her sisters deadly hates,
Her father Pluto lothes, and euermore she bredes debates.
Such faces foule she shiftes, so many mouthes she turnyng makes,
So serpentfull she seemes, and ouer all begrowen with snakes.
Whom Iuno quickned thus, and soone with speeche she set on fier.
Thou childe of night: Do (virgin) this for me at my desier.
This trauail shalbe thine, let not our honour shrink nor quayle,
Let not the Troians league with kyng Latinus ought preuayle.
Nor let them lande obtayne, nor yet this wedlocke to perswade,

Alecto is reysed.

Virgin for none will haue her.

Thou beſt canſt worke this feate: Of ſtrife and wo thou haſt the trade,
Thou freendſhippes all canſt cut, and brethren kinde conſtraine to fight,
And townes vntwine with hate, and cities whole ſubuert with ſpight,
And houſes burne with brondes, a thouſand ſhiftes thou haſt to ſpill,
A thouſand names of harmes, now ſhake thy ſelf, and worke thy fill.
Giue cauſes thick of warre, diſturbe this peace that is begonne,
Set al their youth in armes, and to their ſlaughters let them ronne.

She tarieth not to anſwere.

Anon Alecto vile, with poiſons ranke infected, flies,
And firſt to *Latium* land, and vp kinge Latines houſe ſhe ſties,
And to the Quéene Amata firſt in ſecret ſort ſhe ſlides,
Behinde her chamber dore, and cloſe her ſelfe in ſilence hides,

Amata the queene vexed by Alecto.

Where ſhe, with commyng of this Troian nation much turmoyld,
Both Turnus care and wrath, her female breſt enflamyng broyld.
To whom this goddeſſe, from her vgly hear one viper blew
Did draw, and in her boſom ſoft againſt her hart ſhe threw.
That therby all her houſe with ſondrie miſchiefs ſhould be vext.
Ye créepyng through her clothes, her tender breaſt approchyng next,
Did folde himſelf vnfelt, and ſerpentes foule within her breathes
Than ſhiftyng ſondry ſhappes, about her neck himſelf he wreathes,
And ſéemes a golden cheine, ſometimes a hearlace longe to knit,
To rolle her lockes, and thus from limme to limme doth fall and flit.
And while the poyſon firſt, and ticklyng ſting with ſokyng ſinkes,
And gropes her griſtlebones, and venim droppes her ſences drinkes.
Nor yet in minde the burnyng flame did rage without reſtraint,
More ſoberly ſhe ſpake, as mothers vſe, and made her plaint.
Oft wéepyng for her child, and oft for Troians wedlocke day.
To wandryng outlawes ſhall Lauinia thus be giuen away?
O man: nor of your ſelf regard, nor doughter mercy ſhowes?
Nor me her mother (wretch) whom with the next northwind ỹ blowes
This traitour will forſake: and to the ſeas the pyrat thief,
Our virgin doughter ſteale, and ſpoyle from me my comfort chief?
Diſſemblyng rouer vile? hath not the like, ere this be ſéene?
Did Paris ſo not cloyne from lands of Greece dame Helen quéene?
Where is your godly minde: your woonted carck of contrey déere?
And faith ſo often plight in Turnus hand, your kinſman néere?
If ſon in law from countries ſtraunge, wée only muſt admit:
As Faunus anſwers bids, and in your breaſt it doth ſo ſit:
All lands that of themſelues from our eſtate are ſeuered cleane,

I call

I call them straunge, and so I take, in déede the gods do meane.
Than Turnus (if ye list his elders line to call in minde)
Of great Micena towne, and middes of Greece you shall him finde.
Of Inachus descent, and of Acrisius noble kinde.
With language like, whan she Latinus minde in vayne had felt,
And seeth him still withstand, and poyson moze did inward melt,
Which from the serpent shed, and all her limmes infectyng straied:
Than verily with monsters huge affright, and déepe dismaied,
She raylyng rampes and runnes, and through the towne she troubleth al.
Much like, as whan by strength of slyng is cast a whirlyng ball,
Whom boyes foz their dispozt, in cloyster wide, oz vacant halles
Intentif dziue with noyse. It thrown with foze, befoze them falles.
The careless pzease pursues, with wondzyng much the bowl of bore,
From youth to youth that rolles, their cozage kindlith moze by knore.
None otherwise, and with no lesse concours she gaddes about,
Through cities middes and townes, and people thicke she gathereth out.
Besides all this in woods, with faynyng feast of Bacchus name,
A greater mischief spzinges, and franzie moze and voyde of shame,
She flies abzoade, and in the busshie hilles her doughter hides,
The Troians to pzeuent, while day of wedlocke passyng slides.
With heaue and hoaw, on Bacchus name they shout. Foz thée alone,
This virgin wozthy is, thou shalt her wed oz neuer none.
Thou god, thy custome is, to shake triumphant hie thy speares,
Thy chief delite is daunse, thou comly kéepest thy holy heares.
The Fame outflies, and madnesse like enflames the mountayne wiues,
To seeke them dwellinges new, the Quéenes example out them dziues.
Their houses all they leaue, and with their heares disheuilid bare,
Their naked neckes they wag, and frantiklyke they rage and fare.
Some other lift their voyce, and skies they fill with quauerying shzickes,
And girt in skinnes they iet, with vinetrée garlands bozne on pzickes.
Her self among the middes with flamyng tozch in hand outspzynges.
Pzoclames her doughter bzyde, and Turnus wedlockes feast she singes.
With wzestyng wilde her face, and sodenly with bloudread eyen
She makes a noyse. O matrons wise, O frends, O subiectes mine.
Who euer Latine bloud doth loue, and you that mothers be,
Unlace your heades attyze, and celebrate this daunce with me.
To Bacchus let vs singe and to the mountaines out go we,
If any gentell hart doth pitie this my wofull plight,

This play is yet vsed in wales, & the ball is called knappan.

Bacchus triumphes: much lyke to our morice daunces in semmer. Commotion of women.

If any

If any touched be with iust remorse of mothers right.
Thus into desert mountayne woods, and hauntes of beastes vnmilde,
Alecto stingyng driues this carefull Queene with madnesse wilde.
Whan she with mischeif such kyng Latins counsell troubled had,
And topsiturui tost his houshold all with sorowes sad:
Incontinent this dolefull dame vpsterts, with waylfull winges,
And to the walles of Turnus hold, in *Rutil* realme, she flinges.
Which citie, whan dame Danae by stormes was cast on grounde,
Men say she first did builde, and for a vow the same did founde.
A place, which of our graunsirs olde did *Ardea* name obtayne,
Of anticke date, and yet the name of great *Arde* doth remayne.
The fortune, sometime was: there Turnus kyng in toures of might,
Was takyng swéet his rest, and sléepyng sounde at darke midnight.
Alecto than, her frownyng face, and fendly limmes of wormes
Puts of, and to a woman old in likenesse her transformes.
Her forhead foule with wrinckels long she plowes, and horsewhite heares
In cap and kerchief knittes, and Oliue braunche theron she weares.
Like Calibee, dame Iunos temple Sexten, old of yéeres.
And sodenly before his eies with these wordes she appéeres.
Why Turnus? wilt thou sée thy labours longe thus lost in vayne?
And canst thou suffer Troian clownes thy kyngdom thus obtayne?
Kyng Latin thée reiectes, and with thy bloud that thou hast bought,
Thy wedlock he denies, and heyres of aliens in are brought.
Go now, go venture yet thy self in danger, laught to skorne.
Go fight, and vanquish yet the Tirrhens host, their enmies sworne.
Bring Latines to their peace, and kill their foes, for thanke forlorne.
These thinges to thée to tell (where now thou liest in pleasant rest)
Almighty Iuno bad, and me this time on message drest.
Wherfore come of, in mustryng call thy youth, and through thy landes
In harneis put thy power, come boldly forth with all thy bandes,
And Troians now by *Tiber* flood that sit, with captaynes all,
Destroy them down to death, and burne their ships resist that shall.
The great assent of heauenly gods so biddes, and kyng Latine,
If he refuse to obey, and to thy wedlocke due encline:
Than let him féele, and Turnus power at last repentyng know.
The bachler hearyng this, to her in mockyng made a mow.
Than thus he sayd. The nauy lately brought to *Tiber* shore:
Not as thou dost coniect, hath been to me vntolde before.

Alecto incenseth Turnus kig of ꝑ Rutils, to whom the virgin was despoused.

Arde in Italy.

Fayne

Fayne me no nédeleſſe feare, no ſuch tumult, noꝛ Iuno Quéne
Unmindefull is of vs.
But thou a dotyng trot, whom withꝛyd age from trueth eriles,
In vayn thy ſelf doſt vere, with cauſeleſſe carke (O fole therwhiles)
And kings affayꝛes, & warres with nédeleſſe feare thy minde begiles.
Moꝛe meete thy temple kéepe, and ſerue thy gods good aged crone.
To men belonges the warres, let men with warres and peace alone.
In talkyng thus: Alecto flamyng wood with wꝛathfull looke
Upꝛoſe, and ſodenly his limmes a tremblyng palſie tooke.
His eyes vpſtaryng ſtoode ſuch ſundꝛie faces out ſhe ſettes,
So many hiſſyng ſnakes. ſo many wayes ſhe fomyng frettes.
Than burnyng bꝛoad with eyes, as he in ſpace would moꝛe haue ſpoke,
She thꝛuſt him of, and ſerpentes twaine from among her locks ſhe bꝛoke
And ſtrake him, loud than from her mouth theſe wozds ſhe keſt wō ſmoke
Lo, I the dotyng trotte whom witherid age from trueth eriles.
Whom kynges affayꝛes and warres with nédleſſe carke affraid begiles.
Looke herevpon: lo, here I am, of hagges infernall moſt,
Both warres, and death in hand I bꝛyng.
So ſpeakyng, to the yonge mans bꝛeſt a fireb2ond hoat ſhe caſt,
With bluſtryng ſmoky light, and in his hart ſhe fixt it faſt.
Than from his dead ſléepe feare him bꝛake, his bones and all his limmes
On water bꝛaſtyng out, and ſtreamyng ſwet down gulhyng ſwimmes.
Foꝛ armour, mad he crieth: foꝛ armour, houſe, and bed he turnes,
With curſed rage of warres, and loue of ſtéele that inward burnes.
His wꝛath vpſwelles, as whan a caudꝛon great is ſet on fyꝛe,
And ſtickes are kindled faſt, and flame with noyſe doth cloſe vpſpyꝛe,
The liquoꝛ leapes foꝛ heate, and water waues vptoſſyng toyles
In ſmoke, and ouer flowyng flood of fome redoundyng boyles,
Noꝛ can it ſelf receyue, the vapoꝛ blacke in ayer vp flies.
A choyce therfoꝛe of youth to kyng Latine to ſende he hies,
Renounſing league of peace, and bids him ſtraight pꝛepare to fight,
To cleare the coaſt from foes, and to defende Italias right,
Oꝛ he agaynſt them both with power ſufficyng will deſcend.
When this was ſayd, his gods he calles with vows, good lucke to ſend.
Than ſtraight the Rutils ſtriue, who ſhalbe firſt to ſerue the wars,
Eche man himſelf erhoꝛts, him beauty freſh of youth pꝛefars,
Him kings his granſirs moues, him déedes of armes befoꝛe time tried.
While Turnus thus the Rutils mindes with boldeneſſe fiercely plied:

Alecto troubleth the Troians.

Alecto to the Troian nation dꝛew, and foule with wynges,
Foꝛ new deuiſe a place ſhe ſpies, and theron ſwift ſhe ſpꝛynges.
Where fayꝛe Aſcanius ſtoode, and on the ſhoꝛe the time to paſſe
With engins after beaſtes, and courſe of runnyng huntyng was.
There ſodenly, among his houndes, this virgin vile of Yell
Did caſt a trayne, and by the ſuite their noſes fild with ſmell,
A Yarte to finde and rouſe, which afterward of miſchiefs all
Was chiefeſt cauſe, and firſt the plowmen made to fighting fall.
A Yarte there was of comely poꝛte, and huge with hoꝛnes yſpꝛed,

A tame ſtag.

Whom Tirrhus childꝛen (from the dug withdꝛawen) foꝛ pleaſure bꝛed,
And Tirrhus great their ſier, that foꝛ the kyng had all the charge
Of beaſtes, and truſted was with heardes that fed in paſtures large.
Him tame at euery becke their ſiſter Siluia dèere did loue,
And wꝛeathyng garland flowꝛes, would trimly trick his hoꝛnes aboue,
And pure in fountaynes waſhe, and comely kembe his wanton lockes.
Ye ſuffryng euery hand, his maiſters bourd, and fèedyng flockes
Did vſe, and thence abꝛoad in woods, and thꝛough his wonted gate,
Ye would returne to home, though night on him were nere ſo late,
Him wandꝛyng loſt aſtray, where childe Aſcanius ſwift did hunt,
His houndes befoꝛe them had, as he by cuſtome kept his wont,
To ſoyle himſelf in flood, and vnder banckes to voyde the heat.
Aſcanius kindled than, with lone of pꝛayſe and coꝛage great,
His dart foꝛ ioy outdꝛew, and cꝛoked bowe he bent of hoꝛne,
Deſirous of that ſtagge, and ſeldom ſawe the like befoꝛne.
Noꝛ from his hand the goddeſſe abſent was, but ſharpely ſent
The quarrey thꝛough the paunche, and thꝛough the guts wō ſounding wēt
The wounded beaſt foꝛthwith vnto his maiſters houſe he dꝛew,
And bꝛayed with piteous noyſe, and waylyngs loud he blèdyng thꝛew,
Like one beſeeching helpe, and all the houſe with mournyng vext.
Their ſiſter Siluia, beatyng both her handes, foꝛ wo perplext,
Outcalles the hines foꝛ ayde, and plowmen tough, and neighboꝛs next.
They ſodenly (foꝛ in the woods the plage yet lurkyng ſat)
Aſſemblyng flocke themſelues, one bꝛought in hand a burned bat,
Another caught a clubbe, with heauy knobbes, and what they founde:
Eꝛch man outbꝛynges, wꝛath wepon makes, them Tirrhus gathꝛeth round
As he by chaunce that time with earneſt minde an oke did clue
In quarter ſhides, and wedges ſtrong with foꝛce therin did dꝛiue.
Ye toke his axe, and downe with thꝛeatning huge deſcendyng blowes,

But

But from her twyning place Alecto foule that mischief sowes,
(Whan she her time espied) she flew, and toke the houses hie,
And on the stable top she sat, to reare the countrey crie.
Her fendly voyce she lifts, in crooked crinkled hoorne on height,
And blew the heardmans blast, and wonted signe to rise and fight,
So loude: that with the sounde thereof, the trees with tremblyng shakes
And caues of mountayne rocks, and woods of deepnes thondring makes.
The lakes aloft it heard, and flods and fountaynes neighbours all,
And sulphur streames of Nar and mountayne waters downe that fall
And trembling mothers to their breast did clasp their children small.
Than verily vnto that noyse, where first their trompet blew,
The countrey clownes vprose, with toles, and wepons thick they drew,
Stifnecked plowmen stoute: the Troian youth also brake out,
With open campe, and to Ascanius rescue drewe for doubt.
Their armies out they spreade not now like fraies of countreis chubs.
Nor worke with burned bats, nor sharped stakes, nor mountayn clubs.
But trie with edged toles, and euery fielde with swordes vpright,
As stubble starckly stands, and thicke with pointes of weapons pight,
The sheelde with sunne vpshines, and to the cloudes repulse their light
As whan the tempest riseth first, and seas doth white beginne
By small and small to swell, and belchyng flouds reboyle within,
At last aloft it mountes, and to the skies the bottom skippes.
Before the howard first, an arowe swift that soundyng slippes.
Doth Almon throw to ground, that Tirrhus childe and eldest was,
Beneath his throate it stack, and where his breath and voyce should pas
It stopt, and with his tender life expiring left his blood.
About him bodies thicke of men, and olde Galesus good
In medlyng making peace, a man of right and iustnesse most
That was, and greatest wealth sometime in all Italia coast.
Fiue flockes of sheepe he had, and heards of cattels feeding fiue,
And soile so much did turn, as plowes a hundred still did driue.
While these things working were with equal chaunce on both the parts:
The spitefull Goddesse spied so great successe in al her artes,
And peoples fierce of both, with blood and battel ful embrewd.
And saw their armies ioynt in slaughters vile together glewd:
She left Italia land, and through the skies of compas wide,
Dame Iuno to she comes, and thus she spake with bragging pride.
Lo thy request is done, now strife, and warres among them is,

Alecto to Iuno.

Go bid them frendly ioyne, and louyngly like neighbors kisse,
Since Troians haue begun Italians blod thus much to spill:
Yet more I shall augment (if I may know it be thy will)
The townes and borders nert I will with rumours set on fier,
And make them such vprore, that battels mad thei shal desier,
And bustling run to help, and euery sielde with armour spredde.
Than Iuno said: ynough there is of false deceite and dredde,
Good causes stands of warre. Together now I see they ronne,
With bloodshed both embrued, this game of thine is well begonne.
Such wedlocks let them make, that godly brode, that Venus elfe.
Such feaste is for them fit, and for the kinge Latine him selfe.
Thy person ouer mortall skies with longer leaue to stray:
The guider great of heauen for ease of mankind doth denay.
Giue place this time, if any chaunce or trauaile be behinde,
My self shall take that charge. So Iuno speakyng tolde her minde.
She mountyng furth did flie, with squeakyng wings of lothly snakes.
And leauyng light of skies, her wonted seat in Hell she takes.

Descriptiō of a place in Italy where Alecto went downe to Hell.

In middes of *Italy*, there is a place in mountaynes colde,
Right notable, and for the maruell much in countreys tolde.
A darsome vale and deepe, with woods encompast thicke on sides,
And headlong down there sinkes, in middes of rockes that hils deuides,
A rorying stinkyng poole, and breakyng stones the brooke doth sounde.
A dongeon darke there is, and dreedfull gulf of gapyng grounde,
Where deadly breath outbreakes. Alecto there (so god did please)
Did hide her hatefull head, and heauen and earth thereby did ease.
For nothyng lesse this while, dame Iunos hand did worke yng cease.
The numbers all of heardes, vnto the citie came with prease,
To kyng Latinus court, and brought in sight the bodies twayne,
Of Almon flouryng lad, and good Galesus fouly slayne.
They crie their gods for aide, and to the kynge their case complayne.
In middes of that, is Turnus nere at hand, with sworde and fire
He threatneth Latin kyng, that Troians wedlocke would requyre.
Outlandysh blood brought in, himself reiect, the realme defilde.
Than from the woods the wiues, whom Bacchus daunce affeined wilde
Cam rampyng down wō dromes ẏ quēnes respect doth giue them sprite.
From euery coast men come, and with the Troians crie to fight,
Eche one agaynst al right, against all gods, for warre doth call.
The subiectes swarmyng rise, and to kyng Latins court they fall.

He, like a rocke in seas resistyng standes, vnmouid, fast,
Full like a rocke in seas, whan surgyng waues with winde are cast,
Whom strokes of water strikes, with barkyng sound, and beates about,
It self with weight it staies, the flouds in vayne their fomyng spout,
With ratlyng loud of stones the sides repulse the fleetyng weedes.
Whan nothyng doth preuayle, and blinde outrage his counsell leedes,
And after Iunos becke he seeth how backward thinges appeeres:
Protestyng much his gods, and aier of skies that nothyng heeres,
Wee runne to wracke (q he) that wo is me, with tempest borne.
Your selues shall first repent, and pay for this your blood forsworne.
O wretched soules, O sinfull Turnus, thou shalt bide the paynes,
And call to late thy gods, a dolefull death for thee remaynes.
For I am sauf at rest, my feble ship is brought to shore,
Of happy funerals I am dispoyld. And made no talkyng more:
But lockt himself in walles, and rule of thyngs did cleane forsake.
The maner was in *Latium* lande, which cities all did take,
And sacred custome kept, now *Rome* most mighty still retaynes.
Whan first their warres they moue, or for renowne wil take the paines
To conquer seas or landes, or to the *Moores* giue mortall warres,
To nations vnder North, and countreys distant far from starres,
Or peirce with power to *Inde*, and seeke the seat of mornyng sunne,
Or from the *Parthies* people fetch, with bloudshed standardes wonne:
Two gates of warre there be, for so theyr names at *Rome* they beare,
Religious, sacred kept to dredfull Mars, and temple there,
A hundred brasen boltes, and euerlastyng strength of steele
Doth locke the same, and Ianus keeper standes at threshold heele.
These gates, whan sentence first of fight the lordes haue full decreed,
Himself the Consull chief, in robes of pompe, and purple weede,
In warlike wise begyrt, with romblyng noyse abroade displaies.
And first proclames the warres, than all the youth in their araies.
And blastes of brasen hornes with hoarce assent concordyng braies.

Description of Ianus temple at Rome that neuer was shut but in peace and most in Augustus time Ianus had two faces wherby was signified prudēs to looke both before and behind in beginnyng of warre.

In such a sort, kyng Latin than the Troians to defie
Commaunded was, but he the greeuous gates would not come nie,
The good prince did refuse, and from that seruice vile he fled,
And kept himself in close, and vnder darkenesse hid his hed.
Tame Iuno than her self, the queene of heauen, adown did flyte,
And toke the lingring gates, and shouyng set them open wyde,
Them turnyng swift with noyse, and brasen postes and hinges brast.

Thin all *Italia* land (vnmoued earst) their peace vpcast.
Uncald they stur themselues, some runnes as sotemen fierce in fælde,
Some stur their startlyng stædes, & dust vpthrowes & speares thei weeld
Ethe man for armour tries, and some their shældes and harneis light
With fat of lard they scoure, & whetstones hacke to make them bright.
Their streamers glad they beare, and trompets sound with ioy they here.
Fiue cities great therfore, with forges set in countreis nere,
Renew them fighting toles, both *Tyber* proude, and *Atin* stronge,
And *Arde*, and *Crustum* toures, and great *Antemna* large and longe.
Their metall masse they bowe, and for their heades the stedfast plates,
And buckler bosses broade, and wickers weaue for target grates.
Some beat them coates of brasse, or sturdy brestplate hard they driue,
And some their gauntlets gilde, or bootes with siluer nesh contriue.
Regard of shares and culters all they leaue, both sithe and plough
They turn to this, and swordes, and glaiues, in furneis neale they tough.
And sagbuttes now they founde, vp goeth the signe to battell strokes.
One gettes his shælde for hast, an other swift his horses yokes
In chace to ride, and helmet bright on puttes, threedubbled shyrtes
Of Golde, with gorget great, and trusty sworde about him gyrtes.

He describeth the musters, & gatheryng of princes cõspired agaynst Aeneas.

Now Muses moue my songe, now let me sup your learning springs,
To tell what nations tough, what captaynes fierce, what noble kinges,
With armies filde the fældes, what armour stronge, what manred bolde,
Italia sacred land did flourishyng that time vpholde.
You ladies, you remember best, and vttryng best can speake.
Skant breathyng thinne of fame by vs doth passe with pipling weake.
First entreth warre from *Tirrhen* coast, Mezentius, tirant kyng,
Despiser proude of Gods, and armies stronge with him doth bryng.
Than Lausus nert his son, whose corps in beauty peere had none.
That time, and chiefest fame did beare, saue Turnus corps alone.
Prince Lausus, conquerour of beastes, and tamer strong of stædes,
A thousande men from *Agillina* towne him after lædes.
In vayne that followd him for loue: well worthy to haue had
A father not so naught, and of his realme to be more glad.
Nert them, triumphant fierce with stædes that wager all did winne,
Duke Auentine, sir Hercles worthy sæde, of heauenly kinne:
Victoriously out shewes his charet faier, and bare in shælde
His fathers armes, a hundred dreadfull dragons huge to wælde,
A hundred serpentes grimme, and Hidra monster girt with snakes,

Whom

Whom Rhea virgin prǽst, as she to God her seruice makes,
In *Auentinus* mount, and bushes thick by stelth out brought:
Engendring mixt with God, whan Hercules had conquest wrought
In *Spayne*, and Gerion downe kild, and to *Italia* strand
Arriuing brought his beastes, and oxen faier had set a land.
Their parlous pykes in hand, and puncheons close in staues they beare,
And pykes lyke broaches long, and fight with foyne of pointed speare.
Him self on foote, a fold of Lions huge vnwieldy hide,
With brest lid heares vnkemt, and tusked white, and gaping wide
In helmet wise did weare, so to the court he come ful rough:
All terribel, and his fathers weede he bare on shoulders tough.
Than brethren twaine of *Tiber* strong, forsoke *Tiburtus* walles,
(A towne that of their brothers name the people yet so calles.)
Both Coras and Catillus, eger knights of Greekish kynd,
Before the boward went, in weapons thick as swift as wynd.
Lyke Bulles, or misbegotten Centaures twaine, from cloudy hilles
Descende with stamping noise, and hedlong downe with restles willes
They run, that woods do rustling yeld, and bowes with breaking crack.
Nor of *Prænesta* towne, the founder first therof did lacke:
Vulcanus dredful sun, a king of beastes and mountaines cold,
A fondling found besides a fier (as all report hath told)
King Ceculus, a legion large of heardmen nert his side,
And men of hie *Præneste* towne, and al that compas wide,
Dame Iunos sacred lande, and *Auiena* riuer chill,
And al that *Hernick* stones (with watry springs bedewed) do till.
Whome *Amaseni* pastures feedes, and ritch *Anagnia* feelds,
Nor harneis to them all, nor charrets ratling ben, nor sheelds.
The greatest sort with slinges, their plummet lompes of lead outsquats.
And some their sheues of dartes, their heads defensed broade with hats
Of heary skinnes of wolues, their right side shankes be naked bare.
Such is their shift, their left side legges with raw hides couered are.
But king Mesapus, Neptunes child, that coursers wild can tyer,
Whom nether strength of steele can ouerthrowe, nor force of fier,
His peoples long in rest, and out of vre of battel strife,
Doth sodenly vpcal, and teach to handle sword and knife.
They from their *Fescen* hilles, and from *Faliscus* equal toftes,
They from *Soractus* towers, and yelow feelds of *Flauine* croftes,
And mount of *Ciminus* with lake, where *Capens* woods outspring,

By numbers like they went, and on their king in praiſe they ſang.
As ſwannes, that in the waueringe cloudes do flie, with ſounding ſweéte,
Returning from their foodes, whan ſinging flocks in one do méete,
With ſtretched necks, their melody they yeld, their mired voyce,
Rebounding beates the ſkies, that lakes and riuers do reioyce,
And *Aſia* longe aloofe.
Nor by their noyſe men knew, that harneſt bands their clattring caſt.
But lyke a cloude of foules, that from the ſeas were forcid faſt,
And neare to ſhore were come, and hoarce with cries their chanel paſt.
Behold from Sabines auncient blode, ſir Clauſus doth proceéde,
With mighty throng, and like a thronge him ſelf, aſmuch to dréede.
From whom deſcending comes both tribe, and houſe of Claudia line
In *Latium* land, ſince *Rome* to Sabines firſt did part incline.
Togither *Amiterna* manred ſtronge, and burgeis townes.
And al *Mutuſca* ſtrength, that Dliues beare, and all their downes,
They that *Nomentum* citie kept, and roſy countreis pure
Of *Velin*, and *ſeuerus* hylles, and al that thought them ſure
In *Tetrix* rocky cragges, and ſuch as turne the fertile ſoile
Of *Forulos*, and where *Himella* ſtreame ful faſt doth boyle.
And they that *Tiber* waters drinkes, or *Fabaris* good floodes.
Or whõ *Caſperia* ſent, or *Nurſia* cold for want of woodes.
And peiſants al of *Latine* land, and ſeamen come from ſhips.
And all that feete in curſyd ſtreames of dampned *Allia* dippes.
As thick as winter waues in marble ſeas as turnd and toſt.
Whan ſtormes and tempeſt riſe, and ſight of ſtarres and light is loſt.
Or like to ſtanding corne, that parchid is with heat of ſonne:
So thick the people preaſe, from euery coaſt to warre they ronne.
The ratling ſhieldes reſound, the ſoyl with trampling beaten quakes.
Than Agamemnons child, an enmy old of *Troy*, awakes,
Haleſus, borne on ſteedes, and to king Turnus armies great,
A thouſand people brings, of them that ground with mattockes beat
To till the bliſſfull vaines, and they that rake the mountaines fat,
Of *Meſica*, and nere the ſeas al huſbandmen that ſat.
And all *Auruncus* youth, and they that *Caleis* lande forſoke
And dwellers all beſide the fourdes of ſholde *VVlturnus* broke.
Saticula their teſty people ſent, and *Oſca* ſtrength.
Their weapons troncheons be, and malles of maces, ſmal of length.
But them by lethrin thongs they while and draw, ſuch is their giſe,

Allia a ryuer where the Romãs had diuers ouerthrowes, and therfore curſed it.

Their

Their lefthandes Targets kéepe, and hoked Fawchons from them flies.
Nor thou from this accompt, and verses mine shalt passe vntolde
O Ebalus, whom Telon gat (as goeth reporte of olde)
Of lady Sebethis (that Nimphe) whan he the kyngdome hent
Of *Capreas*, and landes, but not his sonne therwith content:
Sarrastes people riche with empier sore that time did tread,
And welthy countries large, where *Sarnus* broke to sea doth lead,
And they that *Batulus* doth holde, and *Rufas* feeldes obiect,
And all that frutefull vale, that *Bella* citie may prospect.
Like *Almain* rutters, borespeares longe they whirle, or foynyng forks,
Their nuddockes bolstred ben, and skulles of heads with barkes of corks
Thei shine with brasen sheeldes, thei shine with swords, & rapiers bright.
And thée to warres thy countrey *Nursa* sent, O noble knight,
O *Vfens*, much renowmed both of dædes, and great good chaunce,
Whose mountayne people strong, with practise longe of sworde & launce,
And huntyng still in woods, and breakyng clottes ben hard of flesh.
They weaponed till the grounde, and euermore their prayes a fresh
They fetch from countreys nere, it doth them good to driue and watche.
They liue by bootie spoyle, it is their owne what ere they catche.
Than from *Marrhubia* there came a Preist, and prophet gay.
His helmet compas knit with lucky bowes of Olive spray.
From kyng Archippus sent, most valiaunt knight of *Vmber* lande,
That wonted was with songes, and with his charmes, and holy hand,
All poysoned adders kinde, and serpentes dreadfull cast on sléepe,
And calm their wrathes and stinges, and from their bityng peoples kéepe
And ease with art their woundes, and venims all confounde and choke.
But not the Troyan blade coulde he auoyde, nor heale the stroke
Of great Aeneas dint, nor to his woundes coulde helpe him ought
His sléeping songes in vain, nor lechecraft herbes on mountaynes sought.
For thée, the woods did wayle, for thée the fountaynes cleare as glasse:
For thée, the waters wept: and lakes lamentyng cried alas:
In all *Angitia* land.
Than of Hippolitus also, the childe most worthy went,
Syr Virbius, whom fresh of fame his mother Aritia sent,
Brought vp in saluage woods, and by the banckes of holsome streames
Of dame Dianas walke, and Nimphe Egerias desert realmes.
For whan Hippolitus (by olde report) was put to payne,
And by his stepdams craft, was of his father gil.lesse slayne,

Impetres drawn with steedes, agayn to breath and worldly skies,
He was (men say) vpcald, and eft from death to life did rise,
By power of Phœbus herbes, and at Dianas sute for loue.
The almighty father than, and king of heauen that reygnes aboue,
Disdaining, that a mortal man from dead soules might reuart:
Esculapius was throwne to Limbo for reising of Hippolitus to life. The finder of that phisick first, and him that made that art,
(Apollos learnyd son) with lightning dint to *Lymbo* threw.
Diana than, Hippolitus to secret woodes withdrew,
From sight of man, and to Egeria Nimphe did him betake,
Where he alone in desert groues doth worldly care forsake,
Nor praise of people seekes, but leading life as he best can,
Virbius. i. bis vir. He yet remaynes, with name conuerted Virbius, Twise a man.
Therfore it is, that from Dianas woodes, and temples cleere
All horses ben forbyd, nor to her seruice may come neere.
For they affraied did flee, at sight of monsters than that sprang
From seas, and down the yong man threw, and charet ouerflang.
Yet neretheless his son, couragiously with horse in feeld
Did ronne, and fyrisprited steeds in charet fierce did weeld.
Turnus. Himself among the chief, with valiant body, Turnus bright,
Displaies himself in armes, aboue all men with head vpright.
Whose triple crowned creast, and helmet hie, with vgly pawes
Chimera monster holdes, and sparcling flames she spoutes at iawes.
The more she fretting fumes, and more with burnings wareth wood:
The more that fighting feeldes embrew them selfs in sheding blood.
But on his target smothe, dame Io standes, with hornes vpright,
Imboasid pure in gold, euen like a cowe, with hear in sight.
A storie hugo to learne: and Argus, with his hundred eien,
Did keepe that virgin there: so portraid was that worck deuine:
And Inachus his noble streame did powre from pitcher fine.
A cloude of footemen following him pursues, and mirt with dust,
The shieldes and harneis dimmes, & clustring thick in throngs thei thrust
As well the Greekish youth, as al the strength of Rutill handes,
Aurunc us ayde, and all *Sicanus* cities auncient bandes.
Sacrana crewes, *Labicus* painted buclers, and besides
All such as *Tyber* hilles, and sacred shore therof deuydes,
That *Rutil* ground vpgrubbes, and with their shares applie the soyle,
And al that on the mountains neck of *Circes* seat do toyle.
And Anxurs holy hilles, where Ioue himself is patron chief.

Feronia

Faronia ioyfull town, of greene wood grone that toke reliek.
The way that Vfens mighty ſtreame doth ſtray, and black with poles,
Doth ſeeke by deepeſt bales, and in the ſeas himſelf he coles,
And ouer this, there came from Volſca realme, Camilla ſtout, Camilla a Lady.
With troupes of horſemen freſh, and gliſtring ſoldiers many arout.
She cloſed laſt her crewes, a woman warlike, ſtrong and ſterne.
She neither weauing toles, nor diſtaffe worke did vſe or lerne.
Nor female fingers had, but bruntes of warres Virago grymme
Would beare, and ouerpaſſe the windes, with lightnes ſwift of lymme.
She for a paſtime would, on croppes vpright of ſtanding corne
Haue flowen, and with her tender feete, haue neuer an eare down borne.
Or in the middes of ſeas, on ſwelling waues before they reele,
Would course haue fet, and neither dipt in water, foe nor heele.
From houſes al and fieldes, the youth with wondring iſſued out,
And matrons gaſing ſtood, both how ſhe rides behind the rout:
How princely purple keepes her ſhulders light, how trym her heares
With gold are vnderknit, her quiuer gorgeous how ſhe beares,
And dreadful launce of length, and pointed like to ſoldiers ſpeares.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foreſta Kilgerran,
finitum iii. Decembris. Anno. 1557.
Opus xii. dierum.

¶ The eyght booke of the Æneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

¶ Turnus giueth a signe of warre out of Laurentum castle, and ioyneth vnto him self in ayd all Latium, and the cities neare aboute: Venulus also is sent to Argos vnto Diomedes to perswade him to warre by likenesse of the danger. Wherat Aeneas mooued, and distrustyng the smalenesse of his power: is admonished by Tiberinus, and brought vp alonge the riuer into that place where Rome was afterward buylded, and there requiteth ayde of kyng Euander, who flyng forth of Arcadia: founded a citie vpon the hill Palatinus, called Pallanteum. When Euander vnderstoode the cause of Aeneas cõmyng, he courteously receaueth him into his house, and takyng him with him vnto the sacrafice and solemnities of Hercules wherein he was then busie: sheweth him the cause, and the maner of the sacrafice, and reciteth to his gest the names of the cheifest places in those quarters. The next day Aeneas beyng ayded with foure hundred horsemen whom Pallas, Euanders only sonne did gouerne, and part of the power he sendeth vnto his men downe the streame, him self with the residue goeth to Agylla, the most flourishyng cite of Tyrrhens who bare deadly hatred agaynst Mezentius, whom for his intollerable cruelitie, they had driuen out of his kyngedome. In this whyle, Vulcane entised therto by the flattery of Venus maketh armour for his sonne in law, whiche she bryngeth vnto Aeneas. Who beyng surprised with the beutie therof: diligently woundreth at euery thynge therin, especially his targat, wherin were curiously engrauen such noble exploytes as should be valiantly atchiued, by his worthy posteritie.

When signe of war from *Laurent* towres king Turnus vp did reare,
And hornes vp blowen with blasses, their trilling tunes full hoarce did teare,
When fiers his egre steedes, and armour clattryng gan to clashe:
Wens mindes molested rose, and sodenly vnbridled rashe
The youth for madnesse runnes, all *Latin* townes for quakyng feare
Tumultuous clustryng ioyne, and league confederyng knit they sweare.
Messapus and duke Vfens leaders chief, and puft with pride
Mezentius gods dispiser, power of men from euery side
They draw, and voyde of tilmen wide dispeoplyng spoyle the shyres.

Then

Then to the mightie towne of Diomedes with desires
As Venulus out sent, his needefull strength in time to call,
Instructed playne by mouth, what thyng to him declare he shall:
How Troians to *Italia* landes are come, and what a fleete
Aeneas bryngs of ships, and how their gods that vnder feete
Were conquerd late by Greekes, he now exaltyng lets in fame,
And kyng will needes be cald, and saith him destnie giues that name,
Dilatyng more, how many nations been that ioygne their deedes
With *Troy*: and how the Troian name in *Latium* shrewdly sprædes,
What these beginnyngs meane, and if his chaunce should giue successe
What sequel worke he would: more manifest him self may gesse
Then either Turnus kyng, or kyng Latinus list expresse.
Such worke in *Latium* lande there was. All which considryng great,
The Troian prince did view, and fluddes of care his breast did beat.
His wisdom swift now here, now there, he kest, and did deuide
In sundrie thoughts his minde: and ech deuise he tost and tried:
As in some brasen cawdrons lippes, where water standyng streames,
When sunne reflected shines, or face of Moone with quiuerying beames:
The twincklyng light vp leapes, eche corner sekes and flickering flits,
Now hie, now low, and tops of house, and rafters wauerying hits.
Then was it night, and creatures all that weery were on grounde,
Both byrdes & groueling kindes of beastes deepe sleape hath setled sounde:
When lorde Aeneas vnderneath colde skies in sight of stars,
Perturbed much in minde with troublous carcks of heauy wars:
As on a banke he sat, sore musyng sad with carefull brest:
He layde him downe at last, and late his limmes he gaue to rest.
To him the god of *Tiber* flood, which rules that pleasant place,
In vision showed himself, vprising graue with antique face,
Among the Poppler Leaues in grisell gowne of droppyng weedes,
A sayle his shulders spred, his hear beshadowed was with reedes,
Than speaking thus, Aeneas hart with comfort words he fedes.
O heauenly childe of gods, that *Troy* destroyed dost now restore,
Which bringst vs Troian wals, and lastyng wealth for euermore,
Longe looked for of *Laurent* feeldes, and townes of *Latium* great,
Here is thy certein house: do thou not shrinke thy certein seate,
Nor feare thee not for all these threatnynges huge: all wrædde and yres
Of gods appeased cease.
And now to thee (least fansie vayne this dreame thou to suppose)

Tyber a riuer nigh Rome.

A Sow of mightie sise furth with thou shalt sée layde in woase:
Beneth a banke, among the rootes, with thirtie sucklings out,
Al white her self on grounde, and white her brats her dugges about,
There shal thy citie stand: there is thy rest of labours last:
Where thy Ascanius prince, wham ten tymes thre of yeres ar past:
Shal famous *Alba* buylde, and of that surname cal this lande.
No fables I pronounce, now of this thing thou hast in hande,
How thou shalt victour be: giue eare in brief I wil thée tell.
A nation on these fronters cald *Arcadia* neare doth dwell:
From Pallants line they came, and king Euander vp they tooke,
They chase theyr place, and citie builded on that mountaines nooke,
Which of his grandsier Pallant slain, now Palanteum hights.
This nation with Latinus folkes, discording dayly fights.
Take them to thy relief, and league with them compounde and smight,
My self along these bancks shal thée conduct with passage light,
Against these streames with oares: that nothing let thy spéede to stay.
Arise, go to thou goddesse son: and first when starres decaye
To Iuno make thy vowe: her threatning mode and wrahtful tene
With prayers meekly please: and when thy conquestes ended bene,
Than me thou shalt reward: for I am he that fleeting déepe
Do straine these bancks thou séest, and pastures fat do féede and kéepe,
Most ioyfull *Tyber* blue, best liked streame to heauens on hie,
Here is my mighty house, here cities great my head may spie.
He sayd: And sodainly his flood, he foltring mirt in lake
From sight. Aeneas eies both night and sléepe did than forsake,
He rose, and with his face vpright against the mounting sonne,
Wham first his hands he dipt in waters pure that there did ronne,
He helde them vp to skies: and thus his voice he straight begonne.
O Nimphes, o *Laurent* Nimphes, o Quéene of streames & waters cléere
And thou o *Tyber* o thou blessed flood and father déere,
Receaue Aeneas now, and from these daungers last defend.
Where euer sacred lake, that pitie such dost vs extend
In our extreme distresse, what euer soyle and fountaine faire
Conteines thy holy head: vnto thy seate wil I repaire,
Myne honours euer due, and euer gifts thou shalt haue good,
Hornfronted kingly god, of westerne streames Imperial flood,
Be with vs, o this time, and al thy grace do prosper full.
So spake he than, and from his fleete two barges apt doth cull,

With

With rancks of rowers twayne, and all his campe in armour set.
Behold, for sodenly they? eyes a wondrous monster met.
For by the shore among the rotes on ground in græne wood shawe
A Sowe of syse vnstæne, all colour white with brode they sawe. This sowe was prophecied of before.
Whom good Aeneas vnto thée (o Iuno most of powre)
Euen all to thée he kild, and on thine altars did auowre.
That liuelong night did Tyber flood his streames downe couch and calme
With lingryng soft, that neither mouyng made of waue nor walme,
But milde most like a pole, or pleasant ponde of water dull,
So setled smothe it stode: that nothyng lets their ores to pull.
Their way therefore begunne with talkyng cherely plied they fast:
Thannoynted Firtrée slides, by shelues and sourdes along they past:
The waters wondryng stode, and woods with wondring gasing made
At shinyng sheldes of men, far glistryng straung of newcome trade,
They gase at gorgious ships, and painted pups aloft that swims,
They pluckyng swift their Ores, that night and day do tyre their limms,
And reatches long they win: that trées with bowes do hide them oft,
And circles wide they cut in waters græne of shadowes soft.
And through the woods they wade, o gladsom groues that growe a loft.
The flamyng sunne his compast midst of heauen had entred in:
When towre and walles they spie, and from a far the houses thinne, They came where Rome now standes.
Which now the Romain might, to match the starres haue made so tal
Euander king that time, that citie kept of substance small,
They swifly turne their shippes, and to the towne approchinge fall.
That day as Fortune was, Euander king in solempne guise
His patrone feast did keepe, with honours great to gods in skies.
But vnto Hercules most chief, in græne wood groue vpstald
Afront the towne. His onely son with him was, (Pallas cald)
With him the chief of youth, and Senate counsell poore and good.
To gods encense they gaue, on smokyng altars moist of bloud.
When first the loftie ships they saw, and darke in shadowes lowe
So slydyng through the woods, and swift with ores so silent rowe:
With sodain sight affraied they rose, and tables troublyng reaue.
Whom Pallas bold forbids that offrings holy they not leaue,
Himself with sworde outdrawn, against them fast to shore he flew,
Then from the banke aloof, how sirs q he? what causes new? (light?
What moues you thus these waies vnknowē to serch? where would you
What people? what place dwel you? bryng you peace, or list you fight?

Than lord Aeneas from his puppe on hie this answere told,
Olive in token of peace. And Olive braunch in hand betokening peace he forth did hold.
The men of *Troy* thou seist, and Troian weapons, Latins foes,
Whom they with armour proud thus wandring stil to drive dispose,
Euander kynge we seeke, go cary this and say that knights
Of Troians stronge are come, and pray with him to ioine our mights.
At such a reverent name, did Pallas then astonied stand.
Come forth (q he) O prince, what euer thou art, and here at hand
Go speake my father to, and strait his righthand claspinge held,
They landing left their flood, and to the frith they came and feld.
Then lord Aeneas to the king these wordes did frendly mone.
O best of *Græcian* blood, to whome dame Fortune stronge aboue
Compels me now to seke, and bowes of peace and gaie lands beare,
I nothing fearful was, that thou of *Greekes* a leader were,
And cosin neare in stocke, to twayne Atridas, *Troian* rods,
But me my valiant life, and holy motions great of Gods,
Our Gransiers ioynt of blood, thy wide renoume in countreis spred:
Haue knit me thus to thee, and glad by destnies here haue led.
How Aeneas and Euander are of kinne. King Dardan founder first of *Troian* townes and parent old,
That sun to Dame Electra was, as auncient Greekes haue told,
To *Troian* Kyngdomes came, Electras father void of doubt
Most mighty Atlas was, that heauens sustaines on shoulders stout.
Your line from Mercury proceedes, whom May most white of hew,
On olde Cilenes Mount, conceyuing bare by storie trew.
Mayes father Atlas is, if iust repost hath filde our eares.
That Atlas her begat, that stars of heauen on shulders beares,
So bothe one bloud wee be, from one good spring our stocke departes.
These thynges considering I, by neither message, freind, nor artes,
Did practise thee to groape, euen I my seke my person here
I ventred haue my head, and to thy court I sue most dere,
That nation proude of Turnus lande whose warres doth thee molest:
The same doth vs likewise most deadly vere, were wee suppest
Nothing they thinke should let, but all *Italia* landes at eas
They may subdue with yoke, and east, and west possesse the seas.
Receaue and render faith, wee lacke no brestes in battayle bolde,
Wee lacke no feruent mindes, and youth well tried in warres of olde.
He holdyng still his eyes his tale did harke,
And fired vewed his face, and limis and countenance all did marke.

Few

Few words at last he sayd: Most pusaunt lord (o prince of *Troy*)
How glad am I of thée: how welcome here thou bringest me ioy?
How wel thy parent great thou dost présent: his words and voyce
Me thinkes I here, in great Anchises face I do reioyce.
For I remember wel, when Priam king in progresse went,
To view Hesiones his sisters lands, he was content
From *Salamina* coast that time this countrey colde to know,
Then flowing fresh in youth, my budding beard on cheekes did grow.
I wondred at the Troian dukes, I wondred sore in dede
Such princely states: But euer all most hie Anchises yede,
My youthful minde for loue did in my brest with burning sit
Til we acquainted were, and hand in hand contoyning knit.
I led him furth, and to my towne of *Pheney* glad him brought.
He vnto me a quiuer riche, with arrowes finely wrought
At his departing gaue, and golden mantel brodrid faire,
And bridle bits with gold (which now my Pallas kéepes) a payre.
At your request therefore, confedring fast with you I cling.
And when the morning nert, on earth her light shal rendring bring:
With succour home I shal you send, and aid with comfort more.
Therewhiles, this offring feast (which to differ were sinne to sore)
This yerely sacrifice diuine (since here o frendes we be)
With gladnes let performe, and celebrate this day with me,
And your confederates fare accustom now your self to byde.
Whan he thus said, the deintie meates and cups withdrawen asyde,
He bids agayn restore, and Troyans set on grene grasse bancke.
But chief, on beddes bespred with Lyons hyde of heare full rancke,
Aeneas he receyues, and Maple throne to him prefarres.
Than al the princely youth, and temple prést from the altar barres
Contending bring their meates, entrayles of bulls, and seruice rost,
And bread in basketts lade, and wynes they skinke with cakes compost.
Aeneas iointly fed, the Troian youth also dyd dyne,
With tripes of sacrid stéeres, and total backes of oxen chyne.
Whan hungre staunched was, and last of eating first gan sake,
The king Euander sayd: This chéere quod he, that here we make,
This offring deintie day, this yerely feast religious pure,
This altar great of god, no superstition vayne obscure,
Nor errour blynde began (o curteis gest) but cause extréeme,
And due deserts of him that vs from daunger did redéeme,

The story of Hercules, and Cacus.

Deliuering fre from paynes, as by good signes thou shalt esteeme.
Now first behold yon rock, which hang thou seest with threatning sway,
Like half the mountaine faln, and stones downe wrested shew decay.
The bulwarke broken stands, whom rocks and hil down ratling drew.
A dongeon caue there was, of widnes wast, most deepe to bewe.
Which vgly Cacus kept, that halfe was beast, and halfe mankinde.
A lothly lurking den, whom beames of sun could neuer finde.
Whose flore did allwayes reeke with slaughters new, and euer freshe:
His heauie gates were hung, with heads of men, and dropping flesshe.
Vulcanus to this monster father was, whose flamings blacke
He spued at mouth, and wher he went al things he threw to wracke.
At last also for vs long loking helpe, tyme comfort brought,
And ayde at last wee found at god. For after conquest wrought
In *spaine*, (and Gerion triple bodied kilde) with booties braue:
Most mighty Hercules here came, and herds of bulls he draue
This way, with steeres right huge of syse, this riuer syde they fed.
The beasts but setled wer, and broke and vale along they sped:
But Cacus fendly spite that nothing ment but shameles theft,
No mischiefe left vntried, no craft vnsought, but al things reft.
Foure goodly bodied bulles he from their pasture stealing toke,
And foure of heifers large, and most of beautie faire to loke.
And lest perhaps their feete bewray them should by steps of cleaze,
He by their tailes them drew al backward plucking from their leaze.
Their treadings outward shewd, and euery path did outward guyde,
And to his caue them brought, where darke with stone he did them hyde.
When men shuld seke, no signe they saw, al tracts were outward tried.
This while when Hercules from hence departing wold remoue,
And gathering toke his beeues, that ful were fed fro launces aboue,
The cattayle rearing cried, and euery wood with bellowing fild
Lamenting thence to moue, and hils with noyse they left il wild.
One heifer lift her voice, and loude in dongeon sounding shrill:
She yelling answere gaue, and Cacus hoape dispointed yll.
Than verily sir Hercles furiouse minde for egre paynes
Did burne with bitter gall, his armour toles in hands he straines,
His heauie clubbe with knobs, and vp that hill he ramps on hie.
There Cacus, shrincking furst and furst affrayed: our men did spie.
With troubled eies more swifter then: than winde he trudging flings,
Straycht to his caue he flew, feare to his tentoes added wings.

When

Whan he his lodge had lockt, and by his chaines a sunder wrong
His huge vnweldie stone downe let, that there for rampier hong
With yron and Vulcanes art, his bolts and barrs he fastening rand,
His dongeon mouth he stopt and strong with stuffe he stifly cramd.
Behold, furthwith syr Hercles present was with flaming brest,
And entries al he vewed, nowe here nowe there his eyes he kest,
For angre gnashing tethe: thre times alone in feruent mode,
Al Auentinus mount he compast round, and thrise he stode,
Attempting stil those gates, and strong assaulting bounst thereat
In vayne, and thre times in this vale he wery resting sat.
A rock right sharpe of flint there stod, with crags ofcut from sides,
Agaynst the dongeons back vprising hie where clouds deuides.
A nestling fortresse fit for birdes of spoyle, and foules vncleane.
That rocke where hedlong nert the flod, it partly low did leane,
With shulders shouing long in vayne he tried, yet adding strength:
Ye shogging styl did striue, at last it shoke, and quite at length,
Ye lowsened low the rootes, than sodenly where most it swaied,
Ye ouerthrewt that with the throw, hie heauen rebounding brayed.
The banks wt murmour brake, yt streame ran backward wild affraied.
But than the caue, and Cacus vgly court disclosed clere:
His hoale, with al his darksom dennes, and kennels close appere.
None otherwise, than if by force whole earth shuld gaping clyue,
And show the infernal seates, and kingdoms pale reueling ryue:
Most hateful sight should be: an endles gulf down reatching deepe,
Shuld fowle apear, and crauling soules at light shuld quaking crepe.
When he with day vnloked for was caught, and shrinking low
His depest den he toke, nor neuer earst so lowde did blow:
Sir Hercles with his toles on him did prease, and weapons all
Ye fearcely plied both loggs of tymbre long, and milstones tall.
Ye grunting foule at mouth (for hope was none to scape by flight)
A cloud of stifling stinkinge smoke (a wondrous thing to sight)
Ye from his iawes outspued, that al the vaut with darknes stuft,
Depriuing eies from sight, and through the doungeon thicke he puft,
His fumes as blacke as night, and mirt with mist he perbrakt fier.
That thing sir Hercles wold not bide, but hedlong down for yre, (dound
Euen through the flames he lept, where smolthring streines did most re-
Of smoke, and where most boiling breth did caue most darke confounde.
There Cacus black in cloud, and belching fearce his burnings vaine:

Hercules brake vp Cacus den.

He groping straitly gript, and round in knot he wound in twaine,
Then crushing necke and eyes, his thirstie throte of blod did choke,
Anone the gastly den wide ope is set with gates vpbroke,
The cattel furth are fet, then pyles of pelfe and robbery spoyles
To heauen are shewd, his carcas eke misshapen vile of foyles,
Cacus sleyne. Is by the legs outdrawen, mens harts in loking take no rest.
His grisly squeased eien, his lothly face, his bristled brest,
His mongrel membres rough, his quenched fier in iawes opprest.
From that time furth this honor grew, that youth with gladsome game,
This holy day do kepe, Potitius first began the same,
And great Pinarias house, that Hercles offring euer serues,
From yere to yere, and for his worship more that thus deserues:
This groue and altar set, which euermore the chiefest shal
Be cald of vs, and shall in dede be euer chiefe of all.
Wherefore come of, o youth, and for the praise of so great gift:
With braunches bynd your heads, and cups in quaffing loke you lift.
And cal our general god, and skinke furth wines with glad good wils,
He said, then twisting Poppler braunch, his crown with leaues he hils,
With Hercles Poppler leaues (al doble huid) his temples tide,
And sacred boll with wine in hand he gripte, then side by side
Al men with feasting dranke, and bords they lade, and gods did praye.
The sun this while from skies did nere to night discending swaye.
And now the seruice priests, and furst Potitius led their bands,
Of custome great in skinnes, and torches burning bare in hands.
Their banquettes they renew, and ionkets courses after meats.
Their presents hie they heape, that euery bord with bourden sweats,
Than singing measure layes, at the altars burning daunsing round,
The skipping *salii* were com, with poppler braunches bounde,
In raye men set them selues, the yong men here, the old men there.
Hercules prayses. That Hercles praises great, and doughtie deedes to heauen may beare.
How first he tender chyld his stepdaines monsters kilde with eas
By hand, and serpents twain to death he wringing flat did squease.
Howe stoutful he by war did cities downe destroy ful strong,
Both *Troia*, *Oechalia* with more, how thousand labours long
At king Euristeus request, by Iunos deepe despite,
He ouercame and bare: thou lord vnuicted most of might,
Thou slewest the mongrel beast, mishapen Centaures gotten of cloud.
Both Hileus, and Pholus foule, thou Cressies monsters proud

Didst

Didst kil with hand, and Lion bolde in *Nemee* rocke didst quell.
At thée did *Lymbo* quake, to thée the Porter huge of hell,
To thés he trembling shooke, and left his bones begonne vngnawn,
Ye left his murthering caue, by thée from thence he was furth drawn.
Nor was there neuer face that euer could thée make affrayed.
No not him self Typhœus, in burning armour vgly rayde
With hundred hands that fought, nor thée that time thy reason faylde
Whan Lerna dragon thée with heapes of heads al round assaylde,
Alhayle vndoubted child of god, new ioy to saincts aboue,
Come visit vs with grace, and these thy gifts accept and loue.
Such things in hymnes they sang, but ouer all of Cacus hoale
They mencion make, and of him selfe with breath as burning coale.
The woods with song resounds, and hils with carolls aunsweres yéelde.
Than euery man whan seruice al deuine was first fulfilde,
Unto the towne them drew, the king him self of stoupyng age,
Aeneas next him toke for mate, his sonne him led as page,
With sundry speach of things to eas their way the time they past.
Aeneas wondring much on euery side his eyes did cast,
With euery place in minde he rauisht was, and oft enqueres
Eche thing, and monuments he gladly lernes of elder yeres.
Than king Euander spake, that first the towres of *Rome* did founde.
These woods (q he) somtime both Fans, & Nimphs, and Gods of groũde,
And fairy Quéenes did kepe, and vnder them a nacion rough,
A people saluage strong, and borne in troncks of timber tough:
Who neither nurture knew, nor trade of life, nor bullocks taught,
Nor gods vpstoare they could, nor wisely spare those things thei caught.
But bowes of trées them fed, and hunting hard them kept from cold,
Furst from Olympus mount (right neare the skies) god Saturn old,
Whan he from Ioue did flée, and from his kingdoms outlawd stood,
Ye first that wayward skittish kynde disperst in hilles, and wood,
Did bring to thrift, and gaue them lawes, and all the land this waye
Did *Latium* cal, for saulfly here long time he lurkyng laye.
And vnder that good king men say, the golden world did dure,
Such pleasaunt peace he taught, and peoples kept in iustice pure:
Till worser age at last, of baser sort by small and small,
With mad desier of warrs, and loue to haue: corrupted all.
Than cam *Ausonia* strẽgth, than *Scicil* folks and countreys straunge,
And oftentimes her name, Saturnus land was driuen to chaung.

Latium why so called.

Than kings, and chiefly Tyber great with body burly tall,
By whose surname Italia folks this flood did Tiber call,
(For Albula the former name it lost forgotten quyte.)
My selfe expulst from out my countrey land by wrongful might,
And following long the seas, with course extreame, as cause did shape
Almighty fortunes luck, and destny strong whom none can skape,
Haue planted in this place, and here my mother did me chase
Carmenta prophet Nimph, by dredeful songs of Phœbus grace.
Skant this he said: and walking furth her altar huge of state
He shewd, and Carmentalis cald by Romain name the gate:
Which buylded was, men say, for dame Carmentas mencion dëere,
That prophet destnie speaker, furst that sang in dities clëere
Of great Aeneas lyne, and Pallantee that noble fort.
From thence the shirwod great, where saulf defence, and frëe resort,
Duke Romulus vptoke, and in the rocke ful cold outhewd
Lupercal temple close, and mistryes al thereof he shewd.
He shewd also the sacrid groue of Argilethus heath,
Detesting in that place where Greekish gest was done to death.
From thence to Tarpey seat, and *Capitoll* he furth him led
All gilded now, but than with brieres, and brambles thicke bespred.
Euen very than, religous feare the plowmens harts did shake,
Euen than, that dredful rock and groue for reuerence did them quake.
This groue (q he) thou seest, this bushie hil so slope that clymes
(Unknowen it is what god): here dwels a god, ful often tymes
Arcadia men beleue there Ioue they saw, whan darcksom blacke
His fearful shield he shoke, and thundring stormes ther made to cracke.
These boroughs twayne besids with walles downe cast decaied that be
(Their ruines lo thou mayst, and monuments of old men, sëe)
This Ianus auncient built, that other towne Saturnus wald.
Ianiculum this was, that other than Saturnia cald.

Such talke between them selues they had, and now they entring drew
To poore Euanders house, and herds of beasts ful thick they vew,
And bellowings lowd thei heare, where now the shambles fat of *Rome*.
Are kept, and where the markets stands, and Judges sit in dome.
Whan to the court they came: This gate (q he) this threshold small
Hath Hercules gon through, here he was lodged in this hall.
Be bold good gest, and learn to shake of pompe, and worthy dëeme
Thy self by god, and with god wil our welcome poore estëeme.

He sayd, and to his simple hall be brought full voyde of feare
Aeneas mighty prince, and him on bed he setlid theare,
On mattresse stuft with leaues, and layde with hide of boystous beare.
The night down fals, and black wō wings embrasing hides the grounde.
But Venus as a mother, whom great carks did much confounde
Of *Laurent* threatning lordes, these tumults hard in brest she rolde.
To Vulcan than she spake, and in her husbands bed of golde
She thus began, and loue deuine enspiryng thus him tolde.
Such time as Greekish kynges did Troian walles with fire deface
Well worthy thā to fall, and towres with warres did quite downe race:
I neuer help to them (poore soules) nor armour yet requierd,
Of thy relief or craft, (o husbande swēteloue most dislierd)
Nor thée (dēre hart) could I permit that time thy selfe to straynē,
Nor see thy labours lost, or cunnyng works to wast in vayne,
Though I to Priams sonnes for great deserts good will did beare,
And for Aeneas labours hard I wept haue many a teare.
Now he in *Rutil* Realmes by Ioues commaundment setled stands.
Most lowly now therefore to thée I sue, and at thy hands
Enforced craue relief, O sacred spouse most vndefilde:
A mothers part I worke, I aske but harneis for my childe.
Dame Thetis for her sonne did like requeste obtayne er now
Of thée, so could Aurora cleare thy minde with wēpyngs bow.
Beholde what nacions ioyne, what cities wald with gates vpshut
Do whet their fightyng tooles, that me and mine to wracke would put.
She sayd: and with her armes as white as snow his necke she hēlde,
Him softly collyng swēt, with tender toyes he loth to yēlde,
At last conceyued flame, and sodenly the acquainted heate
Outran through al his bones, and mary ticklyng moist did sweate.
In maner like, as through soune thundring cloude with rumbling ript.
The lightnyng shinyng shots, and fier at clift out springs vntript.
She felt her beautie worke, and false her hart for gladnesse skipt.
Then father Vulcan spake, constraynd with loues eternall lust.
What nēdes this circumstaunce far fet? where is thy stedfast trust
O lady, fled from me? If I had knowne thou hadst thus caard:
Defence for Troian walles wē might that time haue wel prepaard.
For neither god almighty, neither destnies were so sore,
But *Troy* mought still haue stand, and Priam liue yet ten yere more.
And now, if warre thou wilt, and therevpon thy minde is bent,

Venus spake to Vulcane.

Vulcanus answere to Venus.

What euer I with craft or cunnyng castyng may inuent,
What can be wrought in steele, or siluer pliant mixt with brasse,
Loke what the fier, or breathyng blastes may make (let prayyng passe)
Of me, and all my strength assure thy selfe, be bolde of this,
What euer lieth in me, vndoubtedly, thine owne it is.
These wordes he spake, and close imbrasing sweete his spouse he clipt,
And gaue desiers of ioy, with lap to lap relentyng dipt,
Resoluyng limmes at rest, and sences deepe in slomber slipt.
Than first whã midnight course with race outrun, him brake frõ sleepe,
As doth some wedlocke wife, some thryuyng dame that house doth keepe,
Who life by labour seekes, and distaf worke doth weaue and spinne;
Her couched harth she steeres, and sturgyng sparkes of fire doth tinne,
Encrochyng worke by night, and hard with taske her maydens all
By candels early plies, wherby she may her children small
Bryng vp, and chaste her self mainteyne, and husband helpe withall.
In likely sort this firie puissaunt god, nor slacker wise
From bed full soft that time, to smithie works did earnest rise.
An Yle there is, by *scicill* side vplifted large in skies,
Cald *Liparen* where smoke from stones to starres vpstreamyng ties.
There vnder creepes a caue, and *Ciclops* chimneis gnawne in rockes,
Through *Ætnas* thundryng dens, of smiting strokes & bounsing knockes
That wailes, wõ sighting sounds, such battring beating through ẏ chinks
Far rendryng aunswers ryng, & yngot gaddes with clashing clincks,
In blustryng forges blowne, where dints replied with peyse, and pithes
Done metals dingyng driue, and sturdie steele they stretch on stithes.
Vulcania. Vulcanus house it is, and Vulcans name that lande doth bere.
The firy puissaunt god that time from heauen descended there.
The gyantes in that caue of wydnesse wast their toles did plie,
Pyragmon nakedlimd, and Steropes, and Brontes hie.
A worke in hand they had vnfashiond yet, but part made bright
One thundryng burnisht bolt, wõ many a such from heauen doth smight,
Whan Ioue to grounde them throwes, but part vnperfit did remayne.
Then store of struglyng windes, and stormful cloudes of clodded rayne.
Three winterwrested showres, three firyforked flashyng beames.
Three ratlyng tempest bals, three southwind winged lightning leames.
Now glistryng blasing lights, now gastly sights mens harts to skeare,
In forgyng fire they shope, with thrimp thump sound both noyse, & feare,
They mingled through their worke, and wrangled wrathes of following flame,

Another

Another sort for Mars a charet swift with wheeles did frame,
A charet wyld whereby the god vpsteres both campes and townes.
A sheld for Pallas eke, in troublous feelds ful grim that frownes
All horrible, with serpent skales beset, and fine with gold
Were dragons drawen in wreathes, and polisht pure in plated fold,
And monster Gorgons head (with neck ofschopt) amid her brest
They put, that men to stones may turne with eies to death compresst.
Set set aside al things, cast of (qp he) your workes begon,
You Aetna lads, let studies all to this one charge now ronne.
An egre man must valiaunt armour weare, now show your speede,
Now shifting hands requiers, now maisters al of craft is neede,
Breake hedlong al delayes: nor more he spake. They swiftly than
Besturring stryue to stoupe, and by their lots to labour ran.
Outgushing flowes in streames both gold, and brasse, and siluer swelts,
And lumps of murthring steele, in furnies glowing softning melts.
A huge hie sheld thei shape, one sheld alone for weapons all
Of Latines, and against al foes and force resist that shall,
Emboasid brode with hoopes, whom barres in barres entangling binds
Seuenfoldid thick. Som thrusting furth from bellowes blasting winds
Incessaunt yeld and draw, som dips in lakes and troughes of stones
Hoat hissing gleads: Al Aetna bauts with amuilds mourning grones.
They stil among themselfs their armes in course by force vp lift
With numbrings iump, & grasping tough in tongs their masse they shift.
Whyle these things hasting wer by Vulcan lord in Lemnos lande:
Euander king from bed, the dawning day bad vp to stande,
And early songs of birds his roof that fild with mirthfull note.
He riseth aged man, and on his limmes he puts his coate,
And thongs in Tyrrhen guise about his feete he wrapt and tyde.
Then sword with girdle strong from shulders down he nert his side
Did girt, and baldrickwise his wreath he ware of Panthers hyde.
Two wayting dogs also that thentrie wore at threshold kept
Came furth, and matching foote by foote theyr maisters pace they stept,
Unto his gest Aeneas chambre straight, he softly drewe,
Remembring former talke, he of his word a lord full true.
Nor morning styrer lesse, Aeneas then abroad was stalkt.
Son Pallas with Euander, but with him Achates walkt.
They meeting ioyne right hands, and in the middes of hal downe set,
In speeche at last they fall, of causes vrgent free from let.

The king thus furst.
Most doughtie Troian guyde (which while thou art alyue in helth
I neuer *Troy* destroyed shal thinke, nor vanquisht voyd of welth)
To such a carefull war, and for the fame of thy regard:
Small succour we can geue, here *Tyber* streame vplocks vs hard.
On this syde Rutils wring, and at our walls their harneis sownds.
But peoples huge to thee, and kingdoms rich of larger bounds
I go about to ioyne, whom very now euen chaunce vnsought
Doth show to thee: euen destnies lucke this tyme thee here hath brought.
Not far from hence a towne there is, with aunciaunt stones vpfraamd,
Which *Agillina* hight, where people somtyme *Lydia* naamd,
A nacion strong in war *Etruria* downes possesse and till.
This land that many a yere did flowing raign with welth at will:
A proude king caught at last, and long by force with armes oppress,
The cruelty of Mezentius. Mezentius lawles wreatche, whose moode misecreaunt neuer ceast.
What shal I tel the furious slaughters foule: to shame to speake
That tyrants odious deeds: god on his head and seede so wreake.
Mens bodies dead he did deuise to ioyne to bodies quick
In tortures, hands to hands, and mouthes to mouthes them binding thick.
(O plague most miserous) and them through filth, and rotting cloied
In wretched claspings vyle, with lingring death most lothly stroied.
But wery long at last, when he more mad wold worse haue wrought:
His subiects weaponed rose, and him in house beseiging sought.
His mates they slew, and to his rafter topps their fier they flang.
He through their slaughter throngs to *Rutil* realme outskaping sprang.
Wher with his hoast and mate king Turnus fearce him self he fends,
With iust reuenge therefore *Etruria* land al whole ascends.
Their king by war they clayme, and him by death they minde to quit.
These milions strong of men I will to thee Aeneas knit.
Their nauy furnisht ful alreadie thicke at shore remaynes,
And streamers out they crie, an auncient prophet them restraines
By destny singing, O you chosen youth of liuely lust,
You flowre of former yeres, you strenght of men, whom anger iuste
Prouokes to vengeaunce due, whose wrath Mezentius doth deserue,
No prince Italian borne may for this armie capteyn serue,
Seeke alien lords for guyds. Than al *Etruria* sore affright
Did setling stay them selues, and in that field their camp haue pight.
Him self embassadours to me with crowne, and scepter sent

Duke

Duke Tarchon, and with kingly robes me here he did present.
But vew the camp I should, and *Tyrrhen* kingdoms al possesse.
But me my slouthful colde, and woulds outworn in yeres excesse,
Enuies me now to raygne, and feble strength to late to steere.
My son I would exhort, saue he by mother mixed neere
Of dame Sabella part that countrey drawes. But thou whose yeres,
And kinred fortune loues, whom destnies luck and goodes requeres:
Go thou o Troian, and Italian prince, most strong of might.
Besides al this I shal, our onely hope and deere delyte
My son sir Pallas here to thee commit, that vnder thee
He may the feates of war as with a maister learne, and see
Most weightie works of Mars, that from his youth thy worthy deedes
He wondring may conceiue, and practise like if chaunce him needes.
Two hundred horsmen strong of freshest youth take here in hand,
So many more also shal Pallas bring of priuat band.
These words he scantly spake, and fired fast with eyes on grounde
Aeneas sadly sat, so did Achates freend most sound.
Much heauie things in hart they through their brests considring wayed.
Had Venus not from heauen by signe down sent their musing staied.
For sodenly with whirling noise the skies broad open flusht,
And lightning whistling cam, as round about all things had rusht,
And blast of trompet blown in welkin brim was heard to roare.
They loke: lo yet again, and yet, two, three, great thundrings more
Bright armour through the clouds in coast of heauen most cleere of sun
Readshining rough they see, that back repulsing rombling run.
Al other stode astoynd, but he him self most valiaunt knight
Aeneas, knew that noyse, and what his mother him had hight.
Than thus he spake. Be you god hoast, be you no whit appald,
What newes these monsters mean: tis I aloft in skies am cald.
This token me from heauen my mother sayd she would down send,
If warres shuld roughly rise, and Vulcans armes me to defend
She brings me through the clouds.
Alas, what slaughters wylde on wretched Laurents hang at hand:
What turments thee (o Turnus) must I giue: how mirt in sand
Both sheilds and helms of men, with many a body strong and tall
O *Tyber* flod with waters troul thou shalt: and many a fall
In fight susteine they must, whã truce they aske yet breake they shall.
These things when he had said, him self vplifting hie from benche:

Pallas committed to Aeneas.

To Hercles altars first and slæping fiers whom night did quenche
He went them to reuiue, and seruice left since yersterdaye
He gladly vpzestozes, and houshold gods they please and pzaye,
Both king Euander self, and Troian youth with whole assent.
Than to his ships furthwith, to visit there his mates he went.
Among which number such as him to warfare shulde pursue
Most hardy pzactiue knights he chose, the remnant downward dzue.
The groueling streme them beares, and swift they home by water dzesse
To bzing Ascanius newes, both of his father, and succesle.
To Troians than are hozses geuen, to passe to *Tirrhen* towne.
A royal courser foz Aeneas, whom of Lion bzowne
One hyde al ouerspzeds with guilded clawes bzight pendant downe.
The rumour runnes, and thzough that citie small is blasid wyde,
How hozsemen vnto *Tirrhen* coast with swift course postyng ryde.
Foz dzæd mens wiues with vowes do lade their gods, and mozе & mozе
Wen dangers cast, and face of Mars appeares not sæne so sozе.
Than good Euander olde, Aeneas righthand clipping hyld,
And thus at parting spake, and wæping still could not be fyld.
O if almighty god would me my yeres of youth restozе
Euen as I was, whan at *Præneste* walles (my troupes befozе)
I fought, when heapes of conquerd shæelds I victoz offring bzent,
And with this right hand than, king Herilus to hell I sent,
Whose mother at his birth him gaue thzее liues in limmes to lag,
(A grisly thing to speake) thzее weapons he by course did wag,
Thzее times to death he must down vanquisht be, yet bzeathings all
This righthand him bereft, and soules, and armour thzise made fall.
Not now dæere son, from thyne embzasings sweete shuld I be pluckt,
O dulcet son: noz so Mezentius bozderer, blood had suckt
Dispiting stil my head such murthering deathes had not bæn sæne,
Noz such asozt of burgeis wifes shuld widowes now haue bæne.
But O you glozious gods, thou chief in heauen that raignst on hye
Most mighty Ioue, of pozе *Arcadia* kinge respect the crie,
Giue gracious eare this tyme, and to my pzayers piteous bende.
If destnies me by your good grace my sonne home saufly sende,
If loking him I liue: and wee in one may meete agayne:
Than craue I longer life, and glad I shal receaue all payne.
But if (as god fozefend) som sozе mischaunce doth foztune thzeat:
Now now let me depart, and cruell lyfe ofcasting freat,

The pattern of a kynde and louyng father.

While doubtful carck me kepes, while hope in mynd vncertein is,
While thée my derling childe, myne onely ioy my parting blis,
Thus haulsing here I hold, er tidings worse myne eares may wound,
These things his father shed at leauing last, and flat in sound
With sobbing fainting fel: his pages him to house conueyed.
And now the horsmen band at open gates went out vnstayed.
Aeneas with the first, Achates trustie nert his side.
Than other Troyan lords, him self in midds did Pallas ryde
In glistring painted armes, and gay with cloke embroidred newe,
Lyke Lucifer that gracious dawning star, whom pure of hue
Dame Venus chiefly loues aboue al fiers in heauen that shyne,
Al darknes he resolues, and gladneth skies with face deuine.
The women stand on walles with trembling harts, and far with eyes
Pursue their glittering harneise troupes, and clouds of dust that rise.
They through the thornie downs wher nérest way no compas makes
In armour iointly ryde, hie shoutes vprise, and clustring strakes
They gallup, and vnder their trampling féete the ground with breaking (quakes.
Ther is a groue of grénewood frith, by *Cerits* riuer cold,
Religious, long and broad in reuerence kept by fathers old,
Whom raues of crokid hils with dales and downs that compas sets
On euery side doth close, and woods of firtree blacke besets.
To Siluan god of beasts and fields that auncient Greekes men say
Did consecrat that place, and gaue both groue and feastful day,
Which Greekes somtime possest of *Latium* countrey first the lands,
Not far from thence duke Tarchons host, and al Aetruria bands
Incamped saufly lay, and from the hill their legions strong
Al plaine might now be vewed, that broad in fields outstretched long.
Aeneas to that place, and warlike youth, in mynd wel pleasd
Alighting, wery went, and horses trymd, and bodies easd.
But goddesse Venus whyte, from through the clouds descending clere
Was ready there with gifts, and to her sonne approching nere:
When secret him she saw, far from the flood in crooked vale
She offring shewed her self, and thus she shortly brake her tale.
Lo here my husbands worke, my promise due, cast of thy doubt
O son: nor fear not now to coape with al proude Laurents rout,
And Turnus now to combat cal, though he be ner so stoute.
She sayd, and of her son thembrasing swéete furthwith she set.
Than vnderneth an oke in sight, those glistring armes she set.

He gladful of those gifts, with mynd for ioyes in myth extolde
With sight could not be fild, but eies on eche thing stil he rolde.
He wondreth, and betwæne his armes, and hands he oft vpturnes
A helme most horrible, with crests, out spitting flames that burnes.
A murthring fatal blade, a brestplate stif of bras most fine,
All bloodread, sanguine, bygge, like many tymes whan sun doth shyne,
Some blue cloud catcheth beames, and burning bright with ruddy rayes
A lof it self it shewes, and streaming light lykewise displayes.
Then bootes of siluer light enameld gorgeous mixt with gold.
A speare also with shæld, whose wondrous worke can not be told.
There all *Italia* state, and pærles *Rome* with triumphes all
(Not ignoraunt of age to come, and destnies that shoulde fall)
The stirie puissaunt god had made: there all Ascanius race
In order faire was wrought, and foughten fields in euery place.
He there also had put, where græne the caue of Mars begins
A she wolfe downe was layed, and next her dugs two goodly twins,
Two daggling sucking boies, her flanks betwæne thei hanging plaide,
Their mammies teats they lap with hungrie lipps nothing affraide.
She turning round her neck: now one, now one, them swætely lyckt
Reforming soft their limmes, and soft with tong them smothly stryckt.
Nor far from thence was *Rome*, and *sabines* virgins rashly raught
At sight of stately playes, and thence by force for wedlocks caught,
The story all there stood, and sodenly new war did rise
To Romulus and Tatius old, and lords of *sabines* wise.
Within a while those kings (their al contencions quenched quyte)
Before Ioues altar cam, and holding bolles in armour bryghte
They stood, and with a swyne downe slaine did leag conclud and smyte.
Not far from thence was Metius torne, in quarters pluckt by stæds,
But why thou *Alban* to thy words accordid not thy deeds?
And of that lying lord did Tullus drag those false entrailes (hailes.
Eueu through the wood, that thornes and briers with blod besprinckling,
Than king Porsenna strong commaunded Romains eft restore
Their Tarquin outlawd king, and long be seiging wrang them sore.
Aeneas people fearce for frædom fast on weapons ran.
Him angrie, threatning like, you mought sæ chaaf disdaining than,
That Cocles durst resist while bridge behind him broken was,
And Cloelia captiue wench with broken bands the streame did pas.
Vpon the *Tarpey* rocke, and *Capitoll* most lordly braue,

The famous deedes of Romanes, were engraue in the armour of Aeneas.

Stood

Stode Manlius that champion chief, his countrey wals to saue.
Ye for the temple fought, and enemies clambring downe did pull
With stubble starke of steele, the Pallas court of *Rome* was full.
And flickryng there in golde, the siluer Gander keakyng cried
At hand, and in the Porches nert the Frenchmen entryng spied.
The Frenchmen entryng were, and takyng Towres did fearce inuade,
By bushes climyng close, and kept with helpe of darke night shade.
Of Gold their Tresses were, their golden garments trim them decks,
In garded frocks they shine with roddid welts about theyr necks,
In partlets knit with Golde, two slingyng speares eche one doth lift,
In Mountayne guise, and shields of length defende their bodies swift.
Than cam the skippyng sort, in daunce disguised shakyng shanks,
The *Salij* praunsing Priests, with mitred crownes and coppid tancks.
The *Luperts* naked went, and armour holy liften aloft,
That down from heauen did fall, the matrones chast in Charets soft
Religious led their gods, and through the town procession brought.
Along way far from thence, the dennes of Hell most déepe wer wrought,
And louryng Limbo gates, with sundrie sinfull wretches pangs.
Thou Catilin wert there, on threatnyng rocke thy carcas hangs,
Thy turments there thou bidest, and still dost feare those fendly iawes.
But good men by them selues, and Cato them did giue their lawes.
Among all this there went the salt sea broad with swellyng broth
Of Gold, but greene the frisking flods did fome with hoary froth.
And cut in siluer cléere the Dolphins swimming compas daunst,
The streames wt tayles they swept, & through ẏ tydes they sherig glaũst.
In mids were brasen fleetes of shippes, and *Actia* warres at large
Men might haue sene, how battels both conioyning bent their charge.
The seas with harnies shines, that boyling flods with gold did spring.
There all *Italia* strength Augustus Empyour prince did bring,
With commons all, with lords, wt saints, wt gods most great of might, Augustus Cæsar.
Aduauncing cheif in ship, whose temples twaine with flames vpright
Outsparkling spoutes a fier, his fathers star his crowne bespreds.
Another wing with prosperous windes, and Gods in army ledes
Agrippa loftie prince, whose pendant streamers proud stands out,
His crowne couragious shines with garlond wun from topshipsnout.
On thother part with all *Barbaria* force of diuerse armes
Anthonius drags his traine of nacions thick, in throngs that swarmes.
Ye victour late in wars, from countries far wher Sun doth ryse,

From peoples blacke of *Inde*, from redsea shore, from eastern skies,
All *Ægipt* and all *Asia* strength extreme with him he drew,
Cleopatra concubine to Anthony. Whom proudly (fie for shame) his *Gygtian* wife doth next persue.
Togither all they rusht, and pluckt with ores conflicting clasht,
The waues wᵒ wrastling fumes, & fronts to fronts their ships thei crasht
To chanell deepe they draw, a man would thinke ỹ mountaynes meete
In seas, or iustlyng woods with woods hole rocks, & Ilandes fleete.
So huge wᵒ weight mẽ work: frõ tolwres, & tops their darts down strikes
Their wildfire Okam flies, and stormes outthrown of tooles with pikes.
The cloudes with cries are mirt, both ships & seas with slaughters spred,
All Neptunes slittryng feelds with bloudshed streames are darkned red.
The Queene in mids them all with timbrell noyse her bands vpcheres,
Nor yet two deadly serpent snakes, to her at backe appeares,
All monstrous kinded gods, Anubys dog that barkyng staue:
Agaynst all Romain guids (both Venus, Neptune, Pallas graue)
Their weapons vp they holde, outragious Mars among them stamps,
All cut in carued steele, and hags infernall fearcely ramps.
Dame Discord through them runs, with garnẽts torne she ioyful skips,
Whom grim Bellona mad pursues at hand with blouddy whips.
These thynges beholdyng thus, Apollo shotyng plied his bowe,
Aloft from skies, all *Ægypt* than, all *Inde* downe couched lowe,
All nations wilde of South *Arabia* proude for all their cracks,
All *Asia* scattryng fled, all *Sabey* kyngdoms turnd their backs.
The Queene her self was seene with winds aduaunst vpliftyng sayles
To flee, and still with slackyng shrowds she more and more preuayles.
Amonge those slaughters, her (for death at hand) wᵒ countenance pale,
The firie god hath made be borne with waues, and westerne gale.
But there agaynst with body great, was Nylus mournyng put,
His bosom openyng broad, and callyng home their course to cut.
His garment gowne he spred, and wyde his lap of waters blue,
And to his lurkyng flods his conquerd men allurying drew.
But Cæsar through the Romain wals three times triumphant borne
To great *Italia* gods he payed his vowes eternall sworne.
Three hundred ˣ Mynsters chief along the towne wyde open stands,
ˣ Churches. All stretes with mirth resounds, with games, wᵒ sports, wᵒ clapping hãds
In euery temple wiues, at euery altar singyng queres,
At the altars, euery flore with offryng slaughters strowd of steeres.
Him self at Phœbus porch (so white as snow) in throne downe set,

Surueys

Surueys al countreys gifts, and garnisht polls with presents fret.
In long arayes they gon, the conquerd nacions captiue sad,
As diuerse of their tongs as in their weedes and armours clad.
Thre sundry sorts of *Moores* had Vulcan cast, som tuckt in shyrts,
Some trayling mantels lose, or sirpleys windie wyde of skyrts:
Of *Cará*, *Lelega*, by south, and archers bred in caues
Of *Gelon* sands, *Euphrates* now did fleete with softer waues.
And Flemings furthest out from men, and *Rhyne* with hornes in twaine,
Unconquerd *Danes*, and flood *Araxes* (bridge that did disdaine).
Such works in Venus gift he wondring saw by Vulcans sheeld,
And knowing not the thinges, their figures glad he long beheeld.
At last, his childrens chaunce, and fame he did on shulders weeld.

DEO GRATIAS.

Per Thomam Phaer, in foresta Kilgerran, x. Septembris. finitum 1558. Opus xl. dierum per interualla.

¶ The ninth booke of the Æneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

¶ Whylst Aeneas is busie in Tuscia to seeke ayde, Turnus is by the Raynbow admonished not to omit so good an occasion, and speadeth him self forth as neare as he can to his enemyes. Who seing them defensed on euery side in theyr tentes to the intent that he might cut away from them all hope of flight, assaieth to burne their fleete. But at Venus ernest sute: Iupiter deliuered the shippes from present burning, and transformed them into so many Nymphes of the sea. Towards night, Turnus layeth a watch before the towne gates for feere of soddein eruptions of the enemie, in which watch Messapus is cheif. Therwhiles the Troians take counsell whom to sende to Aeneas to make him priuie of these thinges, whych Nisus and Euryalus, a payer of faithful freendes take in hand to do. Who departyng forth of the towne, and findyng the watch ouercome with wyne and sleape: sley Rhamnetes with a numbre of Rutilians, & lade them selues with the spoyles. But in the morryng, beyng spied of Volscens horsemen: they flie to the woods. There Eurialus by weight of his armour, and ignorance of the way much hindred, falleth into his foes handes & is by Volscens slayne. Nisus likewise, when he had slayne Volscens, and valiently reuenged Euryalus death beyng strooke through with many a mortal wound falleth downe dead vpon his freends body. Their heads are caried vpon speares poynts into the tentes, where the Troians knowyng them from the walles, a great sorow riseth through the whole towne. Turnus ceaseth not to assaulte his enemies with all force, and great slaughter is committed on both partes. There Ascanius killeth with the shoot of an arow Numanus, that ouer proudly aduanced himself: Pandarus and Bitias proude of their good successe, open the gate, and driue backe the enemies entryng in with great slaughter. Whereof Turnus beyng certified: issueth into the towne through the open gate, and putteth the Troians to flight, but at length oppressed with multitude, retyreth to the side of the towne which is next the riuer, and armed as he was, leapeth into the streame, and so escapeth.

Iuno pricketh forth Turnus by the Raynbow.

WHile these things working were, on sundrie sides with purpose bent:
Danne Iuno downe from heauen the Rainebow red her seruaunt sent
To Turnus dredeles prince. Hinge Turnus than did seat repose

In

In great Pylumnus vale, his parents woods whom round did close.
To whom dame Rainbow thus, with mouth bespake as red as rose.
Turnus (q she) that thing which neuer god if one had sought
Could graunt to thee: lo, tumbling tyme alone it self hath brought.
Aeneas now from home to king Euanders house is gone,
And left both campe and mates, and town, and fleete with sauegard none.
The fines extreme of Corytes townes he sackes, nor yet ynough,
But Lydas power he drawes, and armour giues to men from plough.
Leaue doubting, take thy time, ral charets out, now set furth steeds,
Breake boldly al delayes, go take that campe that al thing dreeds.
She said, and lifting equal wings to heauen she mounted slowe,
And huge in flight she spred, and vnder clouds, out of her bowe.
The yonge prince her beknew, and holding hands to skies on hie
He wondring her pursued, and as she fled he thus did crye.
O Rainbow beautie bright of heauen, who through the clouds this tyde,
Hath drawn thee thus to ground? I se, I se, whole heauen deuyde.
I se the stragling starrs, that from the poale their course declynes,
Such clearbright storme? I folow fast al these miraclose signes
What euer thou art that me to armour callst, and with that word
Went forth, and from the swelling streame, he water sipt at forde
Requiring much his goddes, and aire did lade with bowes outpowrde.
And now the total hoast in fields displaied their pace did hold,
Right rich of hors, right rich of broyderid robes, and braue of gold.
Messapus voward helde, the rerward kept yong princes twayne
Of Tirrhus, but him self king Turnus midst in battaile mayne,
Vauntsquaring spreds his armes, and ouer all by shoulders shynes.
Resembling Ganges flood that ouerflowes seuen streames, and fines
In silence burbling broad, or Nylus fresh with waters fat
Whan couching close he swells, and seasoneth fields with fleeting flat.
There sodainly a darksom dusky fog most lyke a cloud
The Troians might behold, that round with rolles the skies did shroud.
Furst from a banke on hie did Caycus watchman crye aloud.
What is yon black, o mates? that lyke a bowle such dust vp skralls?
Set swiftly furth your toles, bring weapons out, and clym your wals.
Here is our enmy lo, heylagh, loud clamours than they throng.
The Troyans al about at gates and wals, them close besowre.
For such commaundment them Aeneas best of martiall skill
At his departyng gaue, if any chaunce should rise them yll:

Not rashly ioyne they shuld, nor trusting field their strength extend,
But closely keepe their campe, and saulf their wals with bancks defend.
Though shame therfore with wrath prouoks to fight disdainful deepe,
Yet gates to them they set, and due precepts obedient keepe,
And harneyst hye they stand, forstalling foes on rampiers steepe.
Turnus (as he before the people slow, in post did flye)
With twenty chosen knights, on horsback stoute the fortresse nye,
Al sodenly vnlooked for is com, whom whyte with speckes
A Thracian steede vpheaues, and helmet red gold crested deckes.
Is any here good lads, wil furst with me prouoke our foes?
And to the winds a dart he whirling shooke: lo, there it goes
Quod he, this fight beginnes, and boysstous large on field he flyes,
His mates with noyse pursuen, with grisly shouts vplifting cries.
They wonder at the Troyans dastard harts, their corage weake,
That neither geeue them dare in open field, nor fearce outbreake
In armes as men, but faintlie keepe their fort, now here, now there
Ye troubous belwes their wals, and ryding seekes ech entring where.
Aye watching lyke some Wolfe, that counterwaiting shipfold cots,
Through stormy showres and winds about mens deiries howling trots
At midnight seeking stealth, whan careles loud the lambes do bleat
In saulfgard nere their dammes, he fretting false and mad for meate
Doth absent teare their lims, so gripes his guts that gathring gnawes,
Long fasting furth him dryues, and thrist of blod vpdries his iawes.
Euen so to *Rutile* prince, as serching wals and campe he turnes:
His fumes vpsparkling spreeds, and fore in bones his grief him burnes.
What shift inuent he shal to giue thassault, or where find place
To breake the Troians trench, or dryue them down to equall space.
Their fleete that secret lay, euen at the syde of Troian wall,
Enuironed with trench, whom water flods encompast all
Ye sodenly onsets, and to his mates for fire exclames.
Him self outcasting flings his pynetree bronds with feruent flames.
Than echman stoutly sturres, the kings own presence men furth pricks.
On euery syde fresh youth for armour takes black burning sticks.
They sparpling spoyle their fiers. Than blasing cloud with pitch commirt
Doth ryse, and smoke from torches mount, to stars with sparks betwirt.
Now Muses tell what god did from the Troyans turne this yre
So great: and who then kept their fleete from fumes of fatal fyre:
Speake trusting old report, but fame thereof shal neuer expyre.

What

What tyme Aeneas prince in *Ida* woods his nauie made
At passing first from *Troy*, and through deepe seas should take his trade:
The mother of gods men say, that Berecinthia heauenly hight,
Petition that tyme made to Ioue celestiall great of might
Entreating thus by speech. Giue son (q she) to thy deare dame,
One boone which I must aske, since heauens to thee bin brought so tame.
A Pynetree frith I had, which many a yere I fauoured muche,
And in the top a groue there grew of trees, there was none suche
For beames of timbre black, and firtree bourds with pitch and tarre.
Great offrings there I toke, and folks to serue me cam from farre.
Those trees to Troyan prince, whan he so much of ships had need:
I gaue with glad good wil, now care my hart doth grype for dreed.
Releas my fear, let now thy parents words thus much obtaine.
Let neuer surge of seas, nor whirlwynd storm their nauy strayne,
Nor course of sailing shake, since on my hilles somtime they grewe.
Her son to her than spake, whose wind doth stars and world subdue.
O mother what thing meanst? or which way destnies woldst thou presse?
Can frames of mortal hands immortal state by right possesse?
Or should Aeneas prince in doubtful daungers wandring stray?
That certein is of seate? what god so great such maistries may?
Nay whan fulfild they haue their fatall course, that ports, and realmes
Of *Latium* lands they touch, what ship somtyme so skapes the streames,
Their mortal shape from them I wil withdraw, and chaunge them all
To maidens bright of seas, lyke water Nimphes with bodies tall.
Lyke Clotho goddesse clere, or Galatee with membres whyte,
Who through their foming waues with persaunt brest doth swimming
He spake, and by the fens of *Stigies* flood his oth he toke, (smyte.
By pitch of *Lymbo* pits, by gulf and banks of Plutos brooke.
He gaue a nod, and at his beck, whole heauen tremibling shooke.

A fable of Aeneas shippes.

The day therfore of couenaunt present was, and destnies deme
Performed had their time, whan Turnus fearce with dredful deme,
Compeld that lady sainct from sacrid ships that fire to dryue.
There furst a sodain light before mens eyes did straunge ariue,
And huge from morning skies descending cloud down gliding ran,
With queres of spritual wights, than dredful voice wyde aire began
To fil in *Rutiles* eares, and troupes of Troians brym to skan.
Do not affright your selfs to saue my ships with labour vayne,
You Troyans, nor in armour put your strength, nor take that payne.

For furst shal Turnus waters al consume, and burne vp seas
Er he my sacryd trées haue power to touch, go lose at ease,
Go saltsea godoesses, your lady biddes, and as it spake:
Incontinent ech ship their bands at shore, and halsers brake.
And down (as dolphins don) conuerting sharp their beaking snouts,
In depe sea sands they drown, whence vp furth with they ryse by routes.
A maruel monstrous much, in virgin shapes and faces trym
On seas them selfes they shoue, and sporting swift in sight they swym.
Lyke Mermaides ladies light, of number iust, and not one more
As they before did stand, with brasen stemmes in shippes at shore.
Astonyed *Rutils* stood, euen he him self in minde affrayde
Messapus, and his horses troubled were, the streames eke stayde
Their waters hoarce of sound, and *Tyber* trembling fote retrayd.
But not to Turnus bold did corage ought relent or hope.
Mens harts with words he lifts, & chéering chydes with skornes at skope,
These monsters to the Troyans come, lo god him self you sée
Hath take from them their strength, and wonted shift alwayes to flée,
No *Rutile* powre doth néede, our fiers, our swords, they durst not byde,
The seas therfore to Troians fast are stopt, no place to ryde
Nor hope to skape they haue: lo, halfe the world beraft them is.
As for the land in our possession lieth, and ouer this
So many thousands strong Italian nacions armour beare.
The Troians fatal songs, nor iuggling sights can me not feare,
Nor answers from the gods, if any such the wretches boast.
Ynough for Venus is, and destnies past, that once this coast
Of ranche *Italia* land the Troyans pore had leaue to touche.
My fortune them withstands, and I lykewyse may destnies vouche
To kyl that cursyd brood, and for my spouse vprote them quyte.
Nor not alone this grief doth Agamemnons kindred byte:
Nor Greeks haue onely cause for wedlock spoyle them selfs to arme.
Yet had it bin ynough to stroy them ones, if but one harme
Suffized had their sinne, and not with spyte all female kinds
Thus villaynly disdain: what: doth this half trench puff their mynds?
Doth dich words giue them pryde: so neare the death: such srufgard thin?
Saw they not Troyan wals in fiers down sink with gods within?
But what is he (good mates) wil yonder trench with me go teare
With toles, and ouerrun this campe, that trembling sinks for feare?
I need no Vulcans armes, nor thou sand ships, I séeke them not.

Aeneas ship pes transformed into Nymphes of the seas.

Let

Let al Etruria ryse, and ioyne for helpe in Troyan knot.
They shal not feare no darke, by night on them wee list not steale.
We wil betray no watch, nor keepers kill as Greekes did deale,
Nor blynde in horses paunch wil we go lurke, but cleere by day
Their walls in compas round with fier, and fearce assaulting fray.
They shall not thinke vs Greekes, nor at our youth haue cause to skof,
I warrant them, nor such as Hector ten yeres long kept of.
And now therfore since better part of day from vs is fled:
Remaynes no more, but sith wee haue our things thus far wel sped,
Prouyde your self good cheere, and loke for fight to giue dispatche.
There whyles to set the skoute, and euery gate with warde to watche
Messapus charged was, and walls to girt with fiers and lights.
Of Rutils seuen and seuen to gard the siege, most actiue knights
Elected were by lot, ech one his hundred souldiours led,
Carnation creasted youth in burnisht gold gay glittring red.
They stray, they shift their turnes, and al along down layde on gras:
With wines them selfs they cheere, and cups vpturne: bolles of bras.
Their fiers before them shyne, and long with watch ỹ night they pas,
Auoyding sleepe with nurth.

The preferreth him self before Grecians.

These things beholding brim did from their walls the Troyans spie.
In armour strong they stod, and soin their towres did hold on hie,
For dreade they grope their gates, and som did bridges clampring ioyne,
And bulwark banks they wrought, and engine toles to fend and foyne
Al weaponed, them sir Menesteus and Serestus sharply plies,
Whom lord Aeneas had, if any fortune hard should rise:
Made maisters ouer youth, and gouernours al things to guide.
Afront the baumures long by lots to daungers truly tried
The legion waiting stod obseruing course, ech keepes his charge.
One gate did Nisus keepe most egre knighte with speare and targe,
Whom huntresse Ida sent as frende to serue Aeneas part.
A bowman stout with shafts, and swift with stroke of whirling dart.
Nert him Euryalus his mate, whose fairer was there non
Through al Aeneas campe, nor Troyan armour did put on.
Fyne princock fresh of face furst vttring youth by buds vnshorne.
One loue betwæn them was, and iointly fought like brethē sworne.
That time also they twaine one standing kept with gate before.
Sir Nisus first, what is it? god sets thus mens minds on fire:
Swæte frendshor is ech mans mind his god furth driuen by dern desire?

Sõme great conflict or famous fact to attempt long whyle my breſt
Inceſſaunt me prouokes, nor can content with quiet reſt,
Thou ſeeſt how careleſſe nowe theſe *Rutils* bin this watche that keepe,
Their lightes diſſeuered ſhyne, and they them ſelues in wynes and ſleeps
Reſolued ſlurg on grounde, wyde Silence walkes, now frendly harke
What ryſing moues my ſpirite, and wherupon my thought doth carke.
Aeneas home to call bin Lordes and people firmely ſet,
And men they ſeeke to ſende, that tidynges certayne ſoone may fet.
If they will giue to thee ſuch benefites as I requier,
(For vnto me ſhall fame of ſo great fact ſuffice for hier).
By yonder banke thou ſeeſt, I could a way me thinks finde out
To paſſe to Euanders court, and by the ſame reuert about.
Euryalus aſtonid ſtoode, ſuch loue him prickt of prayſe,
Ye coulde him not conteyn, but to his freende thus feruent ſayes.
In thynges of ſo great weight my felowſhip doſt Niſus grutche?
Forſakſt thou mee? ſhould I ſend thee alone to daungers ſuche?
Not ſo my father Opheltes beaten in warres did me conduct
Through fearefull *Græcia* frayes, nor ſo my minde did euer inſtruct
In tremblyng toyles of *Troy*, nor I with thee ſuch parts haue played
Since great Aeneas campe, and deſtnies me extreme haue ſtayed.
I beare a mynde perdee diſpiſing death, I lacke not ſpright
To thinke this prayſe well bought, with loſſe for thee of life and light.
Niſus to this. Such thyngs in faith of thee did I not dred,
Gods forbod ſo to thinke, no, me almighty Ioue ſo ſped
Or who ſo els of gods indifferent lookes, my head ſo ſtrike.
But if there ſhould as many thynges thou ſeeſt in daungers like,
If any ſore miſſehap or chaunce or god ſhould backward ſhoue,
I would thou ſhouldſt remayne, thy yeres to liue don beſt behoue.
Let one ſuruiue that me from foes may take, or my dead corſe
For money may redeeme, and to enterre haue ſome remorſe,
Rewardyng me with earth, or if my lucke not ſo vouchſafe:
Giue offrings for my ſoule, and it ſet forth with tombe or graue.
Nor cauſe will I to thy deere mother be of ſo great griefe,
Who thee alone (O ladde) purſues good ſoule of matrones chiefe,
Reſpecting daungers non, and left *Aceſtes* land ſo liefe.
Ye thereagainſt. Excuſes vaine, in vayne thou doſt but knit,
Nor myne affection firſt doth from my breſt ought chaunge or flit.
Let vs be gone (q he) and calles the ſkoute, they ſtrayt ſupplied

One freed wold ſaue the other from danger.

Their roumes, & kept their turnes. Thei leuing stādings both furth hies
In one minde knit like mates, and for their king enquēryng spied.
All other breathyng soules, on soyles disperst, than ealments toke,
Releasing paynes with sleepe, and cares from harts forgetfull shoke.
The dukes of Troians chief, and chosen youth about them bolde:
Their counsayle than supreame for kingdoms weight did carkfull holde,
What should be don, or to Aeneas now who message beares.
They leane with shields in hands, consultyng sad vpon their speares.
Amids the campe in field than Nysus to them fresh of chere,
With mate Euryalus beseekes accesse, to speake them nere,
A thyng of burthen great and worthy of thancke they haue to breake.
Ascanius furst them toke, and Nisus quiueryng bad to speake.
Than thus, giue equall mindes, and eares to vs O pryncely pæres,
Nor iudge not our deuise by our apparaunce light of yeeres,
The Rutils silent lien in wynes and sleepes and surfets drownde,
Eke wee our selues haue bewd for our atempt good space of grounde,
Where from our gate the way deuided parts, their fiers vnbroke,
Descries their vacant shore, and to the starres the thicke blacke smoke,
Disseueryng spreades in skies, giue vs but leane to take our chaunce.
Wee to Euanders court vnto Aeneas close will glaunce.
Hiin here with slaughter strong, and spoile more great than wee conceiue
You shall see strayte returne, nor vs our way can ought deceyue.
Wee saw from far that towne in vales obscure down crookyng lowe,
Continuall hunting there, and all that flood besides wee know.
Whan this Alethes heard right graue in age and ripe of yeeres,
Gods, Gods, O countrey Gods, in whose protection *Troy* still steeres:
You minde not (I perceiue) powre Troians yet to quenche down rights,
Whan such corragious youth, such brests so bold, so liuelike sprights,
It pleaseth you to sende. And as he spake, he did embrace
The necks and armes of both, and teares down tricklyng fild his face.
What gifts? what worthy gifts for such attempts and ventrous deedes
May recompence you Lordes: but for your vertues such must needs
From gods come best reward: your maners eke no worse can gayne,
All other thinges to you Aeneas prince shall pay full fayne.
Ascanius also when he to perfit age attaynes:
Such kindenesse will requite, nor neuer shall forget your paynes.
Yea I my self Ascanius than sayd, whose onely wealth
Depends on you to see my syers retournyng swift in health:

By puissaunt Troian gods, vntō you Nysus both I sweare,
By myne aduoury saints, by Vestas secretes hoare of heare,
I here protest my faith what euer chaunce or fortune happes.
What euer luck be myne, I put it whole in your two lappes.
Cal backe my parent sweete, let me of him haue once a sight,
No heauines my minde can in his presence make affright.
Two comely siluer cups I shall you giue with grauing drest,
My father wan them both, when he *Arisba* towne suppressit.
Two big thrcfooted bolles, eke talents twain most large of gold,
An auncient bason broad Queene Didos gift of price vntold.
And if our chaunce preuaile, that we our kingdom here may staye,
To take *Italia* land, and by the lots deuide our praye:
Thou sawest what palfray steede, what armour braue king Turnus bare
All guilt, what shield: and how his helmet crest did streaming stare:
Euen them to thee shal I from out the lots except with cure.
Alreadie thine they be, thou maist accompt them Nisus, sure.
A dosen matrones eke, of thrifty kinred largest limd.
My father thee shall giue, with bondmen twelue of al things trimd,
Besides those whols demaines, which king Latinus self doth keepe.
But as for thee, o ladde, to whom my yeres more nere do creepe.
Thou reuerent stately child, how deepe in brest I thee receiue:
Thou euer art my mate, whom scarce nor chaunce nor time can weyue.
Shal neuer pompe to me without thy portion sure be sought,
What euer peace or wars I make, my deeds, my woords, my thought
Shal most remaine to thee: And he again made answere thus:
No day shal me disproue, nor of my dedes vnlike discus
Fall fortune good or bad, thus much I graunt, but one thing thee,
One graunt let me require that passing all gifts is to mee.
I haue a mother here, of Priams stock she comes of old.
Whom neither Troian soile could after me (good creature) hold,
Nor king Acestes walls, but me at all times folowing sues.
She hereof nothing knowes, what euer chaunce may me misuse,
Vngreetid her I leaue, this night I take and thy right hand
To my record, that I my parents teares could not withstand.
But thy relief to her I must nedes craue to appeas her wo,
Let me that hope of thee for certain beare, the bolder go
To daungers al I shall. Than teares of eies did thick downe fall.
From Troyans pearced brests, and from Ascanius first of all,

Pietee and duety towards parentes,

Eke

Eke print of pure paternall loue, his piteous minde gan gall.
Than thus he spake.
I promise al to thee that worthy is for so great fame.
My mother she shalbe, and sauing only Creusas name:
No diffrence make I shal, nor small rewards doth her remaine,
Who such a fruit furth brought, what euer chaunce this fact obtain.
Now by this head I sweare whereby my sire did oft protest,
What euer graunt I gaue thy saulf returne if things did best:
Unto thy mother sure and al thy kin shal firmely stand.
So spake he weeping tha, and from his shoulders gaue with hand (wreath
His bright broad golden sworde, whom wondrous arts and works did
Of smith Licaons craft finefitted light with Iuery sheath.
Duke Mnestheus Nisus giues a Lions hyde of roughnes straunge,
Unspoild with pawes, Alethes iust did helme with him exchaunge.
Strait armed out they gone, whom lords and captains chief of sway
Conducted through their gates, than youth and aye for them did pray.
Eke [illegible] Ascanius came furth nor vowes to gods did spare
Diserete beyond his yeres, endewed with sprite and manly care.
[illegible] things vnto his father tell he had, but blastes did breath
His words with wind, and scattring vain to clouds, did all bequeath.
They ouer diches went, and by the shade of darke midnight
Their enmies campe they pearce, there to destroy first many a wight.
On euery side lay drinke, and strowne on gras all fast on sleepe
Wens bodies thick they see, and carts with chardges non did keepe.
Here wheeles, here halter thongs, and men on traces slurging laide.
Their armour mixt with wynes. Than Nisus first bespeaking saide.
Eurialus, now bolde bestur thy handes, now time prouokes,
Here lieth our way, take heede, loke wel about, bestow thy strokes.
Let no man rise behind, make al things sure anenst our backes,
I leade thee through this lane, and wide, and wast put all to wrackes.
This spoken, speach he stopt, and sodenly with foine of sworde
Proude Ramnes through he strake, that on his carpet clothes at borde
Lay stretched breathing big, cutsnorting sleepe with puffs from brest.
A king he was, and to king Turnus deere he calkinges kest.
But not with calking craft could he his plague bewitch that day.
Than seruaunts next him thre, which by the weapons rashly lay,
With squire of Remus chief he strait suppresst, and strait did fang
His charet keper there, and cut their throtes that down did hang.

Slaughters done by Nisus.

Than he their maſters head with ſwoꝛd ofchopt, and left his tronke,
Furth yering belching blod, the ſoyle, the ſtreames the tents vpdꝛonke,
With Lamirus, and Lamus, and Seranus ſtrippling gay,
Which daunſed had that night with amoꝛous face, and pꝛompt did play.
His limmes had Bacchus bounde moſt lucky lad if he that night
Suruiued had his ſpoꝛt, and dꝛawn his ioy to bꝛoad day light.
Euen Lion lyke, that troubling flocks of ſhéepe when folds are ful
(Wod hunger him pꝛouokes) doth féed, doth fret, doth teare, doth pul,
The ſely ſoft beaſt (dum foꝛ feare), his blody téeth doth gnaſhe.
Slaughters committed by Euryalus.
Noꝛ nothing leſſe this whyle, Eurialus did ſlaughters laſhe.
He thꝛoughly wareth mad, and people much not woꝛthy name
With Fabus, Hebeſus, and Retus ſtrong he kild foꝛ game,
Eke Abaris, vnwares they were diſpatcht, but Retus than
Bꝛoade wakened al things ſaw, and hiding ſhꝛanke behynde a pan.
But folowing face to face he thꝛough his bꝛeſt did thꝛuſt his blade
Euen whole as he did tyſe, and in much death he made him wade,
He ſpued his purple ſoule, and as he died his blod did ſpoute
Upꝛendꝛing wynes with lyke, he ſtil by ſtealth beſturres him ſtoute.
And towards now Meſſapus mates thei dꝛew, wher fiers on ground
They ſaw did furtheſt fayle, and ſtéedes there ſtod at maungers bound,
On foꝛage féeding faire. Than thus in eare did Niſus rounde,
Foꝛ him he did perceaue to ſoꝛe, to furious ſet abꝛoache.
Let vs now leaue (q he) malicious day doth neare appꝛoche.
They méetely wel bin paied, our way is won thꝛough mids our foes.
Much plenty ſiluer plate behynd them left they glad did loſe,
Good armour, chardgers great, and coſtly carpets tapſtry gay.
King Ramnes trappers had, of goꝛgeous woꝛks that much did way.
With bulions bꝛoad of gold, and girdling girthes miracloſe fyne,
Which old duke Cedicus (men ſay) whan he furſt did combyne
In abſence frendly league with Remulus of *Tyburt* coaſt:
He ſent that pꝛeſent then, foꝛ he of wealth had ryches moaſt.
Bequethed then from him his nephew kept them many a day.
But after his deceſſe, the *Rutils* wan by war that pꝛaye.
Eurialus them caught, and on his ſhoulders ſtrong in vayne
He fitly them beſtowd, and of his ſpoyle he was right fayne.
Than duke Meſſapus helme with beauteous creſtes adoꝛned pure
On head he puts, than campe they leaue and paſſe their ioꝛney ſure.
This whyle from *Latin* town, one troupe of hoꝛſmen ſent that way,

(Whyle

(Whyle al the reſt in legion armed ſtood and did but ſtay)
Came furth, and aunſwer brought of their eſtate to Turnus king.
Three hundred ſhieldmen al, al vnderneth duke Volſcens wing,
And towards now the campe they drew, and walls approched nye,
When from a far theſe men take left hand courſe they might eſpie.
And by the glimſing night Eurialus that ſwift went on
His hie helme him betraied, that brightſom beames reflecting ſhone,
Was not for nought eſpied. Duke Volſcens cryed amids his troupe,
Stand fellows, where this way? what be yée ſo that ſhrinking ſtoupe?
Wher run you armed thus? they not an anſwere to them gaue,
But ſwiftly through the woods made haſt in truſt that night ſhuld ſaue.
The horſmen keſt them ſelfs in crokings knowen of quainted ground.
Here, yonder, there, ech where, and entries al with keepers crounde.
A wood with buſhes broad there was begrowne with bigtrée bows,
Wel hom thick entangling thornes, and bryzy brambles fild with brows.
No trade but trafling pathes, ſom here, ſom there that ſecret ſtraies,
Eurialus the braunches darke of trées, and heauy praies
Don let, he cleane contrary ronnes beguild by wandring waies.
Niſus went on, and enmies all vnwares had ſcapid quyte.
And paſt that place which afterwards *Albanus* mountaine hight
Of Albas name, king Latin there great paſtures did maintaine
When furſt he ſtood and for his abſent frend did loke in vaine.
Eurialus poore lad, what countrei now ſhall I thée ſeke?
What path ſhuld I purſue? ſtrait back again from créeke to créeke
Through that deceitful wood vnwynding wayes perplext he ſought,
Stil tracking marking ſteps through thickets ſilent ſtragling blynd.
He heres their horſe, he heres their ruſtling noiſe, and enmies wynd.
Not long betwene there was when to his eares the crye cam hot,
And furſt Eurialus he ſeeth whom al mens hands had got,
Through fraud of night and place of troublous tumult wareles trapt,
Vainſtrungling working much, but round about him all they wrapt.
What ſhuld he do? what ſtrength? how could he ſhift or dare diſpoſe
To reſcue thus this lad? ſhould he run raſhly midds his foes?
Enfoarcing faire to death with comely wounds his lyfe to loſe?
He ſwiftly ſhoke his dart, and hie beholding bright the Mone:
He whirling bent his arme, and thus he feruent made his boone,
Thou goddeſſe, thou this time, thou in our labours lende reliefe,
Thou beauteous Queene of ſtarrs in foreſts virgin keper chiefe.

If euer gift for thē sir Hirtacus my father gaue
Unto thyne offrynge seates, if euer I encreased haue
Thy sacred altars fees, with huntyng dayly through my costs,
Or deckt thy church with spoyles, or hangd about thy holy posts:
Geue me to breake this plumpe, & through the skies now guide my dart.
He spake: and straining total strength his tole with hand and hart
Reft forth, it whirling flew, and through the shade of shimring night
It past, and into Sulmons backe with noise did sharpely light,
In peeces there it brake, and to the hartstrings perst the wood.
He tumbling (cold) outspued al hoat from brest his reking flood,
Farfetching yering slow, his guts bygathering smytes his sydes.
Eche man about them loke. Lo, yet agayn a smarter glydes,
Which he with force outflang, and leauel kest direct from eare.
Whyles al they troubled stood, to Tagus whistling ran that speare,
Athwart his head it cam, and thirld him quyte through temples twain
With noyse, where fixed fast it stacke warme waring through his brain.
Duke Volscens storming frets, nor him that did that weapon fling:
He one where could behold, nor whither feruent mad to spring.
But thou this whyle (q. he) these two mens death shalt surely rue,
If any hoat blood in thy hart there be. And strait outdrue
Against Eurialus his sworde. Than verely in dede dismaide
Did Nisus loudly shryke, nor more to lurcke in darknes staide,
Such torments than him toke, he cried amain with voice affaied.
Tis I, tis I, here, here I am that did, turne all at me,
O Rutils with your tooles, my onely craft here it is, not he,
He nether durst nor could, this heauen, these stars, I witnes take.
Onely for to much loue his wretched freend he nold forsake.
Such words he gaue, but deepe with dynt the sword enforced furst
Had ransakt through his ribs and sweete white brest at once had burst.
Eurialus feyne. Down falls Eurialus in death, his limmes, his fair fine flesh
Al runs on blod, his neck down fainting nods on shulders neshe,
Wel like the purple floure that cut with plough let falling loppes
In languish withring dies, or like weake necks of poppis crops
Down peising heauy heads, whan rain doth lading greeue their tops.
But Nisus to his enmies fearcely ran, and through their mids,
Duke Volscens out he sekes, he onely Volscens battaile bids.
Whom Rutils clustring close on ech syde shoues, and stout withstands.
Yet neretheless his sword like lightning bright with both his hands

He

The slwindgyng sturde, and as duke Volscens cried, he smote him sa:
That through his throte it went, and euen in death he kilde his fo.
Than wery digd with woundes, on his dead frend him self he kest
Erpyzing life at last, and toke his death foz pleasaunt rest.
O foztunate both twayne, and if my verse may get good lucke:
Shall neuer day noz time from mindefull age your prayses plucke.
Whyle prince Aeneas house, whyle Capitol most stately stone
Unmoueable shall stande, while Romain rules this worlde in one.
The Rutil victoz knights with spoyles and pzay departed there,
And Volscens dead their duke all weeping sad to campe they beare.
Noz waylyng lesse there was, whan Ramnes kyng was headlesse found,
So many Lozds at once through al the campe so strowd on ground,
With Neuma, with Serranus huge concourse and pzeasing strong
About their bodies came, some yet haulf panting stretcht along.
Ech place of slaughters smokes, and stremes of bloud did flushyng some.
Anon they knew their spoyles, and duke Messapus helme com home.
Kynge Ramnes trappers eke with no small swet recouered sozе.
And now dame Morning furst bespzedyng lands with light renewd,
Forsoke fyz Tythons bed all heauenly paynted saffronhewd.
Now sun disperseth beames, now things discouerid broad bin bewd.
Kyng Turnus fresh his folks and strength of men, and armour steeres
In complet harneis bzight his brasen troupes to wars vpcheeres.
Ech captein cals their bandes, and rumours run mens moodes to pzick.
Besides all this (a piteous grisly sight) on speares they stick
The heads of these two knights, and loud with cries they them pursue,
Euryalus, and Nysus.
The paynefull Troians tough did on their left hand walles within
Resistyng set their front, foz flood their righthand compast in.
Their trenches hie they holde, and lofty towzes defendyng keepe,
All pensiue standyng sad, and heads on poales befoze them peepe
To well poze wzetches known wt filthy bloud down dzoppyng deepe.
This whyle doth flickeryng Fame on message flie with fethzid winges.
Throngh all the tremblyng town, and swift in moment tidyngs bzings.
And filles the mothers eares of that yong strippling earst of tolde.
All sodenly poze wzetch, all heat her bones forsoke foz colde.
Her weauyng web down fell, and spindels scattryng thrown on ground.
She flies furth (wofull soule) and howlyng shzill in womans sound:
Distheuillis teares her heare, and to the walles in hast she spzedes,

Volscens sleyne.
Nilus sleyn.

They sticke their heads vpon speares.

Fame.

Lamentacion of Euryalus mother.

She

She neither daunger kest, nor men regards, nor weapons drédes.
But Heauen w̄ moane she filles, & thus through people wailyng sprédes
And is it thus, Euryalus, that I thy face beholde,
Myne ages late relief myne onely ioye, my comfort olde?
And couldst forsake me thus thou cruell hart to leaue me alone?
Nor entryng daungers such might I thy mother caytiue crone,
Optayne thy talkyng lask, and make on thée my latter stoundes?
Alas, in land vnknowen, alas, to fede *Italian* houndes,
To foules a pray thou liest, O welaway for euermore.
Nor wretched mother I, thy funerals brought out before,
Nor could come close thine eyes, nor wounds with waters washing bath
With clothyng couerying soft, which I both nights & dayes to rath
Did ordayne gay for thee, and hourely hastyng did prepare,
In webbing wastyng time to ease thereby myne aged care.
Where should I séeke? what countrey lande containes my limbs distract?
What nacion teares my flesh, my funerals my membres ract?
Is this thy gift O son, thou bringest me home, thy works of hands?
Is it therefore that I thus followed haue such seas, such lands?
Dig, dig me downe with darts, throw all on me your weapons kéene
O Rutils (if ought pitie be) consume me I be not séene.
Or thou most mightie father of gods, haue mercy on my vnright,
Down thrust this hatefull head to *Lymbo* lakes most lurking light.
Since otherwise my lothsome life to breake I haue no might.

With sorowing thus mens mindes molested shrank, & sad through all
Despe mourning makes them slacke, vnuicted strengthes begin to pall,
She blobbryng still, and kindlyng further greif two kinsmen stept,
Commaunded by syr Ilione and Ascanius much that wept,
Betwéen them her they tooke, and bare to house and there her kept.
But brightbras troupe from far, his fearfull shiuring sounds erpels,
Thicke, thick, and therevpon men shout, that hie heauen yalping yels.
The Volscans ioyntly knit, with targates couering close their heads,
The trench attempting teare, and rampier stakes with dich down treads
Some séeke their entring breach on skalyng ladders clambring quicke
Where few resisters stand, and soldiours round ryng not so thicke,
Where wal most entershines. Against thē Troians hye from tops,
Al sorts of turments turne, and thick them down they thrust w̄ props,
Expert in long defence, and practise old to kéepe their towne.
Great stones also they weld intollerably tumbling downe.

If any

If any where that couered plumpe might breake, whan they ageyne
Did vnderneth their shields al chaunces hard conioynt sustayne.
For now they more can byde, for wher their engine ioynes his iolle:
A huge vnweldie weight the Troyans rumbling did down rolle,
Whose fal did Rutils whelme and brake their tortais roof dist wynde.
No more with such deceit they care to coape in conflict blinde,
Strongharted Rutils bold, but from the trenche they seke to driue
With darts and hurling toles.
On thother side with odious noise a lothsome sight to loke,
His fyrie smoking brondes on standardstaff Mezentius shoke.
But duke Messapus tamer strong of steeds, god Neptunes brood:
Cuts down their trench, and skales their wals, he cries outragious wood.
Now muses help, now helpe, now to my song aspire your breath. (death
What murthring quars of mē, what heapes down thrown, what toyles of
King Turnus then did giue, and who? what man sent down to hell?
Reuolue with me this war, and chaunces huge what things befel.
You ladies, your remembre best, and vttring best can tell.

A towre of steepe vpsight there stood, with skaffolds large of length
In place vpframyd fit, whom all the Italians totall strength
Incessaunt stil did saulte, and fearce extreame of charge at ones
They spent to ouerturne. The Troyans it defend with stones,
And through their launcet loupes their whirling darts do thick bestowe.
A blasing burning linke of cresset light did Turnus throwe,
And to the syde the flame did fire, whom wind vpheauing hoysts,
Which fastning caught the bourds deuoring posts and timber ioysts.
They bustling quicke within for feare gan quake, and as to flee
They sought, and toke the syde, which of that deadly plague was free,
Whiles clustring close they cling: Than sodeinly the towre for weight
Down fel with thondring fearce, that heauen did ratling roare on height.
Haulf mangled dead to ground men by that building huge oppresst:
Came pecemeale tottring down, som torne with timber through their
Som with their own toles thirlid were, yea scant with much ado, (brest,
One Helenor, and Lycus skape, the elder of them two
Was Helenor, whome bond Lycinia maide to Meon king
Broughtforth by stealth, his father him to wars while youth did spring
Unlauful sent to *Troy*, his worship win he should in feeld.
Al light with naked blade, yet honourles, yet blanke in sheeld.
Ye whan him self he saw so many thousand men among,

Helenor borne of Meons concubine.

Great armies here, great armies there, on ech side Latines strong:
Euen as a beast whom hunters round in ryng haue gotten in holde,
She seeth no way to scape, than willingly to slaughter bolde
She frantike runnes on death, & beares downe toles, & boaresperes edge.
Nonotherwise this lad, where ennmies thickest him did hedge,
With will to die did breake among the mids constraynyng stripes,
But Lycus better far with feete, euen through his ennmies gripes,
Euen by their weapons swift escapid had, and swift with handes
Endeuouryng climes his wall, his mates to reach on roofes that standes.
Whom Turnus in pursuit did with his weapon thrown arest,
Him catching railing thus. What dost thou think thou madbraind beast,
To shape scotfree from vs? and as he there did pendant skralle:
Lycus take. He pluckt him backe by foarce, with great peece folowing from the walle.
Euen as an Egle doth som tymrous Hare, or neare great brokes
Some Lilywhyted swan vpliftyng heaue, in talent hookes.
Or sucklyng lambe whom bleatyng long the dame still seekes about,
Which from the coat the raucnyng Wolf hath caught. On eche side shout
Doth ryse, inuasion hoat begins, than rampier bankes are brast.
Some other burnyng brands to houses tops do flingring cast.
And as Lucetius cam with pitche and flame to fier the gate:
Syr Ilione with stone downe tumblyng, quite did quashe his pate,
With stone downe topplyng great, no litle lumpe of broken hill.
Than Lyger did Emathion, Corynee Asylas kill,
He good at dart, that other chief with shaft that far begyles.
Syr Ceneus Ortagium slew, but Turnus him eryles
From life, and Turnus Ityn kilde, and Clonyus, and with him
Syr Promulus, and Sagar, syr Dyoxip large of lim,
With Ida boystous knight, before the towres that warde did beare.
Pryuernum Capis kilde, him forth before Themillas speare,
Had pinched small with prick, he like a dolt left of his targe,
And handlyng groapt his grief, an arrow therfore swift with charge
His left side wyng cam by, and to his ribbes his pawe made fast,
That longs, and breathing pypes, that mortal stroke with brusing brast:
There stode in armour fine, the worthy son of Arceus duke,
Gay needlewrought in cloke, embroyded brown in Spaniards puke:
Much noble, fayre in face, his father him to warfare sent,
Syr Arceus bred in woods, and by the floods of *Simeth* banks,
Where stands Palycus church, and altars gracious rendryng thanks.

A whift

A whistlyng whirlyng flyng Mezentius take, and armes downe flang.
Him self three times the thongs about his head in compasse swang,
And leuell right him strake, that in the mids the meltyng lead
His temples twayne did stiue, and large on dust outstretcht him dead.
Than furst, Ascanius in war his swift shaft (as men say) Ascanius first exploit in war.
Did shote, which wonted was before wylde skittish beasts to affray,
And with his hand syr Numan proude downe layd, whose surname hight
Duke Remulus, he Turnus yonger sister lately plight:
Than wedded had. Ye royster furst in forefront raylyng loude,
Thynges toto bad reuiled, of kyngdoms new promocion proude.
All spytefull swolne in brest, and big with noyse him self did beare.
Are ye not yet ashamed to lurke in hoales eftsones for feare?
Twise captiues Troians? what? thincke ye by walles to saue your liues? First by Hercules, next by Greekes,
These be the princocke blouds, lo how they loke that fight for wiues?
What deuil? what mischance? wher were your wits, what madnes blind
Italia made you seeke, you shall not here Atrydas finde,
Nor prattler preachyng lier Vlisses fine to teache men speake.
Wee be a stouter stocke, in other sort our sonnes wee breake.
Our children furst from byrth into the floods wee throw to swim,
With waters nourrure and frost wee harden tough both hart and lim,
Our boyes on huntyng run, they study still to beate their woods,
Their playes are Darts of horne, and for disport break horses moods.
As for our youth they toyle, and either ground they tame with rakes,
Contenting mindes with small: or townes in wars besiegyng shakes,
Wee wear our liues in spendyng steele, w̄ speares our breasts wee pricke
Our dreues of heards, our booties daily encrease, nor age vnquicke
Enfebleth ought our myndes, nor altreth natures force in flesh,
Our hoare heares helmets hyde, and euermore our prayes afresh
Wee fetch from countreys far, it doth vs good to dryue and watche,
Wee warlyke lyue by spoyles, euen by the things our hands can catche.
You must haue painted weed, gay ioly Jerkins, saffron shirts,
Your slipcoats must haue sleeues, your corcom coines, bongraces girts,
Your study chief is daunse in pamprying feasts with giglet flirts.
O very Troyan trulles (for Troians are you non) go foles.
Go filgigs, frisk your woods with double pype in skipping skoles,
Hark how your mistrels cal, your tabrets, bagpypes, shalms of bors.
Go trim your treflock tyres, get on your gloues, your finest frockes
Giue weapons by for men, let warrs alone for catchyng knocks.

Hym cracking thus, and iangling moze diſpyte with odious ſongs:
Aſcanius could not beare, but ſinnowy bow of hoꝛſe hyde thongs
He bent, with pointed ſhaft, and armes diſbukling ſeuerall wayes.
Beſoꝛe hie Ioue he ſtands, and humbly thus with vowes he pꝛayes.
Almighty Ioue giue to my bold beginnings good ſucceſſe,
Unto thy temple ſhal I ſolempne gifts of offrings dꝛeſſe,
A yong ſteere white as ſnow, with guilded front of liuely luſt,
Hyeheaded lyke his dame, and with his hoꝛne deſyꝛes to iuſt,
Already ſtrong which with his feete vpſparpling ſpꝛedes the duſt.
The father aloft hun heard, and vnder cleeare ſkie lefthandlowe,
Did ſigne of thondꝛing ſhewe, than with a ſounde from deadly bowe,
The ſwift ſhaft whiſtling fled, and thꝛough ſir Numans temples twain
It griſly ſtrake. Go go mens manly dedes with mocks diſdaine,
Twyſe captiues Troians lo, theſe anſweres Rutils ſend againe.
Aſcanius ſpake but thus, the Troyans than with ioyful voyce,
Al ioyntly gaue their ſhouts, and lifting minds to ſtarrs reioyce.
That time as fortune was bꝛightheaded Phœbus foꝛ diſpoꝛt
Beheld from ayꝛy coaſt bothe Latines hoaſts, and Troyan foꝛt,
As hie on cloude he ſat, and thus to Aſcanius gaue repoꝛt.
Thats thats my pæreles lad, ſuch vertues new leads loꝛds to ſtars,
Begotten of gods, and gods engender ſhalt, by right al wars
Muſt vnder Dardanes line, in time by deſtny quite down ſynke,
Noꝛ Troy can thee containe, and with that woꝛd er one could wynke,
Hiun ſelf from ſkie down ſkips, and bꝛeathing puffs remoues from ayꝛs.
Than to Aſcanius he dꝛawes, and chaunged countenaunce fayꝛe,
Reſembling Buten old. He to Anchiſes great from childe
Was henchman bearing armes, and kept his garde of truſt vnfilde,
The old man him to Aſcanius than had put, ſo Phœbus went,
All things like aged man, both voyce, and hew he did pꝛeſent,
Whyte heary locks and angriſounding armour, calme of bꝛeſt.
And to Aſcanius thus that ſeruent was his woꝛds he dꝛeſt.
Let it ſuffice thee now that Numan fꝛeely vanquiſht is
Good child: lo now Apollo great commends thy pꝛayſe foꝛ this.
He geues thee chief renowm, noꝛ lyke with toles to match doth paſſe.
Abſtaine hencefurth from blowes my boy, ſo Phœbus entring was;
And in the mids his tale, men moꝛtals eyes he cleane foꝛſoke,
Deſſerring thinne from ſight, and flittring fourme to ſkies betoke.
The loꝛds beknew that god, perceiuing ſtrayte his toles deuyne,

Phœbus reſembleth Buten.

His arrow sheues they heard, and ratling noyse of boltbag fine.
At Phœbus worde therefore, and in respect of his great grace:
Ascanius back they kept that egre was, them selfs in place
Succeds, and ventring liues eftsones to daungers turne their face.
A clamorous noise vpmounts on fortres tops and bulwarks towres.
They strike, they bende their bowes, they whirle frō strings sharpe stō-
ting showres:
Al streetes with toles ar strowd, than helmets sculs with battrings mard,
And shields dishiuring crack, vpryseth roughnes bickring hard,
Loke how the tempest storm, whan winds outwrastling blowes at south,
Raine ratling geats the grounde, or clouds of haile from winter mouth
Down dashing headlong driues, whan god from skies with grisly steuen,
His watry showres outwrings, and whirle wind clouds down breakes
Syr Pandarus and Bitias, two brethren, Troyans stout, (from heauen. Pandarus and Bitias.
Whom to Alcanor knight dame Hera saluage Nimph brought out
Among Ioues sacred woods, in firtre groues of mountaines colde.
Two valiaunt boystous knights, corragious, strong, and equal bolde.
A gate that by their captayne damned was they broad set ope,
So trusted they their strength, and bids their foes come neare to coape.
Them selfes before their towres, both right, and left hand braue out stept
Al armed stif in steele, and bright with creests their standings kept,
Hyheaded like two trees, like two great Okes by *Padus* banks,
Besides their ioyful flood, aboue their mates they ryse by rancks.
Their heads to heauen they lift with lofty toppes vnshorne they beck,
Beshadowyng broad the bowes, and hie surstretching skies they check.
The Rutils in thei breake whan furst they saw their entrie free.
Immediatly the Dukes in armour gorgious gay to see,
Syr Quercens, and Equicolus either beaten turne their backs:
Or they with all their bands euen in the gate went dead to wracks.
Than more & more mens minds disordring chafe cōtempning doubts
And thither Troians now round gathryng draw, by plumpes & routs,
Conflicting hand to hand, and further salyeng dare runne outs.
To captain Turnus fierce, than troublyng folks on backfort side
A post with message runs, how Troians now haue caught new pride,
Great murther stoutly made, and how their gates broade ope they set.
He leaues his works begun, and huge with wrath to giue the onset,
To that presumptuous gate, and brethren proude, he rushyng runnes.
And furst Antyphaten, of kyng Sarpedons bastarde sunnes.

The chief by Theban deame, for he against him furst did shoue:
Ye threwe down dead with dart, the Italian tronke in skies aboue
Dilleuering, tender aire, cam through his brest and out at back,
His stomack round it rent, the wound from caue giues out blod black
Permixt with some, and first in longs the stœle warme waring stack.
Than Merops, Aphidnus, and Erimanth with sworde he slew.
Than Bitias that boystous sturd with eies of sparckling hew,
Not with no dart, for dint of dart, could lyke not make him yeld.
But thrown with strength extreme a troncheõ speare most strõg to weld,
Big like a lightning bolt at him he draue, whom doubled folde
Could neither backs of bulls, nor brest plate faithfull strong of golde
Sucteine from mortal plague, his membres huge down foltring flusht,
The ground at falling grones, and thondring huge his shield he crusht.
Bitias slayn. As by the *Bayon* shore men building hauens done for the nones
With labouring lõg before, through engins meanes lay mõstrous stones.
Down sinks the weldelesse weight, and on the ground it setled stands.
The wyld seas mæting mire, and darkning skies vpleapes the sands,
Than with the sounds the soyles adioynant shake, and mountains nexte,
Where whelmd by gods reuenge in dongeons deepe are giants vext.
Their army puissant Mars both pricks, and foarce to Latins harts
Did adde, and stings of egre wrath, in ech mans brest vpstarts.
He made the Troians flee, and gaue them blackday mirt with dreede,
From euery syde they flocke since now the sight proceedes in dede,
And in their mynds the murthering angel sits.
When Pandarus his brother saw down falne before his eyes,
In what case fortune stands, and how things now in daunger lyes:
The gate with much turmoyle conuerting hinges hookes on rings,
With shoulders shouing broad at last he shuts, and bolts vpwrings,
And many his mates in hard conflict he leaues, and out them lockt.
But other he receyues as with the preas they rustling shockt
Unprudent man, that when the *Rutil* kinge did through intrude:
Coulde him not entring spie, but in the fort did him include,
Euen lyke a Tyger wylde among the flocks of cattailes rude.
Incontinent new light their eyes distraynes, and armour straunge
Did grisly giue theyr sound, his quyuering creste with blodread raunge
Like beams of lightning burnes, and from his shield that flames outflew.
Anon theyr hateful face, and monstrous lyms the Troyans knew,
Distraught with sodein sight. Than for his brother Pandare huge

Incenst

Incēst with feruent wrath: Thou shalt haue here but bad refuge.
This is no ioynter towne, king Latyns wife gets here no gage,
For she (q he) thy fathers walls this time empoundes in cage.
Thyne enmies fort thou seest, hence neuermore shal Turnus out.
To him than Turnus spake, al smyling sober fre from doubt.
Begin (if any manfull minde thou hast) approche me rounde.
Ish make thée Priam tell that here thou hast Achilles founde.
Thus speaking an vnshapen bunchy speare with barke vnpilde,
Sir Pandare whirling threw, with strength extreme it went swellwilde. Iuno prea
The wynds vpcaught that stroke, and Iuno Quéene the daunger brake, serued
Wrongwresting as it went, and in the gate did stick the stake. Turnus life
But not this tole, of myne which in my right hand here I shake,
Shalt thou escape, great difference now shal our two puissans make
(Quod he,) and stretching broad with armes his sword did mounting lift:
His brainpan through it smote, and in the mids it made a clift,
Deuiding chekes, and chaps, and heares vpgrown with gapyng woũde.
The soyle than shuddring shoke, and with the weight did yeld a sounde.
Down lyueles falls his lyms, and armour mixt with blod and brayne
With corps he strowd the ground, and equal clyuen in porciõs twaine,
His head on shulders hung, one here, one there disseuered slaine.
The Troyans than for fear theyr feete gan take with trembling slight.
And if he victor than remembred had, and tane foresight,
Straite wayes to breake the bolts, and through the gates his folks let in:
That day to Troyan war, and to their lynage last had bin.
But furious feruent mynde, and grædie lust of slaughters more
Enforst hym forwarde still.
Furst Phalarim and maister veines of Giges huge he sheares.
And as the people fled he gathering darts, and skattred speares
Bestowed them in their backs, for Iuno gaue both might and mynde.
Than Halim felow vnto them he ioynes, and kylls behynde
Syr Phegius with targat pyke down pusht, than vp the wall
He runns, and such as fighting there, of this knew nought at all
Neomonus, and Prytanis, with Hellus he downe slewe.
Alcander than and Lynceus which toward him stout drewe,
Dutmustring mates for helpe, he leaping trench did swift preuent,
And with his glittring glayue he such a stroke vnwares him lent:
As hand to hand he fought, that quite from shoulders at one choppe
His head with helmet fell, and far from him did hobbling hoppe.

From thence sir Amycus he slits that wilde beasts euer stroyed,
Woze lucky non there was, noz neuer man moze oft them noyed,
With oyntments armyng stæle, wꝫ poysoned toles he still them cloyd,
Than Clytius, and the dulcet frænd of Muses Cretea fine.
Syz Cretea Muses mate that euermoze with voyce deuine
Melodious warblid songs, his pastime chief was harpe and kit,
By numbzyng ran his Rimes to synowy cozds concurrant fit:
Alwayes of stædes, of armes, of men, he sang of battails mayne.
At last the leaders great, whan they first heard their men so slayne:
The Troyan captaynes came, sir Mnesteus and Serestus strong,
They saw their straglyng mates, and enmy entred thicks among.
And Mnesteus, what auayles this slight? where run you now (q he?)
What better bulwark walles? what other townes oz trench haue ye?
One man alone (O sirs) euen in your mids inclosd in campe,
So many slaughters made? in such a fozt round skotfræe rampe?
So many chiefetain knights vnuenged sends to *Lymbo* dampe?
Make ye no moze of countrey soyle remoze? faintharted fy?
What shall wee shame our gods? and great Aeneas nought set by?
With such rebukes mens mindes vpkindled staied, & thick with pzeas
They stode. But small and small from slight did Turnus than surceas,
Retiryng to that side where stood the fozteresse gyzdes aboute.
So much the moze pursute the Troyans make with restles shoute,
And clustryng close they shoue. As when sometime men gathzing thicke
A Lyon wylde assayne, and hard with toles oppzessyng pzicke.
But he affraied resists, sowerskowling grim he backward strides,
And neither taile to turne his pzide him lets, noz wzath his sides
Will suffryng make him shew, noz fozward can set furth his ioynts,
Though fain he would, not able he is yet foz men, foz weapons poynts.
None otherwise did Turnus than retracting seeke bypath,
With stalking doubtfull steps, and deepe in minde reboyles his wzath.
Yet notwithstandyng twise his enemies mids he did inuade,
And twyse conuertyng backs them take their walles in slight he made.
But thuniuersall campe together ioyning whole did rise,
Noz Iuno Queene durst moze against such strength so great suffice.
Foz Ioue vnto his sister down her ayzy Raynbow sent
With message nothyng milde, and how that some should sone repent
If Turnus from the Troians loftie walles did not reyeelde,
The yong pzince now therfoze, with neither right hand yet, noz shield

Enduringe

Enduring can reſiſt, ſo thickth rown tooles on eth ſide preſt
About his temples rounde bigbounſing beats, nor neuer at reſt
His helmet tingling tings, and ſtones with bumpes his plates diſgloſſe.
His topright creſt from crown downe battred falles, nor brazen boſſe
Sufficient is for ſtrokes ſo doubled riuing they not ſtint.
The Troyans al with ſpeares, eke he him ſelf with lightning dint
Syr Mneſteus forward ſhoues, than euery lim on ſtreaming ſwet
Doth drop down black as pitch, nor giues him time his breth to fet.
Faint panting puls his ioynts, and tierd with pains his entrails beat.
Than with a leape at laſt to Tyber flod in all that heat
Ye headlong keſt him ſelf, in complet armour compaſt all,
Ye ſmoth with chanell blew did ſoftly him receyue from fall,
And to his mates him glad (from ſlaughters walht) home ſent withall.

DEO GRATIAS.

per Thomam Phaer, 3. Aprilis finitum
1560. Opus 30. dierum.

¶ The tenth booke of *the Æneidos of Virgil.*

The Argument.

¶Iupiter callyng a parliament of Gods: exhorteth them to concorde, Venus complayneth of the Troians danger, and Iunos vnsaciable malice, and requireth at length some end of calamities. Iuno layeth all the blame in the Troians, as ꝑ first causers of war, & in Venus her self. When Iupiter perceaued they would grow to no agreement, to offend neither his wife nor his daughter: promiseth to take part with nether, but will put of all to the indifferencie of destenies. This while the Rutilians returne to thassault with all their force, whom the assaulted repel with all their might, & this in Latium. Aeneas hauyng brought al things in Etruria to wisshed end, beyng assisted by diuers peoples: returneth to his mates with a naule of thirtie sayle. There he meeteth with the Nimphes that were not longe before transformed from shippes, and is by them certefied both of the losse of his fleet, and of the daunger of his men. Then he landeth his power within the sight of his enemies. The Rutilians leaue the sledge, and run to shoare to keepe the enemie from landyng. There they fight with greate losse on bothe sides. Where Pallas, after many slaughters on his enemies: is at length slayne by Turnus. With sorow wherof, Aeneas all enraged: maketh plenty bloudoffryngs on his foes for his freendes soule. Then Ascanius issueth forth, and ioyneth power with his father. Iuno carefull for Turnus, casteth before his eyes a false representation of Aeneas. Which, whilst he pursueth into a ship: Iuno breaketh the cables, and by force of a tempest, bringeth him to the shore neare Ardea. Mezentius then, at Iupiters commaũdment, entreth the battle, and sleyth many both Troians and Etruscans, vntil Aeneas haue woũded him, and being rescued by Lausus his sunne: is scarce able to departe the field Lausus is also sleyne by Aeneas whylst he endeuoreth to reuenge his fathers wounde. Which when Mezentius vnderstoode: he returneth into the battle, and is sleyne by the same hand that his sunne was.

BRoad open in this while of glorious god thalmighty hall,
The father of gods, & king of men him self doth councel cal
Into the starbright seat, whens kingdoms large in seas
and landes
He lofti low beholds, both Troians fort, and Latins bands.
In parliment house they sat twigated wyde: him self begins.
Celestials great, how happens now so swne your sentence twins

Reuoltyng

Reuolting iudgement firt: why shew ye thus with minds vnmeete,
Ioues forefended warres should Latins now to Troyan fleete:
What discord now contrarious maks you fearce: what wroth, what feare
Sets these, or those on gog not suffring rest to shield nor speare:
A time to fight there comes, cal not to fast for fatal houres.
Who wylde *Carthago* proud in tract of yeres to Romishe towres
Destruction great shal send, and mountain tops down tearing breake. Punick warres.
Than spare not your dispites, than rap and reaue who list and wreake.
Now let them rest, and quiet league compound your selues to smight.
Thus Ioue in brief, but not in brief than golden Venus bright
Replied as thus.
O father, o thou euerlasting strength of god, and man. Venus coms plaint.
For what thing els haue we to whom for helpe now crye we can:
You se how Rutils rampe and with what brauery bolne in pride
King Turnus prosperous rydes, scant in their wals can Troyans byde,
But euen amids their gates, euen on their bulworks rampier brims:
They bickring dayly dye, that trench and dich with blodshead swims.
Aeneas absent knowes not this, will you geue neuer leaue
To rest poore soules from siege, must enmies euer stil downe reaue
The walles of springing *Troy*: and yet more still with straungers hoasts
Poore Troyans troubled bin, yet ones agayn from Greekish coasts
Must Diomedes ryse: I wene my flesh must yet be cut,
And me your heauenly chyld man mortall shal to daungers put.
But if contrarye to the pleasure of your heauenly grace,
In *Italy* ben Troyans entred wrong, vsurping place:
Than let them buy theyr sinnes, nor ayde them not, but if they haue
But folowed your precepts, which gods and spright such mumbers gaue:
Why now should any creature dare controle or hang down groyne
To bend back your decrées, or destnies now presume to royne:
What should I now reherce our nauy brent at *scicil* shore:
Or name the king of stormes with all his tempest wynde vprore
Against vs whole vpraisde, and Raynbow clouds so oft down strainde:
And now the fends forsoth for that one quarter yet remainde
Unsought besydes the world, yet sodenly lo thence to skies
Alecto reare she did, and made by madnesse towns vprysse.
Supremyty, nor for their empier moues me not such things,
Wl æ loked long in vayn whyle fortune was, but this not wrings.
Make victours whom you fauour most, our hope so hie not springs.

If no one corner be that your spouse can vouchsafe to giue
To Troyans powre for spite, nor countrey none, nor place to liue:
Yet by the piteous fall of smoking *Troy* from soyle destroyed,
God father I beseeke let me Ascanius kéepe vncloyed:
Let me my nephew small withdraw from Mars, as for my son
Aeneas, he shall tosse in seas vnknown as earst hath don.
And what way fortune leades, where euer it be, let him go proue,
Yet let me saue his childe and him from batails hard remoue.
In *Cypres* land some cities faire I haue, I haue *Cythere*,
Idalium, *Paphos* hie, and *Amathus*, let him dwell there,
Unfamous free from wars, and honourlesse lead out his age,
Than may your grace condempne al *Italy* to great *Carthage*
In slauedome vnder *Moores*, no hindraunce than to *Affrick* towres
Can com, large empier rule they may no Troyans nere their bowres.
What hath our seruice now preuaild, what goodnes haue we got
By skaping Greekish fiers, and mortall plagues of Mars so hot?
So many parlous lands, such wast wyde seas with paines outworne,
Whyle Troians *Latium* seeke, to reise the walles so oft down torne?
Had it not better ben, if in their countreys reking dust,
On soyl where *Troy* did stand they setled had, than thus to trust?
Yet giue them wretches leaue to turne their backs, and home retier
Unto their natiue streames, lorde be so good at my desier.
Reuert their former toyles, all miseries that earst haue béene
Iunos repli. Giue ones againe to Troyans gracious sir. Than Iuno Quéene
Enforst with furious rage vprose: why dost thou me constraine,
Déepe silence now to breake, and to disclose my chouched paine?
Did either god or man Aeneas thyne to warre compell?
King Latin to impugne, or yet his subiects cause rebell?
Italia land he toke by destnyes worde: admit so were
Through mad Cassandras spite, yet did wée euer tyce him there
To leaue his campe vnkept? and to the wynds his lyfe commit?
To giue his childe the charge of walles, and wars did wée giue writ?
Or make him nacions moue in rest that sate, or faithes remit?
What god did such deceit? where was that time that power of ours?
So fore or where was Iuno than, or bowe down sent with shoures?
Is it so vyle a thing that springing *Troy* besieged standes
With fier? and that king Turnus séeks to saue his countrey landes?
Of king Pilumnus blod Venilia Nimph that had to dame?

What,

What is for Troian thefues, al *Itali* with brondes to flame,
Subdue their neighbours lands, and robbrie boties riue by fnaps,
Compel men giue them wyues, and fpoufes reaue from parents laps,
Entreat for peace by becks, and traitors arme their fhips for traps:
Thou couldft Aeneas thyne from hands of Greeks fomtime withdrawe.
Suppliedft his place with cloude, with empty winde of wauering flawe.
Thou couldft conuert their fleete to feuerall fhips with ftormes renewd.
If wee help Rutils ought, lo what a finne, what broile is brewed:
Aeneas abfent knowes not this: nor maye he abfent knowe.
Thou haft *Cithera* townes, hie *Paphos*, and *Idalium* lowe,
Why troublous fturreft thou thus mēs angry mindes, why doft procure
New warres to *Latium* town that trauayls old could fcant endure:
Ift we that will vpturne the flittring ftate of *Troy* from foyle:
Came it by vs, or firft by him, that Greeks made *Troy* a fpoyle:
Who firft began that cauſe, why rofe in armour firt on wreke
Europa and *Afia* both: who did their leage by theuedom breke:
Was it by my conduct, thaduoutrer ftale the *Sparta* Quéene:
Gaue I them toles to trie, or louers wars mainteind with fpléene:
Then oughft haue ben affraid for thine, now caufles doft but fquare
In vain, and flimflam flirts out throwft at them that nothing care.
Such talkings Iuno gaue, and heauenly wights with murmor round
All fondry cried aſſents, as firft whan blaſts begin to ſound,
With puffs they wag the woods, and tombling blind with ſoft vprore
They nere pronoſtike winds, and tels the ſeaman ſtormes before.
Thalmighty father than that all thing rules in totall ſome,
Beſpake, and at his ſpeech, the court of high gods ſtaggred domme,
And from the grounds the ſoyle contrembling ſhok, than lofty ayre,
Than winds layd down their noyſe, and calme ſea ſurges ſetled faire.
Take this therfore in minde, and in your breſts imprint my ſaws,
Since Rutils with the Troyans will not knit nor take no laws:
And forasmuch we ſe your quarel ſtriuings make non ends:
Loke how mens fortune ſtands, this day what hope ech one pretends,
Be it Troyan or Italian he, no diffrence finde they ſhall,
Our iudgement right ſhal ſtand, this is our ſentence once for all.
If fatall fortune be that Troyan campe beſieged is,
Or Troyans by deceit *Italia* lands haue taken amis:
Nor Rutils we diſcharge, ech mans owne medlings euen or od
Shal praiſe or penaunce bring, Ioue ſits in different all mens god.

God is indifferent to all men.

The destnyes will inuent a way, yea by our brothers broke,
By pitch of *Lymbo* pits, by gulfs and lakes so glomme that loke.
He gaue a nod, and at his beck, whole heauen obedient shoke.
This end the talking had, king Ioue from golden throne vprose.
Whom home to heauenly court celestials garding al did close.
The Rutils all this whyle, at euery gate their battries plyes,
With dead men ground they strow, and wals beset with fire that flies.
The Troyan garisons in campe with hard siege be bestad,
For hope of flight they haue, on towres pore men they stand ful sad.
Smal furthring roūd at bamures tops, wō strēgth which thin they had.
Duke Imbras out of *Asia* land, and duke Tymetes bold,
Assaracus two captaines, with sir Castor Tyber old,
At forefront battell kept, with them there stode the brethren twaine
Of king Serpedon great, than noble Ethmon dragd his traine
With lords of *Lycia* land, him self right huge with totall might,
For burthen bare a rock, a mountaines peece not smal in sight.
Syr Agmon at *Lyrnesia* borne, inferior not in facts
To great syr Clitius his syre, or his brother Mnesteus acts.
Those plye their darts, these other striue to fend with stones and bowes.
Their wield fire fast they fling, from synowy strings sharpe shafts out throwes.
Ascanius described.
Him self amids them chief dame Venus darling, iustest care,
Their yong prince loth procēdes with reuerent face headnaked bare.
As perle it precious shynes, or glistring stons bright golde that parts,
Which garnish maidens necks, or set furth heads, or as whan arts
Haue medled finely moldes, and Iuery clēre enclosd in bore,
From tablet semely shewes, his milkwhyte shulders lifts his locks,
His heare downshadowing shed, but gold embroyding bynds their docks.
Thē there also corragious knight sir Ismar all men saw,
With cast of canes enuenimed, thyne enemies blod to draw.
Thou gentle knight of gentle Meons house, where fields right fat
Bene batful wrought with men, wher flod *Pactolus* gold doth scrat.
Sir Mnesteus also there was sene, whom proude of all mens praise,
For Turnus hard repulse, much glory hie to heauen doth raise,
And Capis, he to *Capua* towne did surname furst deriue.
They stil among them selues, in hashards hard of wars did striue.
Distrest Aeneas than with ships at midnight streames did cliue.
For from Euander first whan to Etruria campe he came:
He met their king, and to their king declared his blod, and name,

What

What help he seeks, what help also he brings, what peoples mights
Mezentius gathering drawes, of Turnus brest the spitefull sprights
He shewes, and whereupon mans wit in such case may conclude
He giues aduise, with mixt entreating words, al which thinge bewde:
Strait Tarchon ioynes his strength, & leage cõpounds, thã free frõ crime
By destny songs of gods, the *Lydian* host did nauie clime,
With alean lord for guide. Aeneas formost helde with ship,
Her stately stemme on streames, with Lions large of *Troy* doth slip,
With *Ida* mount on puppe most frendly signe to Troyans lost:
There great Aeneas sits, and with him selfe reuoluing tost
The various ends of warres. On left hand Pallas next his side.
And now the stars he seeks that ships in dimme night serue to guide.
Now call to minde he doth, by seas and lands his trauailes tride.
Now muses moue my song, now let me sup your learning stremes,
To tel what manred strong, what company from *Tuscan* realmes
Aeneas armed brought, conueyed by waues on timber beames.
Duke Masicus with brasen ship cald *Tyger*, cuts the flodes,
With him a thousand hands from *Clusa* wals, al youthful blodes,
And they that came from *Cosa* towne armed with shafts, and dartes.
Corites with shulders light, and from their bowes but death departes.
Grymskouling Abas big, his bands fine harnest gorgeous steames
Reflectes, and Phœbus on his golden pup stood light with beames,
Fire hundred baliaunt lads dame Populon his dame him gaue,
Expert in feats of war, three hundred more from Ilua braue,
Wher neuer cessing soyle doth steelebright stuff send out from mines.
Than don Asila priest, that gods and men can skrie by signes,
Whom secret vaynes of beasts, whom stars of heauen obeyen at beck,
And thretning lightning fiers, and chattring birds with tong that queck:
His M. people thick in throngs he drawes rough ranckt with speares.
Al these obedient came from *Pisa* coastes whom *Alphe* reares,
Their towne is *Tuscan* soyle. Than faire st Astur next pursues,
Syr Astur trusting steed, and armour braue of chaunging hewes:
Three hundred they do adde, all issued out with one good will,
Such as Cerites house did keepe, or *Mymon* croftes did till.
Al *Pirgus* antique brood, Grauisca timeles troupes did fill.
Yet wil I not neglect thee also lusty *Lumbard* lord.
Thou *Siquus* warriour stronge, and with thy few of ioynt accord
Syr Supaue from whose helmet crests rise fethered winges of swan,

Duke Tarchon.

The names of such as tooke Aeneas part

Paus

Your slaundring grew of loue, your cognisaunce your sier began.
For Ligurus (as men say) whan he for Phaeton mourning made
Among the popler bows, and vnderneth his sisters shade,
Whiles whewling sad he sat, and long lamenting sang for loue:
Al fethered white with down, hoar age did him from man remoue.
Than Swanne he left his lands, and followed stars with voyce aboue.
His son with equal bands accompanied with fleeting ships,
His monstrous Centaure shoues with ores, she huge with tugging trips,
And to the water threatning stone she shewes, with strength men pulle
The vnwieldy weight in waues, & deepe seas long she sheares with hull.
Eke from his native countrey coasts great strength sir Ocus toke,
Of Mantus destnie speaker, and the sonne of *Tuscan* broke.
Which gaue thee *Mantua* walles, and of his mother made the name
Of graundsiers *Mantua* rich, but all of one discent not came.
Thre nacions rule she doth, and vnder them foure peoples good,
She prince on peoples sits, her strength procedes from *Tuscan* blood.
Fiue. C. knights from thence against him self Mezentius armes,
Them *Mintius* lake, Benacus child, whom grey reeds close beswarmes,
Sent forth to seas in Pinetre ships, ful strong to venge their harmes.
Than graue Auletes went, and with his hundred beating ores
He topsy turnes vp streames, the marble fomes reboyles at shores.
Him Tryton combrous bare, that galeon blew with whelkid shell,
Whose wrinckly wreathed flue, did fearful shril in seas outyell,
He swam with swimging sides, and bresled heary rough from haunch,
His face like mankind showes, but foule in filthe decaies his paunch.
His monstrous saluage lims through froth, through fome with flushyng (launch,
So many chosen lords in thretimes ten of ships did slide
To new *Troy* fast for ayde, and salt sea fome with brasse deuide.
And now the day departed was from heauen, and hie with wheeles
Night wandryng dame Diane did midskie beat with palfreis heeles.
Aeneas (for in carke to rest ons lymmes it nought preuailes)
Him self at sterne he sits, he guids his helme, he serues his sailes.
To him in mids his way, thassembly faire of ladies whight,
Somtime his mates that were from ships transformed creatures bright,
To whom great power of seas Queene Berecinthia did commit:
They ioyning swetely swam, and sweeping salt sea skumme did flit.
As many iust as ships with brasen stemmes did stand at shore.
They knew from far their king, and sporting daunst his fleet before.

Mantua of Mantus.

The ships of Aeneas transformed into Mermaides met him on the way.

Of

Of whom the talker best, Cymodocee by name that hight:
With right hand held his puppe euen hard at backe, and bolt vpright
The brest high shewes her self, than faire in sight she cleare apeard,
With lefthand coutching waues, and smoth her self she vndersteerd.
Thã him vnwares she spekes, now wakest thou? wakest thou gods elect?
Aeneas wake (q she) and sailes to bowling ropes object:
Wês were thy sacred trees, on *Ida* mount sometyme that grew,
Now salt sea maides we bẽn, thy fleet of late, whan force vntrew
Of Turnus king, wold vs, with swords and flames haue quite consumed:
Unwillingly thy bands wée brake, and thus far haue presumed
To seke thée through the streames, in this forme vs our Lady put,
Lamenting thy mischaunce, and made vs Mermaides seas to cut,
In water lyues to lead, from whens non age vs out can shut.
Thy child Ascanius in walles with dèepe trench is beset
Amids thy mortall foes, and Latines grimme that armours fret.
Euanders horsemen sauke at place commaũnded kèepes the lands,
Conioynt with *Tuscan* strength, to set against them half his bands
(Lest force to thée they ioyne) king Turnus full determinde stands.
Arise, go to, and in the dawning first call forth thy mates,
In armour first appéere, and take that shield which brode in plates
The fyrypuissant god vnuict, gaue thée with golden grates.
This morow morning nert (if thou beleuest I speake not vaine)
Shalt slaughters huge beholde of Rutils blods by heapes downe slaine.
She said, and in departing she with righthand pup did shoue,
In sort as wel she knew, the ship than straight in streames aboue:
Fled swifter forth then swiftest darte, or shaft that perceth winde.
Than others mend their course, himself vnwares alloyned in minde,
The Troyan prince did muse, yet with good luck mens harts he cheres:
Than shortly thus he praied, beholding rounde the zodiac spheres.
Almighty mother of gods, in whose great mercy *Troy* yet sittes,
That rulst both townes and towres, and liõs yolkst with brideling bittes:
Thou be my patron prince, my guide in fight now prosperous stand
To *Troy* good gracious dame, confirme thy signes with mightful hand.
These onely wordes he saied, and in this while the gray day light
Returning ripe appeerd, and darknes far did chase of night.
First to his mates he bids, that they their standars shal pursue,
With armour match their mindes, and wayte for fight in order due.
And now in sight his Troian campe he hath, and bewes their field,

Aduaunceing stout on puppe, in lifthand than his glistring shield
Uplifting large he shewes, the Troians gaue to starres a crie,
Upmounting on their walles, hope kindlith wrath with comfort nie:
Joy for succour. Their weapons vp they throw, as in the clouds done herds of craues
With crockling calking signes, when lōg in aire they lauch like lanes,
When southwind first thei flee, and glad w̄ sounds their ioy proclames.
But these to *Rutil* king, and *Latin* lords great merucls were,
Till toward shore they loke, than fleetes arriuing bustling there
They saw, and vnder ships the seas al couered shew no where.
His topright crest it burnes, and flame forth sparkling hie from head
Outbelching spouts forth beames, his goldbright shield fire perbrakes
None otherwise, than whan by nighttime nush som blasing star (read.
All bloodred sanguine shewes, and louring loks on men from far:
Ne not for creatures welth, but sores, and droughts, and sickncs straunge
Doth springe, and sad w̄ frowning soure due light frō skies doth chaūge.
But not from Turnus bold dēd corage ought or hope remoue
To send them lof from land, or from the shore with force to shoue.
Ye cheres their spirits which speech, and of him self to his men doth crie.
That ye haue long desired, lo here hit is with swordes to trie,
Euen to your handes is Mars descended firs, let ech man nēdes
Now thinck on wife, on house, your liues, your lands, the valiant dēdes,
And honour of your auncetours, encountre them at land
Whilest fearful they come forth, and their first steps do sag in sand.
Fortune is frēnd to venturers, and cowards hateth most.
When this was said: he doth deuise, who shal defend the coast,
And who shalt still the Troian wals beseige with armed hoast.
Ther whyles Aeneas from his loftye shippes his mates to shore
By planks conueies, but diuerse stay tyll flud the sea restore.
Duke Tarchon. And some by setters short, to set them selues to land applie,
And some by oares. Tarchon, the coast alonge doth search, and trie,
Where he ne ford doth find, ne noyse of broken surges heares.
But when the calmed sea to swell by force of tyde appeares:
He quickly wendes his shippe, and to his mates request doth make.
O chosen crue, now to your sturdy oares your selues betake.
Hallawe, set forth your shippes, and with the beakes cleaue out of hand
This ennies shore, let weight of kēle turne vp, and cut the land.
My self do not refuse in such a rode my shippe to breake,
If once the shoare I might obtayne. These words no sooner speake

Did.

Did Tarchon: but his mates arise in oares, tyll *Latine* grownd
The fomінge shippes do touch: keles echwhere dryland haue foũd.
Their beaks do reach the land, and sand with earth theron they sownd.
Where all in safetie syt, saue barke, o Tarchon, thine alone.
For whilst on sands it smits, and strikes on banks of beach and stone,
Uncerten on which syde to fall, and surges sore it beates:
It splittes in twaine, and men in midst of waues, and water wéetes.
Whom broken oares, hatches, and fléetinge stiues of bord, and beame,
Do staye, and ebbe pulles backe their féete againe into the streame.
Ne Turnus sluggish slouth doth stay, but fierce with spéede he bends
Gainst Troyans all his power, and on the shoare against them tends.
They blowe alarme. Aeneas first the rusticke sort sets on
For happy hansils sake, and Latynes layes the ground vppon.
Where Theron toke his bane, the mightiest man in all the field
That set vpon Aeneas, whom with swerd through brasen shield,
And through his golden plated Jacke he thrust into the syde.
Then Lycas nert, from mothers wombe cut forth wherof she died,
Sacred, o Phœbe to thée, who might in youth haue shund before
Warres doubtfull haps. And Cisseus hard, not pausinge enymore,
With cruell Gias, who with clubbs the rancks to ground did beare:
Ye sent to death. Nought Hercles armes which they in fight did weare,
Nought might their valient hands, ne sier helpe that Melampus, was
Alcides mate, whilst he on earth his traueiles great did passe.
To Pharon loe, with boastinge talke who doth him self aduance:
Into his gapinge mouth his hugie dart he threwe by chance.
And thou lykwyse, with yellowish tendre downe on chéekes in pryme
While Clitius dost pursue, Cydon, in an vnhapie time:
By Troian hand yslaine, quite carlesse of thy wented loue
To boies styll borne, pore wretch the force of wofull death shuldst proue,
Had not a troope of brothers rescued thée, sir Phorcus séede,
Who seuen were in tale, and seuen dartes they cast indéede,
Wherof some from his shyeld, some from his helmet backe do flye
In vayne, and Venus noble dame directeth some awrye
As they were throwne. Aeneas then to trustie Achates spake.
Reach me my dartes (for none in vayne with righthand he did shake
Against the Rutils) which sumtime in Greetian bodies ran
In Troyan fields, a mightie speare he ketcheth quicklie than,
And throwes it forth, which flying strikes of Mœons shield the brasse,

Theron slayne.

Lycas.

He harteneth him self by remembrance of former

And percinge through, with breast plate stronge into his breast doth passe.
To whome Alcanor steppes, and brother his from fallinge stayes
With his righthand, through whose arme streight ỹ speare flies forth his
And all with blod imbrued his course he kæpes yet still amayne, wayes,
The arme from shoulder hanges, stayed vp by synewes one or twayne.
Then Numitor from out his brothers corps doth pull the dart,
But lesull lys not sure like wound on him agayne t'impart.
Achates wounded in the thigh
There through Achates thighe he forced it, and forth it flies.
Then Lausus stout of limme, and trusting speares him thither hies,
Where Driopis with sturdy lance full sore he strykes from farre:
Right vnderneath the chynne, the blody wound his throate doth marre,
And with one blowe, of language both and life hym rœues, but he
With forehead beats the ground, and black blod spues that all may sée.
And thrée likewise in *Thracy* borne in farthest northern coast,
Thrée also who of Idas sier, and *Ismara* soyle might boast:
By dyuerse meanes he throwes to grouud. Halesus in that space
Comes on into Aruncas hands, and of Neptunus race
Sprongeforth Messapus braue with steeds, now these, now they do strine
In very brinke of *Latine* land ech other thence to driue.
Lyke as contrary wynds amid the aier that roue about
Do fight amonge them selues, with equall force, and courage stout,
Not one vnto the other, not cloudes, nor seas do yeld a whyt,
The battell doubtfull hangs, ech thinge aduerse so close doth syt.
None otherwise the Troian bands, and Latin ranks they ran
Togither, settinge fœte to fœte, and stickinge man to man.
On thother syde, where as the streame of peblestones great scoare
Togither rouled had, and throune downe trœs vppon the shoare:
The Archadians put to flight.
Th'*Archadian* band whose wont was not on fœte their force to trye,
When Pallas sawe to Latines turne their backs, and fast to flye,
Whome sharpnes of the place had forst from horses to alight,
The last, and only shift which serues for men in such a plight:
With prayers oft, and oft with taunts prouokes them vnto fight.
O whyther flie ye mates? now by your selues, and deeds of might,
And by your prince Euanders name, and battels wonne or this,
And by my hope which match vnto your countrye prayses is,
Trust not vnto your fœte, through mydst of foes a way we must
Breake forth, whereas the thickest rout of foes vppon vs thrust.
This way both ye, and Pallas duke, your native soyle requests.

No

No gods agaynſt vs fight, tis mortall foe that vs moleſts
Mortall lyke vs, as many ſoules, and hands we haue as thay.
Behold, we are beſet by mighty ſea that ſtoppes our way,
By land we can not flye, ſhall we to *Troy* by ſea agayne?
This ſayd: into the thickſt of all his foes he thruſts amayne.
And firſt by cruell deſtnies thither braught he mæteth ſtreight
With Lagus, whome whilſt he pulles at a ſtone of hugy weight:
With bended weapon ſticks, in myddle ſpace the rybbes betwæne
As backbone wold permit, and forth he pulles the ſpeare agæns
Faſt ſtickinge in the bones, on whom ſir Hisbon falles not iuſt
Though ſo he hopd, for whylſt in furious rage to ground he ruſht
Unwares of fellowes chance: with cruell death him Pallas ſlewe,
And ſone his mighty ſword quyte through his wellinge lungs he drue.
At Helene nert he goes, of Rhœtes eke auncient ſtocke offſpred
Anchemolus, that durſt with inceſt file his ſtepdames bed.
And you likewiſe o Twynnes, your fall in Rutil fields you toke
Of Daucia impes, Larid, and Tymber, who moſt lyke did loke,
And ſcarſe could be diſcernd, to parents a moſt ſwæte deceat.
But Pallas now vnto you both hath diffrence gyuen great.
For why o Tymber, thy head of, Euanders ſword did ſtræke,
Thy ryghthand Larid, which was ſtroken of, thy corpſe did ſæke,
And fingers half a liue do moue, and weapons downe let fall.
Th'Arcadians thus hartned on, and viewing therwithall
His valient dædes: both græfe, and ſhame do them to battell call.
Then Pallas ſone ſir Rhoeteus, which in charret fled him bie
Throughgirdes, and tarience like he giues to Ilus or he die.
For he at Ilus did from farre direct a mightie dart,
On Rhoeteus which, (betwæne that came) did light, and ſtrake his hart.
Whiles Teuthra thæ, and brother Tyren thine he flies, who ræles
Downe from his charret, beating *Rutil* ground with both his hæles.
And like as wilſhedly, when winds in ſommer ſeaſon blowe,
The ſhæpheard doth his fiers, in diuers partes of woods beſtow,
Who quickly taking hold, togither iointly runne apace
Through largeſt fieldes, ſir Vulcans power doth take his cruel race.
Ye like a conquerour ſits, and luſtie fiers doth loke vpon:
None otherwyſe their fellowes force togither mæts in one,
Which Pallas, thæ delights. And ſtout Haleſus fierce in field
Sticks ſuch as do withſtand, and cloſe defends him ſelf with ſhyeld.

Pallas ſlaughters after his exhortation.

Tymbes deyne.

He Ladon sleyes, and Pheretus, and Domodocus quite,
Strimonius righthand eke he sone strikes of, with swoꝛd ful bꝛight
Raught to his thꝛoate, and Thoas face he batters with a stone,
And goary bloudie bꝛaynes together dasshes with the bone.
The father tellyng things to come: in woods Halesus hid.
But when to auntient tier, colde death his hoary eyes vndid:
Destnies. The destnies hands layd on his twine, and him bequeathed thay
Vnto Euanders armes, whom Pallas, meetyng: first doth pꝛay.
Graunt, father Tyber to this Dart, which here in hand I rest,
Goodfoꝛtune, and a redie way into Halesus bꝛeast.
This armour, and the spoyles of this the man thine Oke shall haue.
Couetousnes cast him away. The god did graunt. Halesus whilst Imaons spoyles would saue:
Vnhappely his bared bꝛeast yeelds to *Archadian* steele.
But Lausus, at so woꝛthy mans death suffreth nere adeele
His rankes to feare, him self the greatest part of war, and right
Agaynst him Abas sleyes, the foꝛce, and stay of all the fight.
Downe falles th'Arcadian bꝛoode to grounde, *Hetruscan* youth is slayne,
And you O Troians of the Greekes vnhurt, there take your bayne.
The rankes togither runne, with captaynes match, and equall might,
The rerwards fast appꝛoch, so that the thꝛonge in midst of fight
Compartson betweene Pallas, and Lausus Ne weapons weld, ne hands they can. Pallas foꝛe bꝛeth here,
There Lausus, youthes, that very much of semblant age appeare,
Of passyng beuty both, to whom fell foꝛtune had denide
Their countries moꝛe to see, and loue that all the woꝛlde doth guide
Would not consent that they together meete their foꝛce to trie.
But vnto ech their chaunce remaynes thꝛough greater foe to die.
Iuturna sister to Turnus. Ther while Iuturna fayer, her bꝛother Turnus puts in mynd
To rescue Lausus, he thꝛough mydst of routs flies swift as wynd.
When he beheld his mates: leaue of from fight, he sayes, anone,
My self will Pallas match, foꝛ Pallas vnto me alone
Belongs: whose father pꝛesent here I wish he were to view.
This sayd: his mates thus chargd, w̄ spꝛad themselues from field w̄oꝛew
At Rutils quicke departure thence, and charge so full of pꝛide,
The youth much marueyling, stond at Turnus stands, & eyes doth glide
His mightie coꝛps vpon, and sharply ech thing he doth beholde
And thus replies vnto the kyng with wꝛds, and courage bold.
Ether I foꝛ pꝛincely spoyles, will pꝛayse deserue, well woune in fight:
Oꝛ foꝛ a noble death, my tier esteemes of both aright,

Leaue

Leaue of thy threats. Thus sayd: he forth proceedes amidst the playne.
A chilly colde th'Archadians harts do feele through euery vayne.
From charret Turnus leapes, and forth on foote he drawes him nie.
Like as a Lyon fierce, when on a mount he stands on hie,
And spies from far in fields a bull prepare him selfe to fight:
Ye thither hies, such was the loke of Turnus commyng, right.
Whom when he thinkes within the reach of his darts cast to bee:
Then Pallas first drew neare, good fortunes ayde at neede to see,
Although in strength not match, and thus to lofty skies he sed.
By harbour of my fathers, and to thee stranger tables spred
Alcides, I thee pray, good fortune to my purpose giue,
Halfe dead that he may see me of his armour him beriue,
And Turnus or he die beholde me stoutely win the feeld.
Alcides heard the youth, and from his hart within doth yeeld
A wofull greeuous grone, and frustrate teares lets fall amayne.
Then Ioue with freendly words his sonne recomforts thus againe.
Ech mans day stands prefixt, time short, and swift with cureles wretch
Is lotted all man kynd, but by theyr deeds their fame to stretch:
That priueledge vertue gyues. Vnder the loftye walles of Troy
Full many sonnes of gods were sleyne, yea Sarpedons anoy,
My childes was there y wrought. Turnus likewise his destnies call,
And to his fired terme of graunted lyfe runne forth he shall.
This much he said, and straight his eyes to Rutil fields downe bends.
And Pallas then with mightye force an hugie speare forth sends,
And glittrings sturdie sword from hollowe scabbard out doth pull,
That flies, and where the armour on his shoulders rises, full
It lights, and passinge forth alonge on brym of bucklar bright:
At lenght it doth on part of Turnus hugie body light.
Then Turnus, aiminge longe in hand a dart of sturdy oke
Wel typt with steele, at Pallas forth it flunge, and thus he spoke.
Loe, see if that our dart be sharper then thy weapon was.
Ye sayd: and through so many linings forgd of iron, and brasse,
And through so many folds of hydes of bulles there laid about,
The whirlinge head through shield at one blowe beats a passadge out.
And gorgets force throughgirds, and glides into his mighty brest.
In vaine the warmed weapon he from the wound doth quickly wrest,
For by the self same way both blood, and soule their passedge take.
Ye falles vpon the wound, and armour fallinge noyse doth make,

And

Pallas is slayne.

And dying, with his bloody face falles on his enmies ground.
On whom thus Turnus sitting, sayes:
Ye Archades (quod he) these words se faythfully ye tell
Euander to, I send his sunne as he deserueth well.
What honour of the graue, what comfort is in buriall most:
I graunt, no litle price Aeneas harbour him shall cost.
He sayd, and then anon his lift foote to the corps he reight
Starke dead, and quickly pulles away his belt of hugie weight,
With this foule fact therin expresst, how on the weddyng night,
A troupe of youthes were slayne, and beds embrued with blouddy spight.
Which good Eurytion did somtime engraue in massie gold.
This booty Turnus vaunts him of, and ioyes he doth it hold.
Vnskilfull is mans minde of chance to come, and future fate,
And knowes no meane to keepe, once rayld a loft in happy state.
To Turnus time shall come, when he shall wish he dearly bought
That Pallas were vntoucht, these spoyles, and very day in thought
Shall hate. His mates with wofull dole, and bitter teares him lay
Vppon a shield, and Pallas thence they carie thicke away.
O greefe, and honour great that to the father will remayne.
This day thee first braught to the warres, this toke thee thence again.
Yet dost thou leaue behinde thee hugie heapes of Rutils slayne.
By this time had no vayne report herof, but trusty poast
In hast vnto Aeneas told, in what distresse his hoast
Did stand, that time it was his vanquisht Troians for to ayd.
Ech thyng next downe he mowes to ground, and forth away he layd
Cut with his sword amid the ranks, thee Turnus proude to finde
For slaughter new, Pallas, Euander eke he beares in minde,
And still in sight they stand, and tables which in gestred wise
He first approcht, and righthands giuen. And strait he there espies
Foure valient youthes at *Sulmo* borne, and foure which *Vfens* bred,
Whom thence he hales aliue, and offers vp vnto the dead,
And burning bonefier flambes he all bedewes with captiue blood.
At Mago next, when as a speare he threw a far that stood:
By stouping he escapes, the quiuering speare forth flies his wayes.
Then suppliant on the ground his knees embracing: thus he sayes.
Now by thy fathers ghosts, and by Iulus hope, I thee
Beseeche preserue this wretched life both to my sonne, and mee.
An haultie house I haue, wherin there lies deepe hid in grounde

The story of Danaides that slew their husbands.

An admonition not to be puft vp in prosperitie.

Aeneas watereth wood for the death of Pallas.

Great

Great summes of siluer coynd, of gold likewise full many a pound
Some fashiond, and some not, in me ne Troyane conquest lye
Doth not, my selly life can not so great aduentures trye.
Ye said, gainst whom Aeneas thus replies with words full fell.
These summes of siluer, and of golde wherof thou late didst tell:
Kéepe for thy chyldren, Turnus first these customes toke a way
Of war, when he erewhyles in cruell wyse dyd Pallas slaye,
This doth Anchises soule, this doth Iulus vnderstand.
And speakinge thus, his helmet fast he roughly raught with hand,
And bended downe his neck by force, and treatinge styll for lyse:
Into his throate he thrust vp to the hilte his fatall knyfe.
Not far, Aemonides, to Phœbus, and Diana préest,
Whose head with myter bownd, and sacred stoales was brauely dréest,
All glittringe in attyre, and well beséene in armour fayer,
Whom métinge out the field doth chase, and standinge on him there
Doth offer vp, and couers with his shade. Serestus takes
The armour vp, therof to thée a monument, Mars, he makes.
The ranks do then restore spronge forth of Vulcanus noble séede:
Syr Cœculus, and Vmbro, that came from *Marsi* hilles indéede.
Gainst whome Aeneas stands in rage, and sone stricks of ground
Anxurus left arme and therwith falles to earth his bucklar round.
The same some loftie words had spoken, and those he firmly thaught
In time shuld take effect, his mind perhaps to heauen he raught.
And promyst to him self hoare heares, and race of many yeares.
Syr Tarquitus on thother syde, that braue in armes appeares,
Whom Driope Nimphe sumtyme had borne to Faunus siluane god,
With him thus raginge méets, who with his lance in length full od:
His brestplate, and his shield of hugie weight he breaks in twayne,
And strait his head, that now begins to pray, but all in vayne
Ye swappes to earth, and downe to ground the corps yet warme he kest,
Wheron he stoutly stode, and thus he spake with hatefull brest.
O terrible now lye there, thy noble mother shall not haue
Thy corps for to entumbe, or lay thy bones in natiue graue.
To foules thou shalt be left, or surginge sea shall beare awaye
Thée to the hungrie fish, a very swéete, and deyntie praye.
Antæus, and sir Lycas eke, kinge Turnus towards, he
Pursueth strait, with Numa stronge, and browne Camertes thée
Of valient Volscens borne, most ryich of ground in *Latine* land

Aeneas is tempted with mony, but nothig could appease him after that Pallas was sleyne.

Magots sleyne.

Amyclimen of few wordes.

Of all that were, and whilst Amicles sceptre held in hand.
Lyke as Briareus, who an hundred armes had, as men say,
And eke an hundred hands, and fifty mouthes wherwith alwaye
Fier from his breast he spet, when Ioue against him lightninge threwe,
So many bucklars vp he held, so many swords he drewe.
None otherwise Aeneas conquerour chafes the field about,
When once his sword wart warme, but loe against Niphœus stout,
His charret horse against, and eke his breast his course he toke.
But when the horse espied him comminge farre with egre loke:
For feare they do retyre, and foundringe backward downe full sore
They throwe their lord to grownd, and drawe the charret to the shore.
In charret drawne with milke white steeds comes ridinge in that tyde
Syr Lucagus, with Liger that his brothers horse doth guyde.
There Lucagus full fierce his naked sword about doth glyde.
Aeneas then no longer could their franticke rage forbeare,
But to them hies, and vp in sight he holds an hugie speare.
To whom thus Liger speakes:
Not Diomedes horse, not yet Achilles charret héere
Thou seist, nor Troyan fields, now end of war, and life so déere
Thou in this land shalt find. These Bedlem words of Ligers ioye
Abroade flie forth at large, howbeit the noble prince of Troy,
Meanes not with words to wage but forth a dart at him he kest,
As Lucagus downe stoupes to fetch his stroke with weapon prest,
And forth his horse doth beate, and liftwote quickly puttinge out
Prepares him self to fight: the lance by thutmost brim about
Of glittring shield slydes by, and way into his flancke it found.
He beaten from his charret falles half dead vnto the ground.
To whom then good Aeneas prince with bitter language sayes.
O Lucagus, no slow flight tis of horse that thée betrayes,
Ne yet no ghost, nor dreadfull shape of foes enforst thée flye.
For thou thy self thy charret lefts, downe leapinge from onhye.
This sayd: the charret raygnes he takes, the other brother cryes,
And holdinge vp his hands on earth falne from the charret lyes.
Now by thy self, and parents which thée bred so worthy a wight,
Syr Troyan spare my lyfe (I pray) from dreadfull deathes despight.
And praynge more, Aeneas thus replies. Such wordes of late
Thou didst not speake, now die, and parte take of thy brothers fate.
The harbour of his soule, his brest forthwith he perst with blade.

And

And many a balient slaughter moze about the field he made,
The Troian duke when here, and there he ran in furious wyse,
Much lyke a rumminge streame, oz when a whirlewind black doth ryse.
Ascanius younge at length comes forth abzoad into the playne,
With all the youth, and tentes they leaue that were beseydge in vayne.
Then Iupiter therwhiles, to Iuno speakinge thus he bowes. Iupiter to Iuno.
O sister myne, and eke the same to me most louinge spouse.
As thou didst thinke, dame Venus (foz deceaud thou art not sure)
The Troyans welth sustaynes, els warres they might not thus endure.
In hands no fozce, in harts no might they haue, no paynes abyde
They could, vnlesse sum heauenly wight did them suppozt, and guyde.
To whom thus Iuno lowly then, most fayerest lozd, and kinge, Iunos reply.
Why dost thou grëue me still, & aye wō wozds great dzeadynge bzinge:
Such fozce in loue as I haue had of yoze, oz ought to haue
If now I had: thou shuldst not sticke to graunt that I do craue,
Omnipotent since thou art, both Turnus now from fight to take,
And him foz euer salf to auntient Daunus sier to make.
Howbeyt now let him dye, and yëld his blood to Troyans hands.
Yet in direct descent of kinde of goddes he rightly stands.
Pilumnus fouerth is from his syer, thy temples largly he
With gifts adozned hath, which furnysht well with pzesents be.
To whom Olimpus heauenly kyng againe doth bzëefly spëeke.
If stay of pzesent death, oz tyme foz moztall youth you sëeke,
Which so you thinke I may determe: take Turnus then awaye,
And do by slight, his dangers pzest which destnies thzeat, delaye.
So longe I am content he lyue, but if you farther craue,
By subtile treatie sure redzesse of all this war to haue,
Oz that the fates may altred be: your hope is spent in vaine.
To whom then Iuno whininge ripe. In wozd which you ne dayne,
What if you that in hart wold graunt, and Turnus lyfe pzolonge:
But giltlesse now an heauie end him bides, oz wold I wzonge
Did iudge, and O with needlesse feare I were deceaued quyte,
And thou which canst: these things a newe woldst turne to better ryte.
When she these wozds had spoken, frō heauē on hie she downe descēds. Iuno lady of stozmes and clouds
And with her bzinges a winter stozme, and cloudes about her bends.
And to the Troyan host, and *Laurent* tents she fast doth hie.
And there an hollowe cloud, a fozcelesse shadowe, by and by,
Much lyke Aeneas shape (a thinge most strange, and rare to sëe)

In Troian armes she frames, his hugie shyeld, and creast doth she
Unto his head deuine in semblant fit, and gloasinge talke,
And sound without a mind, and feines his gate as he did walke.
Such one as fame repoꝛts dead shapes of men departed flie.
Oꝛ lyke to dꝛeames that do delude such as in sléepe do lie.
This shadowe bꝛauelie stands, and vaunts him foꝛth the ranks befoꝛe,
And Turnus styll with weapons egges, and tempts with language soꝛe.
To whome then Turnus steppes, and at him sone he foꝛth doth cast
A whirlinge dart, that turnes the back, and thence it flies in hast.
When Turnus then supposd Aeneas fled him fast away:
And troubled much in mind, vayne hope conceauinge: thus gan say.
Aeneas whether away? do not thy pꝛomised wife foꝛsake.
This hand to thée the land, which longe by sea thou soughts, shall take.
Thus cryinge fast he followes on, with fauchon redy bent
In hand, ne spies how that these ioyes with wind away they went.
By chance there rode a ship, fast ioyned to a rocky ridge,
With ladders liynge foꝛth, and planks pꝛepard a redy bꝛydge.
In which Osinius king, from *Clusium* citie thither came.
Aeneas fliynge shape strayt thither hies, and in the same
Yt self doth shꝛowd, and Turnus after followes him self apace,
And tarience none he makes, but bꝛidges hie doth ouertrace.
Who scarce the ship had toucht: but Iuno strait the cable bꝛake,
And lainsht the ship from shoꝛe, and did to boystrous sea betake.
Him nowe Aeneas absent much in battell seeks, and sends
The bodies of the Rutil youthes vnto their fatall ends.
No lenger then this senseles shape in coꝛners séeks to lye,
But strait aloft doth mount, and to the darkned cloud doth flye.
Therwhyles in to the midst of sea, the whirlwind Turnus bꝛings,
Both thankleſſe foꝛ his lyfe, and quite vnwares of all these things,
And both his folded armes with these woꝛds vp to heauen he flings.

Turnus cõplaint, foꝛ bꝛeech of estemacion.

Omnipotent sier, and dost thou iudge so much I do offend,
This punishment on me, which same haue not deserud, to send?
O whether, oꝛ whence go I? what flight? oꝛ whom shall it reſtoꝛe?
Shall I againe *Laurentum* walles, oꝛ tents sée enymoꝛe?
Oꝛ els these men which me, and eke my quarrel ayded haue?
Whom all (alas) I nowe haue left vnto their death, aid graue.
And nowe I sée them straglinge quite, and heare their wofull cries
As they be sleyne, what shall I do? what earth may now suffice

My corps with gapinge to receaue: you winds some pitie take,
Gainst rocks (for willinge Turnus I to you my prayers make:)
Do strike my shyp, or beare me hence where cruellst quycksands be,
Where neuer Rutil wight, ne yet report may followe me.
Thus speakinge in his mind, to this, sumtime to that he slyts,
The present shame for to auoyd, like one distract of wits
Whether it were best his naked sword betweene his ribbes to dryue,
Or cast him self amyd the fluds, so to returne a lyue,
By swimminge to the crooked shoare, vnto the Troyane fight,
Thrise whilst both wayes he did attempt, thryse Iuno full of might
With held him, and with pitie moued his purpose did restrayne.
He dryues vppon the sea, with happye streame, and tyde amayne,
At last arriues at auntient towne where Daunus kinge doth raygne.

Ther whiles, at beck of mighty Ioue: Mezentius burninge mad
Into the battle comes, and sets vpon the Troyans glad.
The Troyan bandes togither run, and with one hate they fall
On him alone, and with their darts they do assay him all.
He lyke a mighty rock, amid the seas aloft that lies,
With all aduentures mets, and fretting rage of surge abies.
And iniuries all sustaynes, what so by heauen, or sea are done:
That firmly fixed stands. Sir Hebrus Delicaons sonne
He throwes to ground, and Latagus, and Palmus swift in slight.
At Latagus an hugie fragment of an hill in sight
He raught, and strake him in the face, and Palmus ham he riues
In twaine, and letts him softly roule, and armes to Lausus giues.
Who same vpon his shoulders fittes, and plume on helmet weares.
Euantes eke the Troyan borne, and Minas match in yeares
To Paris, and companion his, Theano whome the same
Vnto his sier Amicus bare, when noble Hecube dame
A burninge brond sir Paris braught to light, he found a graue,
Within *Troy* towne, but Minas thee *Laurentum* fields now haue.
Like as the boze, which from the hilles the dogges bringe downe in chase,
Whome *Vesulus* pinie mount hath fostred well a mighty space,
And *Laurent* fields in couert deape of reeds full longe haue fed,
At length when he him self perceaues in tanglinge toiles besprad:
Still stands, and fiercle whets his tusks, and bristels vp doth set,
Ne courage eny to be wroth, or neare to come doth let.
With borespeares flunge from far, and hallowinge they the beast do tyre.

Mezentius cometh to battle.

Euen so all those gainst whom Mezentius hath iust cause of ire.
None hath the hart in equall fight to méete him hand to hand,
But thrō winge darts, and raisinge hugie noyse alwse they stand.
He fearlesse lokes about, and doubts which way his course to make,
And gnasshes with his teeth, and on his back their darts doth take.
From auntient coasts of *Coritus*, a Grætian Acron hight
There came, who prōmist wife, and weddinge had forsane by slight.
Whom when Mezentius sées, amyd the rankes moue stur, and strife:
In purple plumes full braue, and scarlet wéede of prōmist wife.
Lyke as an hungry lion, about the forest rownd doth prāunce,
(So hunger mad constraines) if he a rowebuck swift by chaunce,
Or els a Soze may find, whose tendre hornes begin to ryse:
He rampes for ioye, and wyde he gapes, and vp his brestles slyes,
And falles vpon him cloase, and strait he bathes in goary blood
His gready iawes:
Mezentius so him hies against his foes in hasty mood.
Unhappy Acron falles to ground, and earth with héeles doth beate,
Whilst vp he yelds the gost, and speare not broken with blood doth weate.
Ne sir Orodes wold he dayne, that thence apace did flie
To cast to ground, ne at his backe his trenblinge dart to wrie.
But full in face him méets, and man for man with him doth fight,
Inferiour in deceat, but not in déeds of martiall might.
On him then prostrate on the earth both settinge fote, and speare,
Of war no porcion smale, loe tall Orodes lieth there.
His mates agayne a dubled sound sendforth with ioyfull hart,
He dynge speakes: sure vnreuengd my death what euer you art,
Thou shalt not find, ne longe enioy, like destnies thée do call,
And where I lie, these very fieldes shall sée thy fatall fall.
To whom Mezentius smilinge, mirt with anger, answered then.
Thou now shalt die, as touchinge me: the father of gods, and men.
Loke he to that, and with that word the speare from corps he drew.
Unto his eyes doth bitter rest, and deadly slépe ensue,
With aye continuing night, and neuer more the day to view.
Then Cædicus sir Alcathous sleies, Hidaspes eke at length
Is by Sacrator sleyne, Parthenius eke by Rapo, in strength
Right rough likewise sir Orses, and Messapus réeues of breath,
Sir Clonius strong, Ericates Lycaonius sendes to death.
Who now by fall offrantike iade lies on the ground, the saus

A fot-

A ſoteman him now ſteyes on ſote, and who from *Argos* came
Sir Lycius, him againſt of grandſters force not fruſtrate quight:
Braue Valerus downe doth throw, ſir Sale Antronius killes in fight.
And him Nealces eyes in caſtyng dartes of noble ſkill,
And could from very far ſtrike with an arrow what he will.
The greeuous fight like ſorowes now, & mutual deathes had wrought,
Ech others slew, and they them ſelues were ſone to ſlaughter brought,
Both conquerours and the conquered ſort, ne theſe will flie, ne thay.
The Gods from Ioues ſupernall houſe their bootleſſe wrath do way,
And pitie on both partes takes, and on poore mortals heauie plight.
On th'oneſide Venus fayer lookes downe, on th'other Iuno bright
And pale Tiſiphone frets, and fumes in thickſt amid the fight.
Mezentius fierce a mighty dart then ſhakyng in his hande,
Comes fliyng to the field, much like Orion great from lande
When he on foote through midſt of deepeſt ſeas, and ſurges walkes,
And cuts a way through lakes, and to the ſhoulders in waters ſtalkes.
Or when an auncient Oke from higheſt hilles he home doth fetch,
And walkyng on the grounde his loftie head the cloudes doth retch.
Euen ſo Mezentius fierce in monſtrous armour in comes he.
Aeneas ſtraight when him within the rankes afarre doth ſee:
Prepares againſt to goe, but he awhit not dreadyng ſtayes,
Untill his foe approche, his mighty corps he there doth payes.
And meaſuryng with his eye the ſpace how far his dart could glide:
This righthande this of mine, and fliyng launce which here I guide,
Be happy God to me I pray, and here a vowe I make,
The ſpoyles which now from of the corps of this ſame theefe I take:
Thou for a monument, Lauſus, ſhalt enioy, he ſayd, a launce
Then ſtraight caſts forth, that flies, and from Aeneas ſhield doth glaſice,
And worthy Anthor ſtrake, and twirt his ribbes and guttes it went.
Anthor to ſir Alcides mate, that was from *Argos* ſent,
And to Euander claue, and auncient *Itayle* towne poſſeſt:
With others wound vnhaply falles, and face to heauen he keſt,
And yeelding vp the ghoſt, ſweet *Argos* oft doth call to minde.
Aeneas then a dart doth caſt, that flies as ſwift as winde.
And where the hollow boſſe about with threefold plates of bras,
With linen linings, and with threefold playtes of bullesshide, was
Well linde: the whirling dart through flies, and in his ſtanke doth light,
No force might it withſtande. He gladly drawes his fauchon bright

Tiſiphone whtch ſignifieth deſier of reuenge.

That

That hunge downe by his side, when Tyrrhen blood he doth espie.
And to him trembling al in rage he quickly draweth nie.
Then Lausus for his fathers chaunce doth mone in piteous wise,
When he the deed beheld, and plentie teares ran downe hys eies.
This hateful hap of death, and eke those valient factes of thyne,
(If later Time therto to credite giue do not repyne:)
Thy passing dæds, O noble Youth, in silence shal not lye.
Mezentius hurt retires, and back vnweldy fast doth hye,
And with his shield his enmies speare also with him he drew.
Forth Lausus sprang, and strayt him self amid the weapons threw.
The sunne came to rescue the father. And now his right hand vp he cast, his mighty stroke he set:
When vnder Aeneas sword he comes, and it with stay doth let.
Their mates with mighty noyse, and shout, this worthy deede pursue.
And hid with Lausus shield the father him self from thence withdrue.
And darts they thicke do throw, and foes from far prouoke to fight.
Aeneas ragyng frets, and shields him self with bucklar bright.
And like as when a cloud, fulfraught with hayle to ground doth fall,
The ploughmen do from out the fields with speede conuey them all,
The husbandmen thence hie, the wayfaryng man some harbour takes:
A riuers baucke, or hollow stony cliffe his succour makes,
Whilst downe it poweres, that when the Sunne returns agayn to sight:
To wonted traueill fall, and labour lately left they might.
So stands Aeneas still, with weapons on ech side oppressed,
On him whilst that this cloud of war, and ragyng all doth rest.
And Lausus then beginnes to check, and Lausus thus to threat.
Whether desperate runst? dost attẽpt thinges for thy power to great?
This foolish loue of thine hath thee vnskilfull quite forlorne.
And he likewise on thotherside, no lesse doth bragge, and skorne.
Vnto the Troyan prince great furie now in breast doth raigne,
And destinies had the vitall thræd of Lausus cut in twaine.
For through his bulck Aeneas sone his mighty fauchon draue,
And hid it in him whole, his shield, and all his armour claue,
His coate also his mother which of soft fine golde had knit,
And fild his bosome full of bloud, his life away doth flit,
And sorowfull to the soules doth hast, and body leaues behinde.
Aeneas pitieth him, for he resembled Anchises face. But when he saw his face which now to gastly death resignid,
His face which pale in wondrous sort did loke: he wofull stands,
And pitifully bewayles, and vp with greif doth cast his hands.

The semblant deape of fathers loue comes eft into his mind.
What praises due o youth, shall I for these thy merites find?
What may Aeneas work so worthy a nature to requyte?
Thyne armour kéepe, wherin alwayes thou tookest thy most delyte.
Thy soule vnto thy grandsiers gosts, thyne asshes to the graue
I send, if that thy frends herof a due reguard will haue.
This onethinge yet a comfort to thy dolefull death shalbe,
That great Aeneas thee hath sleine. His fellowes staggringe he
Much blames, and vp the corps he liftes, begoaring all with blood
The curious kembed lockes, as then the finest faction stood.
Ther whiles his father on the banck of Tyber noble flood.
His woundes with water wipes, and féeble body there doth rest
Against a bending tree, his brasen helmet, and his creast:
Farof hanges on a bough, his armour great lies on the grasse,
And chosen youthes about him stand, he pantes for breath, and as
Ye féeble was, his neck doth ease, his beard hangs downe on brest.
And much on Lausus he enquires, his mind can take no rest,
And many forth vnto him sendes from fight him to recall,
And of his fathers carefull hart him to enforme withall.
Then Lausus dead his mates bringe home with griefe and dubled paine.
Lamentinge sore so mighty a man, so mighty a wound had slaine.
The mind that mischeif did abode, his sunne afar did know.
His hoarye heares with filthy dust he daubes, and vp doth throw
Both handes vnto the heauens, and fast vnto the corps doth cleaue.
O sunne, had I such lust here styll to liue, ne life to leaue,
That I shuld thée to cruell enmies rage obiected sée,
Whom I begat: and with thy blod preserued aliue to bée,
Thus liuinge by the death? To me poore wretch doth nought remaine,
Saue exile sharpe, a bitter wound my wofull hart hath slaine.
And I (my sunne) thy noble name with foule reproch haue staind,
Pulst forth through spyte frō princely throne, & place where father raind:
Due punishement haue well deserud, at countreis hands to dye
All kinds of death, which (but to glose) I cannot sure denye.
Howbeit, as yet, I liue, ne men, ne light I do forsake,
But shortly so will do, and with that word: he doth betake
Him to his wounded thigh, wheron he stands in painfull case.
The deaply stroken wound doth cause him much to slack his pace.
But nought in courage quaild for stéede he calles, his only stay,

Moze honorable to be sleyne by a noble conquerour.

Mezentius lamentatiō for Lausus death.

And only comfort still that was, wherby he went away
He speaketh to his horse. Still conquerour from the field, and to his steede began to call.
O Rhœbus, longe (if ought to mortall men be longe at all)
Wee liued haue, this day with blouddy spoyles returne agayne:
Or with Aeneas head thou shalt, and so of Lausus payne
Reuenger be with me, or els if force no way can finde:
With me togither shalt be slayne, since thou of valient kinde,
Canst not abide (I thinke) a straunge, or Troian lorde to know.
This sayd: vpon the wonted backe himself he doth bestow.
And eche hand strayt he armes with deadly dart, and pearsing speare.
The brasen helmet glittryng shines, and creast of horses heare,
And swift he thronges into the thickst, great shame his hart doth freat
Deepe lodgde within, and madnesse mirt in breast with sorow great,
And loue incenst with rage, and priuie touche of enmies might.
Then thrise Aeneas there with mighty noyse he calles to fight.
Aeneas knew his voyce, and glad in minde began to pray.
The kyng of Gods, Apollo eke do graunt thou say not nay,
To deale with me in fight.
This much he sayd, and with an hugie speare him straight doth meet.
To whom then he, O cruell wretch with threats why dost thou greet,
Since thou my Sunne hast slayne: this was the next, and only way
For thee to frame my fatall fall, and weaue my last decay.
No loue to lothsame light I beare, for life I do not care,
He regardeth not the gods. Nor is there any of the Gods whom I regard, or spare.
Leaue of, I come to die, but first this gift to thee I bringe.
He sayd: and strait a quiuerying dart against his foe doth flynge.
Then forth another, and then another he throwes, and rounde doth ride
A mightie race, the golden shield can well their force abide.
And thrise the Carrire rounde about him standyng in the fielde
In castyng foorth his dartes he rode, the Troian lorde his shield
Thrise carieth rounde, with cruell wood of dartes quite ouerspred.
But when he shames so longe to stay, so many a sticking head
For he on foot, caught against an horsman. To pull away, and neede compelles vnequall fight to trie,
Mezentius falleth. And foes incensed rage, aye bent to bloud, and death doth spie,
Much casting in his minde: at last breakes forth, and doth enforce
A dart into the hollow temples of the warlike horse.
Vpstandes the steede on end, and beates the aier his heeles withall,
Then downe he tumblyng comes, and faultryng on the man doth fall.

He grouelinge on his face with shoulder wrest from ioynt there lies.
The Troyans, and the Latines eke with clamour touch the skies.
Aeneas sliynge comes, and from the sheath his blade drawes out,
And this with all he speakes. Wheres now (I pray) Mezentius stout?
Where now that cruell force of mynd, and courage bold in fight?
To whom Mezentius, when he larger breath, and heauens sight
Had drawne, and daunted spirites began refreshed well to be:
O bytter foe, why bragst thou thus, and threatnest death to me?
By slaughter is no wronge ywrought, ne came I so to fight,
Ne did for me my Lausus deare such league, or bargeine smyte.
This one thinge I request, of lordes if vassayles grace may craue,
My bodie let entombed be, I wote my subiectes haue
Great hatred me against, theyr rage defend from me away,
And do vouchsaufe in one self graue, my sunne, and me to lay.
He spake: and strait the sword aduisde into his throat receaues,
And gushinge goary blod the lyke amid his armour leaues.

DEO GRATIAS.

Inchoatum per Thomam Phaer, finitum Londini per Thomam, Twynum. 23. Maij. 1573. Opus 7. dierum per interualla.

The eleuenth booke of

the Æneidos of Virgil.

The Argument.

¶ Conquerour Aeneas setteth vp a monument to Mars for Mezentius slayne. Pallas corps is with great pompe sent to Euanders towne. Embassadours are sent from Latinus, to intreat for truce of twelue dayes, duryng which time they yeld the dutie of sepulture to their dead, on both partes. And this while Venulus that was sent at the beginnyng of the war, to require ayde of Diomedes: returneth with denial. Then Latinus destitute of hope calleth a counsell, and consulteth to send Embassadours to Aeneas with conditions of peace. Drances, and Turnus vppon auncient hatred inueigh one at the other. Therwhiles Aeneas deuiding his armie in twaine: sendeth his light horsemen before directly to the towne: And he himself, with the rest of his power, marcheth through woods, and ouer hilles towards the hiest parte of the towne, whiche beynge once knowne within Laurentum towne, they leaue the counsell, and prepare suche thinges as are necessary for resistance. Then Turnus vnderstandinge Aeneas intent: by spies, deuideth likewise his power in twayne, and giueth Messapus, and Camilla charge of the horsemen. Himself taketh the straytes, wherethrough Aeneas must needes passe to the towne, & there lieth in ambush. The horsemen on bothe sides meete, and the victorie is a great whyle vncerten. There Camilla after many slaughters, whilst vnwarely she pursueth Cloreus Cybeles priest, mooued therto by ỹ beutie of his armour: is by Aruns strok through with a dart. Whose death neuertheless Aruns bare not vnreuenged. For not longe after he was stroke through likewise with an arrow, by Opis, a Nimphe of Dianas trayne. The Rutilians dismayde at Camillas death: commit them selues to flight, the Troians prepare to besiedge the towne. These heauie tidynges beyng tolde by Acca, Camillas mate vnto Turnus: leauyng the ambush he hasteneth to come succour his men. Aeneas followeth after, and bycause the night drawinge on, they coulde not fight: both pitche their Tentes before the towne.

THe dawning day this while, ỹ Ocean sea had cléerely left.
Aeneas though some Time on those whom warres of liues had reft,
His care constraines him to employ, their graues for to prepare,
And now his minde, and senses all on funerals fixed are:

Care ouer the dead, the part of a noble

To

To gods yet natheleſſe, at riſinge of the mo3ninge gray,
For conqueſt great obtaind, his vowes, and ſeruice due doth pay.
A mighty Oke, whoſe boughes were quyte ſhread of from euery ſide,
Upon an hill he ſets, and armour braue theron he tyde,
The duke Mezentius ſpoyles, a monument mighty Mars fo3 thée.
And fittes therto his creaſtes, which yet with goareblood d3oppinge bée,
And truncheons burſt of ſpeares, his breſtplate in twelue places ſmyt,
And in ſo many thrust through, and bucklar bright of braſſe doth fyt
To his lefthand, his blade with Iuerie trimd hunge downe his nick.
Then there his mates (fo3 all the troupe of lo3des about him thick
There ſtode) reioycinge he erho3tes and thus to them gan ſay.
A mighty déede we ended haue, all feare erpell away.
Here now remaine the ſpoiles, and hanſell of the hautie kinge.
Mezentius loe here lies, whom to his death theſe handes did bringe.
Nert goe vnto the king we muſt, and to *Laurentum* wall.
Cheere vp your hartes to fight, and hope the war will haply fall.
Let lingringe none vnwares, ſo ſone as enſignes we aſſay
At Gods commaundment to remoue, and youth from tentes conuay:
Us hind3e, o3 els feare from purpoſd fact vs hartleſſe ſtay.
Therwhiles our mates, and bodies which vnburied lie: to graue
Let vs betake, this only due, departed ſoules do craue.
And go (q he) theſe wo3thy wightes which with their blood, this land
Fo3 you haue bought: with laſt rewardes do honour out of hand.
And to Euanders ſoro wfull towne let Pallas firſt be ſent.
Whom not deuoid of courage ſtout, mythap his life hath rent,
A dire, and diſmold day hath d3encht full déepe in deadly lake.
These thinges he wéepinge ſpake, & fo3th his way to place doth take
Where Pallas body dead Acetes autient ſier did tend,
That was Euanders parge in youth, but not vnto the end
With like goodluck alotted was companion to his ſun.
About him ſeruantes all the rout, and troupes of Troians run,
And dolefull dames of *Troy*, with heare of cuſtome quite vntruſt.
So ſone as into loftie do3es him ſelf Aeneas thruſt:
A mighty ſkritch they raiſe vnto the ſkies, and breaſtes they beat.
Wity wofull cries, and plaintes refoundes againe the pallace great.
But when he ſaw the head of Pallas faier held vp, his face,
And wound in breaſt ſo ſmoth, broad gapinge open a mighty ſpace,
Which Turnus launce had made: the tricklinge teares rā downe his eies.

Captaine and of a good man.

Aeneas lamentation at the ſight of dead Pallas.

O wretched lad (q he) when lucky fortune gan to rise,
Enuied the thee to me? that thou our kingdome shuldst not se,
Nor yet vnto thy fathers coastes as conquerour borne to be?
Not I this promise to Euander kinge thy sier did make,
When him I parted fro, and me in folded armes did take.
And to a mighty reigne me sent, and warnd me what might fall,
The men were fierce, the nation hard that I shuld fight with all.
And now deceaued much with frustrate hope, and vaine desier,
Perhappes he praiers makes, and altars heapes with blod, and fier.
This youth now dead, and to no heauenlie power beholdinge, we
With heauy hartes do honours giue that nought auailinge be.
Unhappy man, thy deare sunnes wofull buriall shalt behold.
These are our glad returnes, and triumphes after wars so bold,
This is the trust in me repoasd, yet sure thou shalt not se
With shamefull dastard woundes thy sunne (Euander) sleyne to be.
Ne wish him dead whilst he did liue, O greife, and sorow most,
Now great astay *Ausonia*, and Iulus hast thou lost?

A notable description of a warlyke buriall as is ether of a captain, or some noble man.

When he for all thease thinges had wept his fill, the corps a non
He biddes them vp to take, out of his armie many a one,
A thousand men in tale doth chose the funerall pompe to guide,
And present be at fathers teares, some comfort to prouide,
Though smale in his so great a greife, which wofull fathers take.
Some hurdles thick with force do frame, some do the coffin make
Of tender twisted twigges of trees, and slender syppes of oke.
And on those buylded beddes, with boughes thick shadowes do prouoke.
Hereon the lad aloft on wad of cuntrey straw they lay.
Much like a flower which virgins thombe from stalke hath nipt away,
Whether it be tender violet, or languishinge daffadill white,
Whose glittringe hue not yet is gone, nor passinge beutie bright,
Though mother Tellus yeld no sappe, and strength is vaded quite.
Two mantels then with purple fine, and gold that stiffe did stand:
Aeneas forth did bringe, which once Quéene Dido her one hand
In happy state for him had made, with webbe of gold full smal.
The one of these vpon the youth for honour last of all
He putteth on, and lockes that shalbe burnt therwith doth hyde.
And many a worthy spoyle reserud since *Laurent* war besyde,
He heapes theron, and biddes the spoyles be borne in longe aray.
And horse, and weapons addes, which from his foes he toke away.

An

And certen captiues bound for sacrafice therwith he sent
Unto thinfernall gods, whose blood the fiers shuld all bespreint.
And truncheons great of speares, with armour tane from foes theron,
The capteynes biddes to beare, with foes names fastned thereupon.
There goes Acetes sad (good man) with stoze of yeares oppzest,
His face eft manglinge with his nayles, eft bounsing of his breast
With faintnes downe he falles, and corps alonge on earth doth rest.
And charrets also forth they leade, embrued with *Rutil* blood.
Then Aethon nert, his courser fayer, bereeud of trappings stood,
And after weepinge comes, and weates his face with mighty teares.
Some beares his speare, his helmet some, the rescue Turnus weares
Since him he slew, the sorowfull bandes of Troyans do ensue,
And Tyrrhen capteynes, th' Archads eke, with weapons turnd ascue.
But when this goodly traine afar, was marched on the way:
There still Aeneas stood, and mourninge wise these words did say.
The selfsame wofull chaunce of war, doth vs from hence withcall,
Of many another valient youth to wayle the wofull fall.
For euermore alhayle, for euer, Pallas, now adieu.
He said no more, but to the walles his steppes he strayt withdrue.
And now Embassadours were sent from *Latine* towne so great,
With braunch of Olive bough in hand, for licence to entreat.
Such bodies as lay dead in fieldes, with mortal woundes oppzest
For to requyre, that they in graues might take their finall rest.
Gainst conquerd wightes, & wantinge breath, no fight remaynes at all.
His hostes that he wold dayne to spare, whom fathers he once did call.
To whom then good Aeneas, since but iust, and rightfull thay
Did aske: doth licence grauut, and more vnto them thus doth say.
What fortune foule, O Latines, hath you to such warres betake,
In such a rash, and foolish sort our frendship to forsake?
And do you leaue, and licence now for men departed craue?
Whom I do wysh, that when they lieud, the same shuld rather haue.
Me had I come, but destinies here a place for vs did chuse,
Ne do I gainst your nation fight. Your kinge did me refuse
To enterteyne, and rather claue vnto kinge Turnus might.
For whom more equall it had byn to trie this deathes despite.
If that with hand this war to end, and Troyans hence to shoue
He do prepare, it better were in armes with me to proue.
Then he shuld liue whom gods, his life, or his righthand would spare.

Aeton Pallas steede.

But now depart, and for your peoples burials do prepare.
These word Aeneas spake. They stood astond, and nothinge said.
And ech on other glauncinge oft their eyes, their mouthes they staid.
Drances was great enemie to Turnus. The auntienst then that Drances hight, for crime, and iust desart
With Turnus that offended was, his wordes thus gan impart.
O peerlesse prince of great renowme, in armes of greater fame,
How shall I shew thy prayse, or to the gods compare the same?
Thy laud for Iustice shall we first, or martiall feates admire?
These thinges vnto our citie we will shew with great desire.
And thee vnto Latinus king, if fortune graunt, will ioyne,
Let Turnus in some other place for leagues anew purloyne.
Moreouer, and the hugie moles of fatall welles to reare
We shalbe glad, and to that work on shoulders stones to beare.
He ended had, with one consent the same they all alow.
And for twelue dayes they Truce do take, and peace a space do bow.
The Troyans, and the Latines mirt in woods do wandre free,
And rownd on toppes of hilles they rome, and holtes full huge that bee.
And here with stroke of mighty axe the brittle ashe doth sownd.
There loftie Pynes that touch the starres, are throwne vnto the grownd.
The mighty okes, and Ceders smellinge sote the wedges teare,
And sturdie Cartes do crack, full heauie laden them home that beare.

Report of Pallas death cometh to Euander, and his towne. And now the fliynge fame of so great griefe, and tydings ill:
Euander wofull man, his house, and all his town doth fill,
That Pallas was in *Latium* late a coquerour, did report.
Th' Archadians run vnto the gates, as is their wonted sort:
They funeral brondes do beare, the wayes alonge echwhere do sheene
With rankes of flambinge fiers, and seuerals make the fieldes betweene.
The Troyan rout approchinge fast do ioyne their wofull lay.
Whom when the auntient Dames perceaud to pallaice take their way:
With wofull cries, and piteous shoutes the town they do repleat.

Euanders wofull lamentation for his sun. No force Euander then can stay, nor reason him entreat.
But forth into the thickst he thronges, and down him self doth lay
Upon the beare where Pallas was, and there doth weepinge stay,
And scarce vnto his speach with much adoe could ope the way.
Didst not, O Pallas, thou to me thy fier this promise make,
That charely thou woldst thy self to cruel warre betake?
I knew right well the nouell pride, and glory first in fight,
And pleasaunt honour wunne in armes: how much preueyle it might.

O hard

O hard beginnings to lad, and sorowfull martiall trayne,
My sacrafice, and praiers fond to gods powrdforth in vayne.
And O most holly wife and Quæne, by death thryse happy thée,
That hast not lyeud vnto this day, this wretched sight to sée.
But I by seinge this, my fatall terme haue passed quite,
That father yet remayn aliue, and sée this wofull sight.
Nore mæte had byn the Troyan armes I followed had in fæld,
And ouerwhelmd with Rutil dartes, my lyfe to death had yæld.
And only me this noble pompe, not Pallas home shuld bringe.
Ne shuld I you, O Troyans, blame, your league, ne yet the thinge,
Which we wō righthandes giuen on both partes swore, whē in my groūd
Most faithful harbour, and in court you incertaynment found.
This chaunce vnto myne elder yeres, I sée, alotted was.
But since my sunne by death vntymely from this life must pas:
I comfort take, the Troyans since to *Latium* in he braught,
So many thousand Volscans sleine, his fatall end he caught. He is glad of reuenge.
Nor other funerall rytes shalt thou, sunne Pallas, get of mée,
Then good Aeneas, Phrygians eke, and Tyrrhenes gyue to thée.
Great monumentes they bringe, of such as died by thy righthand.
And thou lykewise, a mighty corps now dead in armes shuldst stand,
If match had byn his age, and equall yeares lyke strength to thyne
Had, Turnus, made: somuch therat I should not then repine.
But why do I you Troyans now so longe from battle stay?
Depart, and to Aeneas kinge from me this messadge say.
That I this lothsome life endure, since Pallas now is dead:
Thy righthand is the cause, which to the fathers hoarie head,
And to the sunne doth Turnus owe, herin thou maist deserue
Alonly well of me, and proue thy chaunce. Not to preserue
The ioyes of life I sæke, ne doth myne age thesame requier.
But to the ghostes belowe to beare those newes is my desier.
The morninge had therwhiles to mortall men restord agayne
The chærful day, that nought to them but traueiles bringes, and payne.
Aeneas then, and Tarchon ioynt, the crooked shoare alonge
Great bonefiers build, the bodies thither of all their frendes, the thronge
As cuntreys custome biddes do bringe, and fier therunder make. The custome of burninge the dead in old tyme.
The lofty heauen anon with thick and smutchy smoke lokes blake.
And thryse about the burninge fiers they ran in armour bright.
And thryse on horsback rode about the fiers with hollowinge rite.

And wofull waylinges forth did send, and teares letfall amayne,
Upon their weapons, and vpon their harneis like the rayne.
The crie of men to heauen ascendes, and ratlinge Trompetes sound.
And some the spoyles of such as there lay sleyne of *Latine* ground:
Their helmets fayer into the fier, and guilden swordes they threw,
And bridles braue, and charret wheeles yet warme, and some they knew,
By others are cast in, their shields and weapons void of luck.
And many an ore thernigh, they done to death, and thither pluck,
And many a bressled Boare, and cattayle store the fields throughout:
They sley and slinge them in the flames, then all the store about
Their fellowes burninge they behold, and bones half brent do keepe,
And scarce from thence can be withdrawen, til moystie night that sleepe
Prouokes, the heauen inturnd, and whole with starres replenisht had.
Now on the otherside in semblant sort, the Latines sad
Innumerable bonefiers built, and many a body thay
In graues deape digd bestow, and many a corps they send a way
To neighboures nigh at hand, and to *Lauinium* towne agayne.
The residue, and the hugie heape of such as there lay slayne,
Both numberelesse, and honourlesse they burne, the fields full wyde
With plenty flaminge fiers, bright shininge shew on euery syde.
The thirde day had from heauen nights chyllie shade erpeld away,
When heauelie the Ashes heapes which there confused lay:
They buried the ashes in pots called, Vrnæ. In brnal pottes they put, and smoultringe mould theron do slinge.
And now within the walles, and towne of ritch Latinus kinge,
The greatest noyse was heard, and far the wurst, and wofullst chéere,
Of mothers, and sunnes wiues, mixt with the plaints of sisters déere.
And babes bereft of fathers sweet, this cruell war detest,
And Turnus promist spousals, that twas he aboue the rest
That was in batayle sought, that he his force must trie in fight,
That for *Italia* scepter séekes, and honour due of right.
These thinges good auntient Drances fiercely telles, and record béeres
That Turnus tis alone, whom Troyan prince in fight requéeres.
With diuerse things besides, which many against him did dispute.
Nowbeit the countenance of the Quéene doth them at full refute.
Embassadours returne with ort eff. a from Diomedes. The fame of many monuments tane do much his name aduaunce.
Then in these sturres, amyd this tumult hot, by woundrous chaunce:
Behold, from forth the mighty towne of Diomedes kinge,
Embassadours with answere do returne, that they nothinge

With

With so great trauail spent, with giftes, nor gold to end haue brought,
Nor ernest prayers tane effect, new meanes there must be wrought,
Or of the Troyan prince some league of peace there must be sought.
With sorow great in soundings then downe falles Latinus kynge.
And that Aeneas Destnies there, and power of gods did bynge:
The wrath of gods there shewes, and graues fresh digd before his face.
Wherfore assembly great, and nobles all to come in place
By writes he warnes, and to his princelye house doth them transport.
They all do meete, and to the place ech way they thick resort.
Latinus then in mydst amongst them all, of auntienst yeares,
With carefull countnance sittes, and cheise in hand his scepter beares.
The legates then, that from *Aeola* towne with answere came,
He biddes declare their charge, and orderly requires the same.
When whust was once proclaimd, and men were bid not silence breake:
Sir Venulus with duetie due, thus then began to speake.
Wee Diomede, O citizens, and *Argiue* lordes haue seene,
And dangers all wee passed haue which in that Journey beene.
And wee that hand haue toucht wherby proud *Troy* to ground did fall.
His towne he by name of the soyle hight *Argyripe*, doth call.
Which there he conquerour built, in *Garganus* Iapix land.
When in wee came, and leaue was giuen to speake where wee did stand:
Our presents vp wee yeeld, our names, and countrey we declare,
Who war on vs haue made, and why to *Arpos* come we are.
When he our message heard: with calmed speach these wordes gan say.
O happy nations, where Saturnus kinge somtyme bare sway,
Ausonians auntient eke, when you your liues in quiet lead,
What fortune causd you then the pathes to straungie warres to tread:
So many of vs all, as Troyan fieldes with warre did foyle,
(Such thinges I passe, as vnderneath the walles with wofull toyle
Were done, and whatkind men do vnder Simois water lye)
The same with wofull punishment throughout the worlde we bye.
And all of vs great penaunce for that foule offence sustayne.
Whom Priame, if he lined, now of pitye sure would dayne.
This doth Mineruas cruell tempest tell, *Euboia* rockes,
And *Caphareus* reuenginge hill, and many deadly knockes
Againste the shoare, to diuerse coastes when we dispersed were.
And Menelaus Atreus sunne far hence is banysht, where
Done Proteus pyllers stand, to Vlisses: Cyclops all were knowne.

The maner of callinge to a princes parlament.

The Embassadours answere.

Neoptolems realme what shall I say, and cities ouerthrowne?
Or else the Ozoly that dwell on shore of *Lybie* land?
Yea Agamemnon king, cheife leader of the Grætian band,
At first his cumminge home was by his spouse dispightfull slayne.
So when he *Troy* had raisd: Aegisthus in his seat did raygne.
And shall I shew the spyte of gods my self I did endure?
When home I came in hope to find my lady chast, and sure
My citie fayer that *Calidona* hight: Now monstrous sightes
Still conuersant before myne eyes: my senses much affrightes.
For why? my mates which I haue lost, the ayer w̄ winges haue raught.
Called Diomedes foules, se Plini lib. 10. And turnd to foules the flodes do haunt, (O plagues that I am taught
To knowe of myne) and hollowe cliffes with weepinge voices fill.
And since that time all other thinges I doubt, and feare as ill,
When like a bedlem beast, celestiall wightes with stæle I smit,
And into Venus hand a græuous wound did hastly hyt.
Do not I pray, my frendes, me to such batayle euer call.
For neuer I since first great *Troy* downe fell by fatal fall,
With Troians would haue ought to do, ne doth it me delight,
When of these mischæues I do thinke, though they be finisht quite.
As for the presentes which to me you bringe from out your land:
Vnto Aeneas beare them back, with whom wee hand to hand
Or this haue fought, and him against in open armes haue stand.
Beleeue me that haue tryed, in shield with what force he doth rise:
And with what deadly dint his mighty speare in fight he wries:
Yf that besides this man two other such *Troy* towne had bred:
Them selues forth to Inachus towne the Troyans sure had sped.
And Grætia with contrarie fates shuld wayle her heauie plight.
He compareth Aeneas with Hector For surely what socuer stay was made in Troyan fight:
Through Hector, and Aeneas hand the conquest still was stayd,
Wherby that warre to terme of ten yeares complete was delayd.
Of valient courage both, and both in armes of worthy might.
In godlines yet this exceld, do peace with righthandes smigth,
Whilst good occasion offred is, by all meanes do eschew
In warre with him to wage, least haples hap do make you rue.
And thus sir king, the answere of that mighty prince you haue,
And of this great, and wofull warre the iudgment that he gaue.
Scarse had the legates done, when mumblynge mūminge much doth rise
Amongst the Latines all, as when great stones in semblaunt wise.

Some

Some riuer swift do stay, the streame within doth ratlinge sound,
And all the bankes about with cracklinge noyse agayn redound.
So soone as were their mindes appeasd, and mouthes at rest did stay:
The kinge to gods first prayd, and from hie throne these words gan say.
Before this tyme, O Latines, to determine of this case
More meete had bin, and I my self therof desierous was.
And not thus at this present tyme, a counsell now to call,
When foes be fast at hand, and enmies rownd besiedge the wall.
A battlesse warre, O Citizens, with stock of gods we beare,
And with a man, whose valient force no warres could euer weare,
Nor wearie once in fight, nor cause him leaue though he were wunne.
If in *Aetolian* armes some hope to put you once begunne,
Whom now for aid you call: hencefoorth see that reposed bee
Echones hope in him self, which how smal tis, yow all do see.
For other thinges, how they on ground do lie with wofull fall
Before your face you see, and in your handes are daily all.
Nor do I eny man accuse, echone hath done his best.
The bodie whole of all the realme within this warre was prest.
And now at last what sentence in my doubtfull minde doth lye:
I meane to shewe, in few wordes (giue eare) I will descrie.
There lies an auntient field to *Tyber* riuer neare about,
Forth buttinge on the west, and to *sicilia* stretchinge out.
Arunci, and Rutilians till the same, and hillockes smart
With ploughes they turne, and mountains sharpe to pastures do conuart.
This region whole, and hillie coast with Pines that doth abound:
Lets for the Troyan frendshippe giue, and equall leagues compound.
And make them fellowes in our land, and place vnto them yeld,
Since that so great desier they haue, and cities let them build.
But if to other coastes to cut, straunge nations to assay
They do entend, and from our land they may depart away:
Twyse ten tall shippes of *Itail* Oke lets build them by and by,
Or moe, if so they neede, the stuffe by *Tybers* side doth lye.
Let them the numbre point, and for their shippes the fashion show:
And wee the keeles, and workmanship, and tacklinges will bestow.
Moreouer these our wordes to tell, and leagues of truce to frame,
An hundred legates forth to send to them, in Latines name:
I thinke it best, and Oliue boughes of peace in handes to hold,
And giftes of price to beare of Iuerie, with great summes of gold.

Precious giftes of ye Romaines.

And kinglie cloth of state, and mantel, badge of all our land.
To publique welth down torne almost, set to your helping hand.

Drances oration. Then Drances wroth, whom secret hate of Turnus fame did prick
And fame of great exploites atchieud against him cauld to kick.
In goodes right ritch, but more of tongue, in warre of dastard mynd,
But yet in sad, and counsell graue, not farre the best behind,
Full fit seditious sede to rayse, whom mothers noble blod
With pride had prickt, but of his father vncerten still that stod:
Standes vp, and him in wordes doth blame, and aggrauates with ire.
A thinge well knowne, and no mans helpe to shew that doth require,
Most mighty kinge you do perswade, and all do know ful well
What thinge the people most desier, but that they feare to tell.
But let him giue me leaue to speake, and pride lay down a side,
By whose vnhap, and dealinges far from honest maners wide,
(For speake I will, though swordes to me, and cruel death he threat)
So many valient captaynes died, and all this citie great
With mourninge sittes amoapte, whilst Troyan tentes he doth assay,
Then takes him to his heeles, and welkin winnes with armes to fray.
Amonge these many giftes to Troyans which you send, one thinge
Do cause moreouer likewise to be borne, O mighty kinge.
Let no mad rage of eny man so much your mind peruart,
But that vnto so worthy sunne in law, you would impart
Your daughter bright in mariage, perpetual peace to make.
But if such feare of Turnus in your tremblinge breast do ake:
Lets him entreat, and ernestly to him then let vs sue,
That to our kinge, and cuntrey he would yeld that is their due.
Why dost thou thus our citizens in doubtfull daunger bringe
So often, thou of *Latium* plagues that art the only springe:
By warre no saufty sure we get, for peace wee all do craue
At thy handes Turnus, and the maid Lauinia younge to haue.
And first my self, whom scarce (I knowe) thou thinkst thy freend to bee,
Nor care to be, for pitie loe entreatinge come to thee.
Take pitie on thy cuntreymen, lay downe thy Peacockes traine,
Depart, since thou art vanquished, to many bodies slaine
We do already see, our broad wyde fieldes forlorn do lie.
But if such great renowne, or courage bold in breast on hie
Thou dost conceaue, or princesse younge thou dost desier soe:
Attempt him then, and with bold hart encounter with thy foe.

That

That Turnus may by meanes therof enioy a Quéene to wife.
Wée sellie soules, vnburied sorr, and vnbewayled, rise
About the fieldes shall lie. And thou, if eny force remayne,
Or sparck of fathers valient vertue in thy breast: agayne
Looke him in face that thée doth call.
Hereat then Turnus all in rage doth boyle in burninge brest, Turnus replye.
And giues a grone, and from his hart full deape these wordes doth wrest.
Great sloare of talke is redy, Drances, euermore to thée,
When bloody warres do handes requyre, and first in place to bée
Thou wilt be sure, to parlament when Senatours resort.
But still the court must not be fild with wordes, and vayne report,
Which in abundance great from thée do flie, whilst citie wall
Betwéene thée, and thyne enimye standes, nor ditches blod withall
Do flowe about. Wherfore as is thy wunted guyse persist,
And thounder out thy twatlinge talke, as longe as thou shalt list.
And do of feare mée then accuse, when thy couragious hand
So many heapes hath sleyn of those that came from Ilium land.
And all the fieldes about with monumentes braue decked stand.
And there what can thy mighty manhede do thou mayst assay.
And as for foes, wée néed not to go seeke them far away,
For rownde the walles they do besiedge. Come on, and let vs goe,
And still through dastard cowardice continew not so sloe.
What? with thy prattlinge tongue alone thus alwayes wilt thou fight?
And shall thy foolish féete be prest alwaies to shamfull flight?
Was I repulst? or is there eny (wretched varlet) well
That can auouch the same? with Troyan blod when Tyber swell,
And all Euanders stock, and house to ruine brought to bée,
And all th' Archadian host, of armes, and force despoild shall sée?
Not so did Bitias find in me, nor yet Pandarus fell.
Nor thousandes, whom this righthand in one day sent down to hell,
When I was cloasd with walles, and hard with heapes of foes beset.
By warre no saufftie shall we get? these vaine deuises let
Be boded to Aeneas head, and to thyne owne estate.
For cease not styll to trouble all with foolish fearfull fate,
And to extoll that nacions force, that twise was wonne in fight.
On thotherside for to debase great kinge Latinus might.
And now the valient péeres of Greece the Phrygian armes do dread.
Prince Diomede, and in Larrissa towne Achilles bred.

Or els *Aufidus* riuer swift runnes backe vnto his head.
See, this dissembler vile great feare doth feyne for dread of me,
And aggreuates the crime that it might seeme more big to be.
But neuer thou by me thy life shalt lose, hold thee at rest,
Let that abide with thee, and still remayne within thy brest.
And now I come to thee, and counsels great thou dost disclose,
Most mightie prince, if in our strength no trust thou dost repose,
If so wee be forsane, and when our force is once subdued,
Wee quite away ben cast, and fortune cannot be renued:
Then lets intreat for peace, and yeldyng handes to him submit.
But, O, if any iote of wonted vertue bide as yet:
He speaketh of Mezentius. The same aboue the rest for happy paynes, and courage bolde,
I will extoll, who, cause he would no such thing once beholde:
Himself did yelde to death, and with his teeth did teare the ground.
But if some sparkes remayne, and youthes vntwitcht may yet be founde,
And freendly townes in *Italy*, and peoples mayne of might.
But if to Troians fall with losse of bloud, the price of fight,
And equall slaughter they sustayne, and like lucke them attaynt:
Why should wee thus like dastardes vile, at first beginnyng faynt?
And feare before wee do beginne to fight, doth vs appall?
Time, and Fortune. Longe tract of Time, and sundrie happes, which in our life befall:
Chaunge thinges to better state, and Fortune whom she did disgrace:
Oft times agayne doth rayse, and prinkes him vp in prouder place.
Though Diomede, Arpenses eke to vs no help will bring,
Messapus will, and happy prince in warre Tolumnius king.
And Dukes from many nations sent, nor tis no simple prayse
The mighty mustars tane through *Latium* lande are like to rayse.
And from the noble Volscan blouddes the mayde Camilla hight,
A troupe of horsemen that conductes in brasen armour bright.
But if the Troyans me alone do seeke for hand to hand,
And so you please, and publique weale so much I do withstand:
So conquest (as I trust) from these handes will not part away,
That any hazard for this hope I dread for to assay.
With courage gaynst him will I go, though he Achilles pas,
And weare like armour strong, that made by hand of Vulcan was.
This life, I Turnus, to you all, and to Latinus vow,
To any of mine auncestours in prowes that will not bow.
If me alone the Phrygian prince do call, I am content,

Or whether on mée (wofull wretch) the wrath of god is bent.
I would not for my sake, that Drances died, or do sustaine,
If I the conquest win, one iote of praise won by my paine.
These wordes amonge them selues they do debate of doubtfull thinges.
Aeneas then remoues his campe, and forth his battaill bringes.
When loe, into the pallaice strait with dred, and tumult great,
A skout comes in, that doth the totall town with feare repleat.
That Troyans now from Tyber shoare come fast in battail ray.
And Tyrrhen bandes in rankes there round about the fildes they lay.
Then strayt amazed were mens mindes, and peoples breastes with feare
Astond, and with no simple flames of ire incenst they were.
They tremblinge then for armour call, the youth for weapons fret,
The sorowfull fathers wéepe, and mumblinge moninge voices set.
An hugie noise of sundry tunes into the ayer doth ryse.
None otherwise then like a shole of foules aloft that flies,
And on a thicket lightes, or when by Padus riuer shoare
The horcey swannes do lift their lay, the bankes the same do roare.
Then Turnus takinge present tyme, O citizens, he sayes,
Goe call a counsell now, and sittinge speake of peaces prayse,
Whilst foes into our realmes do run, no more therof he sayd:
But forth he flinges, and sone him self out of the house conuayd.
Thou Volusus, commaund (q he) the Volscans, armes to take. He deuiseth the charge to his captaines.
And thou thy self the Rutils leade, Messapus, ready make,
And with his brother Coras ioynt the coastes about to skoure.
And soune to fortefie the gates, some furnish euery tower.
The rest with me, as I haue told, into the field shal yéede.
They by and by vnto the walles do fliynge with fliynge spéede.
Thassemblie then, and counsels there begun the kinge forsakes,
And with vnwilling mind them to another tyme betakes.
Then much himself he blames, that neuer by his owne accord,
Ye sent for to the town, and termed sunne the Troian lord.
Some trenches cast before the gates, some pyles aloft do rayse
Of wood or stone, alarme the trompets call to bloddy frayes.
Anon with sundrie troupes, they compas rownd about the wall
The matrones with their laddes, for daunger calles to labour all.
Nolesse vnto the sacred church of Pallas goddesse strait
The Quéene is born, a beuie braue of dames on her do wait.
Great giftes she bare, and next her side Lauinia bright of hue,

The cause of all the strife, and downe to ground her eyes she threwe.
In thronge the Ladies thick, the church with incense swte doth smoke,
And from their lofty thrones, with wofull voices thus they spoke.
O thou that only art of warres, Tritonia virgin, cheife,
Do breake the weapons with thy hand of this proud Troyan theife.
And strike him dead to groũd before our gates that workes our greife.
Kinge Turnus raginge then of strives forth to the field is prest.
His braue Rutilian armour now was buckled to his brest,
With brasen scales right rough, his thies with plates of gold were clad,
His head was yet vnarmd, his sword tide to his side he had.
All glittringe bright he shynes, and from the pallace forth he goes
Triumphinge in his mind, and whole in hope hath foyld his foes.
Lyke as a noble horse that from the stable is start away,
And free doth raunge about, in open fieldes, and pastures gay,
To others leaze, and heardes of mares doth headlonge runninge dash,
Or hies him hastly to some wonted streame himself to wash.
His mane then vp he liftes aloft, and wanton runnes his way.
The crispinge curlinge lockes vpon his neck, and shoulders play.
Camilla of Volsca. With whom Camilla meetinge there with g'ward of Volscan rout:
Against him comes, then there the Quéene her self the gates without
Down lightes, of whom did all the armed troupe example take,
And softly from their horse they leapt, and thus to him she spake.
If noble hartes may eny hope repose in valient handes:
O Turnus, both I dare and dowe to méete the Troyan bandes.
And with the Tyrrhen horsmen eke encounter on the way.
Let me the onset giue of formest fight this present day.
Stil stay you heare on foote, and manfully the walles defend.
Hereat then Turnus on the virgin fierce his eyes doth bend.
O virgin flower of *Latium* land, what thankes to yéld to thée,
Or kyndnes to requite shall I deuise may worthy bée?
But since thy valient hart doth all aduentures great exceede:
I am well pleasd (O Quéene) to part this payne with thée indéede.
Aeneas, as fame telles, and skoutes sent forth for that entent,
Before him well arayd his troupes of horsmen light hath sent,
That ransack shuld the fieldes, him self through craggie hilles on hie,
And desertes deape, in hast vnto the town approcheth nie.
In secret Ambush I, in yonder wood, in place not wyde,
That so both waies I may besiedge, myself entend to hyde.

Do thou vpon the Tyrrhen horsmen set with ioyned band.
With thée shal sharpe Messapus yéede, and troupes of *Latine* land,
And stronge Tiburtus power, and take to thée the charge of all.
He sayd, and with lyke wordes Messapus forth to fight doth call.
Him with his captaynes al alike erhortes against their foes,
And forth him self anon before them all with courage goes.
There lies a vally low with crooked turnes a craftye place,
And fit for sleightes of war, whom thickets black on ech syde trace.
The sides do narow shut, a lytle path therto doth lye,
And passadge passinge streight, on ragged cragged entrance hie.
This plaine lyes quite vnknown, and corners saulf to lurck within,
Whether on the lifthand, or the right the battayle you begin,
Or on the Hill you list to stand, and storme of stones down cast.
By rediest way in coast well known, doth Turnus thither hast,
And quickly takes the place, and in thick woods him self he hides.
Therwhiles Diana faier in loftye skies aboue that bides:
Dame Opis swift to her doth call, a chast and fellow mayd,
And one of her vntouched troupe, and thus to her she sayd
With heauie chéere, O virgin pure, Camilla forth doth pas
Vnto a blody warre, armd with our toles in vaine, alas.
Whom I do loue aboue the rest, ne to Diana new
This likinge lately sprang, nor ioy in mind on sodeyn grew.
Pulst out through spite from natiue realme, and subiectes hauty might,
When Metabus from old *Priuerna* town did take his flight:
This infant vp he snatcht, when rage of warre was thickst of all.
A mate in exile sharpe, and her by mothers name did call,
And of Casmilla her by shorter name Camilla hight.
Her in his armes he bare when through the desert toppes, his flight
Of wast forlorn hilles he toke, and dartes about him flew,
And him on euery syde, thick troupes of Volscans did pursue.
When loe, in midst of flight *Amasenus* with water store
Aboue his bankes brake out, such plentie rayne not longe before
There fel, wherouer whilst anon to swim he doth assay:
He feares (alas) his burden déere, pure loue doth cause him stay.
Then musinge much in mind at last this practyse best he thaught.
A mightie speare which into hand that tyme by chance he caught,
When as he fought, of knottye wood shaptforth, and Oke fulstout,
To this his doughter déere in barke of trée encloasd about

The storie of Camilla, and Metabus her father.

He bindes, and fitly to the middes of mightie speare he ties,
And shakinge it oft in his valient hand, thus loud he cries.
Diana bright, and virgin pure that in these woods dost bide,
I vowe a seruant here to thée, that bound vnto her side
Most humblie holdingfast a speare, flies from her foes, receaue
Her (goddesse) to thy charge, whom here in doubtfull case I leaue.
He said, and strait with bended arme the weapon forth he throwes,
The waters sound, aloft the riuer swift, Camilla flowes.
Then Metabus when now the prease began approch him nie:
The riuer strait he takes, his speare, and babe, therwith doth wrie,
Out of a grœngrasse turfe, a gift that great Diana sent.
No people house for harbour him, nor walled cities lent,
Nor if they eny offred had, he neuer would consent.
A shœpheardes life amonge the sole, and sauage hilles he led.
His tender child in thickest thornes, and beddes of beastes he fed
With milke of mares vnmild, and suck of beastes were neuer caught,
And to her tender lippes in milkinge, downe their speanes he raught.
But when her pretie foote she first began to set to ground:
Her handes, and euerie place with sharpned dartes he laded round.
A quiuer on her shoulders smale he hanges with croked bow.
In steade of golden caulle, and mantel braue shuld hange below:
A Tygers skinne downe from her head alonge her back doth fall,
With lytle childish dartes her handes he armes to play with all.
Or by a twisted thonge about her head she whirles a slinge,
Wherwith sumtime a Crane, sumtime a Swan she downe doth bringe.
Her many noble dames through *Tyrrhen* townes wheras she went:
Vaine wisht in vaine, their doughterlawe she were, but she content
Alone with chast Dianas grace: her self preserueth still
Untwight vnto her toles, and to maydes life beares best goodwill.
Would god she had with no such fond desier of warre bin cought,
When first the valient Troyans to prouoke in fight she sought,
Whom I do tender much, and yet she here remaind with mée.
Now her with destnies sharpe, and fatall fall opprest I sée.
Descend, déere Nimphe, from heauen, and *Latine* fieldes go visite streit,
Wheras with hapless hap, and bloddie braile this fray they feight.
Take these, and from this quiuer, shaftes of sharp reuenge addresse,
And whosoeuer her sacred corps with wound shall once oppresse,
Where he of *Troy* or *Latium* be, his blod shall that repay.

Then

Then in an hollow cloud anon her wofull corps away,
And armour vndefilde, vnto her native soyle will beare,
And in a worthye sepulcher my self interre her there.
She said, the through ỹ slickringe aier with winges she downward slides,
And giues a rush, and with a tempest black her bodie hides.
Therwhiles the Troyan bandes vnto the walles approched nye.
Hetruscan capteynes with theyr troupes of horsmen, by and bys
Them selues bestow in good aray, the palfries stamping fret
Throughout the field, and raind with sturdie bittes forth softly iet
Now here now there, the field rough stãdes with many a pyke and lance,
And from their loftie helmets far the glittringe Sunbeames glaunce.
On tother side Messapus sharpe, and Latines fierce to fight,
And Coras with his brother, and Camillas winge so bright
Standforth agaynst them in the field, and launces fast they make
Within their restes, and pointes of trẽblinge speares fast charged shake.
Their foes abode, and noyse of stœdes them sore on fier do set.
But when both armies were at cast of dart togither met:
There still awhyle they stayd, a shrichinge shout they sodeyn raise,
Their chaumpinge horse they harten forth, the dartes flie euery waies
Lyke snow that thick doth fall, black shade the heauen quite ouerlaies.
And first with spitefull speares, Tyrrhenus with Acontius tall
Encountringe fiercely mœt, and first with mightie noise do fall
To ground, the stœdes echothers breast with breast doth squœzinge iolt.
Acontius there vnhorst as swift as thickest thunderbolt,
Or lyke some stone by engine great of war forthflunge downe lightes,
And into thinne and slickringe aier exhales his vitall spirites.
Incontinent the rankes are broke, and Latines put to flight:
Cast back their shieldes, and headlonge horses prick to citie right.
The Troyans then, and first Asilas sharpe the routes pursue,
And now to gates they nere were come, the Latines then anew
A mighty noyse extoll, and horses neckes about they wrie.
The Troyans turne their backes, and largely yeldinge raynes, do flie. A doubtfull battell.
Lyke as the sea with altringe course that forth doth running freat:
Somtime doth flow to shoare, & rockes with rouling waues doth weat,
And fominge on the sand and beach, alonge doth tumblinge glide.
Somtime doth swiftly ebbe, when force doth fayle, and back doth slide
From rockes and shoare with bailinge streame, and failinge flud it falles.
The Tyrrhens twise the Rutils chase in fight vnto the walles,

And twise repulst looke backe, and backes with bucklars broad defend.
But when they to the fight a fresh and third assault descend:
The rankes together run, and man to man doth stifly sticke.
Then shoutes are heard of such as fall, and in the bloud wart thicke
Both men and armour dæpely waultryng fall, and stædes half dead.
The battell growes, when Orsiloch sir Remulus did dread
Himselfe to set vpon: into his horse a speare he thrust,
And vnderneath the coarsers eare the head leaues stickyng inst.
Then vp the stæde enraged standes on ende, and vp doth throw
His legges with breast erect, nor in no wise coulde bide the blow.
He falles vnhorst to ground, Catillus driues to earth down right
Iolas stout of minde, of stature eke a godly knight.
And great in armes Herminius hard, whose head with golden heare
Lies bare with shoulders bare, nor of his woundes doth stande in feare,
So great in armes he lies, ý speare prickt through his shoulders quakes,
And twise throughgirt his backe, his deadly payne twise double makes.
Goare bloud on euery side is shed, by fight are numbres slayne.
And by their woundes they sæke a glorious death for to obtayne.
And now this manly Amazon in slaughter much doth ioy
In midst of fight, whose pap, least vse of warre should her anoy:
Slaughters committed by Camilla.
Cut of vnto Camilla quiuered was in tender yeares.
Her tender shaftes about she shootes in quiuer which she beares.
Sometime her sharpned are vnwearied takes into her hand,
Sometime her guilden bow, the toles of chast Dianas band.
And if perchaunce repulst, she do retyre pursued in chace:
Her bowe she turnes behinde, and strikes her followers in the face.
About her chosen mates do ride, Larina, and Tulla bright
Pure virgins, with Tarpeia that with glittryng are doth fight,
Italian trulles, and chast Camilla of speciall purpose those
For honours sake, for time of peace, for trustie seruice chose.
Like as Amazones of *Thracie* lande when waters thay
Of *Thermodoon* beat, with armour painted passyng gay,
About Hyppolyta their Quæne, or when the virgin stout
Penthesilea home in charret comes, the femell rout
With shritches shrill reioysing cries, and shieldes like moones cut out.
Whom dost thou first, whom last, O virgin fierce, by force down throw:
Or O, how many corpses slayne on grounde dost lay full low:
Eumenius first of Clytius father borne, whose naked best

Against

Against her there that stode with launce of firtrée through doth threst.
He fluddes of blod out spuinge, falles, and earth with téeth doth teare,
And where he fell vpon his wound, lies tumblinge dyinge there.
Nert on him Lyris she, and Pegase throwes, and Lyris while
His bridell raignes he raught: from horse to ground he doth requile.
But Pegase whilst he came to aid, and féeble hand forth held:
Both ioyntly headlongwise with dubled fall to ground she feld.
To these Amastrus neare she layes, vnto Hippota sun.
And couchinge downe vnto her speare from far doth fetch her run
At Terreus, and Harpalicus, and Demophoon stout,
And Cronius stronge, and many a capteyn more of Troian rout.
And loke how many shiueringe shaftes forth from her side she drew:
So many carcases to ground of Troyan knightes she threw.
There Ornitus a farre in armour straunge, and hunterwise,
Upon a proud Apulian stéede about the batteyll flies.
Whose neck, and shoulders broad an hyde late hald from Dres back
Did couer, on his head the large wide gapinge iawes there stack
Of wolf, with threatninge, grinninge, glittringe grædy téeth full white.
A clounish club in hand he weld, he thronges in thickst of fight,
In stature all the rest by heyght of head he doth exceéde.
Him she (nor was it when their foes retierd a glorious déede)
Strykes through, & thus she speakes with hatefull hart as there she stode.
Thought'st that some beast in chace thou, Tyrrhen, hadst within a wood?
The day is come when as a womans armour shall refute
Your boastinge bragges, yet no small fame to this thou mayst impute,
That by these handes thou diest, and with Camillas launce art slayne.
Orsilochus, and Butes nert, two bodies mightie mayne
Of Troian rout, but Butes her agaynst with dart she strake,
And forth a way betwixt his gorget, and his helmet brake
About his neck that glittringe shynes, his shield hanges downe his side,
And feyninge from Orsilochus as though she fled, doth ride
The Carrire round, and craftely she kéepes the middle place,
And whilst he her pursues, ther'whiles she followeth him in chace,
And through his armour stronge, the flesh, and bones, an axe she beates.
Highrisinge at her blowe, and whilst he twatlinge much entreates:
She dubleth still the wound, & with warm braynes his face he weates.
Herewith comes in, and at first sight astunned much he standes
Sir Auinus sunne of Appenine, a martiall man of handes,

Ligures were great dissemblers, and liers.

And not amonge the Ligures worst, whilst fates did him permit
By subtile coulered shiftes vnto ech purpose finely fit.
When he perceiud from fight he could no wise escape away:
By treacherous trayne he thought, and gloasinge guile her to assay,
And thus began. A woman thou if to a trustie stéede
Thy self commit, of truth is it a great or valient déede?
Forsake thy horse, and match on ground thy self to me betake,
And vnto equall fight on foote thée quickly ready make.
Then shalt thou know to whom this glory fond due prayse shall bringe.
He said, but she enraged whom grieke with sharp desier did stinge:
Unto a mate her stéede she tooke, in armes on ground she standes
With blade on foote forth drawne, and bucklar pure fast hent in handes.
The younker then supposinge that by craft he her had quit:
Away strait swiftly prickinge flies, not lingringe neuer a whit:
His nimble stéede with raignes he quickly turnes, and thence him hies.
His peartly prauncinge beast with iron spurres apace he plies.
O Ligur vayne, and to no purpose bragge, and proud of hart.
In vaine sir subtile, thou assayest to trie thy cuntreyes art.
No sly prie shift shall thée aliue to craftie Aunus saue.
These wordes the virgin spake, and fierce on foote a springe she gaue,
And swiftlye soone outran the horse, and fast the raignes she raught
And at him strake, and glad on enmies blod reuenge she wraught.
Much lyke a falcon that from lostie towre his flight doth take,
And at a twigginge doue vnto the cloudes swyft winge doth make.
When her at souse hath tane with talantes sharpe her guttes pulles out,
The goarie bludde, and fethers plumed flit the ayer about.
These thinges the father of gods and men in heauen that sits on hie:
Doth hédfully behold, and warly weighes with watchinge eie.
Then Tyrrhen Tarchon stout to entre fight he did prouoke,
And with no gentle rage of frantike anger forth him stroke.
Wherfore in thickst of slaughters great, and rankes enforst to flie,
On horsback Tarchon thronges, and sundrie voyces liftes on hie.
The winges he hartneth on, and ech man by his name doth call.
And such as were repulst, he makes a fresh to fightinge fall.
What feare is this: that neuer will repent your folish flight,
O Tyrrhens dastardes still? what daūt within your hartes doth light?
A woman straglinge you pursues, and doth discomfit quight.
Unto what end these swordes, or weapons do you beare in hand?

Not

Not so at Venus games, nor warres by night you lingringe stand.
Nor when god Bacchus crooked pipe to dauncinge you doth call,
And vnto costly cates, and tables lade with wyne to fall.
That is your ioy, that your delight, when as the prophet good
With sacrafice, and fatted ost, doth call you to the wood.
This said, into the thickest foes himself forth throngінge flinges,
And mad he meetes with Venulus, whom chaunce against him brinｇes.
There raught from of the horse with his right hand he held his foe,
And forceblye him wringinge to his breast, away doth goe.
A noyse vnto the heauen they rayse, the Latines turn their eies
Vpon this fact, and Tarchon swift about the field he flies,
Both bearinge man and armour still away, and from his speare
The head he wrested of, and euery place he searcheth, wheare
A deadlie wound he may bestowe, he wrestlinge doth rebell
To saue the sword from out his throat, and force by force repell.
And as the noble Egle which in the aier aloft doth flie,
When by a snake hath snatcht that late a sleape on ground did lie,
And fastned him within his foote, and claspt with talantes round:
The snake about him wriglinge windinge wreades with griefe of woũd,
And scales doth roughly rayse, and angred with her mouth doth hisse.
With crooked beake he wrestlinge nippes her neuertheless for this,
And forth his way he flies, and with his winges the aier doth beat:
None otherwise his pray from Tyburt ostе sir Tarchon great
Triumphinge beares away, their captaynes dede, and happy chaunce
The Lydians followinge forth do run. Camilla swift with launce
Comes in whom Aruns due to death by craftye sleight full slie: Aruns murderour of Camilla.
Doth ride about, the esiest syde for his behoofe to trie.
And loke through thickest rankes wheras the virgin fiercely slew:
Sis Aruns thither hies, and secretly her steppes doth viewe.
What way she conqueresse doth returne, and foote from foes doth bend:
That way the youth by stealth his nimble reignes about doth wend.
And now this way, now that agayne, and round about the place
With fatall, certayne, speare in hand, doth followinge after trace.
By chaunce vnto Cybele sacred priest, sir Chloreus hight,
From far aboue the rest in Phrygian armes did shyne full bright.
A fominge courser forth he prickt, whose breast, and buttokes wide
A skinne beset with brasen plates, and glittringe gold did hide.
Himself in purple sad, and scarlet pure full fine beseene,

In Lycian bow his shaftes he shot, in Creta made that béene.
His golden bow from shoulder twanges, a guilden helme he beares.
The yelowish silken wæd, and bosoums wyde with bonges he weares:
Those lappets ratling large in knot of costly gold were tyde.
His coate with nædle embroidred was, his sturdie thies did hyde
A skirt of purple silke and gold in forreyn cuntrey wrought.
The virgin him, for cause his armour braue wherin he fought,
And Troyan spoiles on temples hange she would for honours sake,
Or els herself in huntresse wise, with gold full braue would make:
With blind desier pursues, and all encenst through thickest rout,
With greadie womans lust of spoiles, she flies the field about.
When Aruns longe in wait that lay, had fit occasion spied:
A whirlinge dart he threw, and thus vnto the gods he cried.
Most mighty god Apollo guyde of drad Soractis hill,
Whom we aboue the rest adore, to whom swte smellinge still
Of Pinetrees hugie flames we fæde, and through whose only might
Thy seruauntes dare to walke on fierie coales hot burninge bright.
O father graunt that by our toles this shame be tane away,
Almightye since thou art, not for the virgins spoyles I pray,
Nor monument I séeke, nor pillage proud from her to take.
Some other dæde hereafter this shall me right famous make.
But let this cruell plague faldowne with dint of this righthand,
And I deuoid of fame will hence return to native land.
Apollo heard his prayer, and part to graunt he was content,
And part to be disperst in flickringe aier abroad he sent.
That Quéene Camilla fierce with deadly wound downeslayn shuld bée,
He graunted, but with saufe return his native soyle to sée:
He did not graunt, that voice he bid the windes abroad confound.
Then when the whirlinge dart forth throwne in ayer had raisd a sound:
Both armies gan attend, and eies vnto the Volscan Quéene
They all do cast, she mindes no whit the thinges thē wrought that béene,
Nor ayer, nor yet the sound, nor dart aboue full swift of flight,
Till vnderneath her sacred pap the fatall launce doth light,
And deaply entringe in: at full in virgins blood doth bayne.
Her fearfull femall guard togither runnes, and doth sustayne
Their faintinge ladies corps, fast Aruns flies before them all,
Whom as did ioy refresh: so feare admirt did much appall.
And now he dares nomore vnto her launce himself to trust,

Camilla is slayne.

Nor

Nor yet into the sight of that Virago himself to thrust.
And lyke a woolfe, before the hatefull hunters him do chace,
Unto the wast forlorne hilles forth hies himselfe a pace,
When he some heardsman hath, or heckfer great of grease, and lim
Devoured, and guiltie in hart of that foule fact, and deede full grim:
His tremblinge tayle between his legges lets fall, and woddes doth seeke:
Sir Aruns so him out of sight withdrawes in semblant leeke,
And with his flight content amidst the thickst him self doth hyde.
The dyng drawes the dart that in the wound did deepe abyde,
The mortall blade in wound full wide stickes fast within her syde.
Shee faintes for want of blod, her eies to death yeeld vp their due.
Strait from her face departes the stayned cheekes, and purple hue.
And dyinge thus to Acca, one of her companions saies,
A virgin to Camilla true before the rest alwaies,
With whom she wonted was her cares and sorowes all impart,
And thus to her began to speake with failinge faintinge hart.
Untill this tyme, O sister Acca deare, of force I was,
A cruell mortall wound my life abbridges now, alas,
And althinges round, me seemes, loke rustie dustie dark as hell.
Flie hence, and do with speed, my messedge last to Turnus tell,
That he to batteyle come, and keepe the Troyans from the towne.
And now farewell, and with that word the raignes she let fall downe.
Her self to earth not willinge sinkes, and waringe cold, vntwynes
By smale and smale herself out of her corps, and then resignes
Her lithie head and neck to death, and armour doth forsake.
Her ghost flies fast with greife and great disdaine to *Lymbo* lake.
Forthwith a mighty noyse the golden starres in heauen doth touch,
And since Camillas death the battle fierce encreaseth much.
They thicke come ranning on, both all the bandes of Troyans stout,
And Tyrrhen captaines, with Euanders winges th' Archadian rout.
And now Dianas dearlinge bright, Nimph Opis sits on hie
Upon the toppe of loftiest hilles, the batteile to descrie.
And when from farre she sawe in raginge noise of youthfull trayne,
With wound vnworthie, and wofull dolefull death Camilla slayne:
She fet a sigh, and deepe from out her breast these wordes she said.
To deare O virgin, thou to deare a cruell price hast paied,
That thou the valient Troyans durstes prouoke in open fight.
That thou Dianas grace in woddes didst serue forsaken quight:

The conflict of death with life.

It nothinge thée auailes, or that our quiuer thou didst weare,
Or glittringe golden bowe vpon thy tender shoulders beare.
Howbeit thy noble Quéene meanes not to leaue thee void of fame,
Nor that thy dierie death shall couered sleape for lack of name.
Amongst all nations farre and wide, or vnreuenged be.
Thy corps that did defile with mortall wound, what euer were he:
With death deséeurd shalbe requit. Beneath on hill full hie,
The tumbe of old Dercennus kinge raisd vp a loft doth lie,
With mightie mount of auntient *Laurent* ground, an Ilex trée
With glummish darkish shade bespreddes the same, that none may sée.
Here first this goddesse faier, with passinge speadie course doth light.
And from this hillock farre sir Aruns aimes within her sight.
Whom when she glittringe sawe in armes, and vainlie puft with pride:
Why fliest thou hence (qp she) approch, and here thy steppes do guide.
Come nére that now must die, and due desart receaue agayne
For Quéene Camillas death, and with Dianas shaftes ystayne,
So vile a wight so worthy a death for fact so foule must bide:
She said, and strait in *Thracian* huntreswise, from by her side
A golden flight forth of her quiuer pluckes, and bow she bendes,
And drawes him deape vntill the nockes méete iust at both the endes,
And handes do equall leuell stand, and arowehead doth thwight
The bowhand, and the stringe vp to her eare she drawes vp quight.
Immediatlie the singinge shaft, and whirlinge ayer doth crack.
Sir Aruns heard at once, and shaft fast in his body stack.
Him yeldinge vp the ghost, and fetchinge deape his finall grone:
His mates forgetfull in the field abroad do leaue a lone.
And Opis strait with winges to loftie heauen doth take her flight.

At Camillas deathe her souldiours were put to flight.

First at their ladies death do flie Camillas horsmen light,
And Rutils run annoapt, and fierce Atinas flies apace.
And captaines all are quailo, and standardbearers forst in chace:
For rescue runne, and to the town do fast on horseback hie.
None dare the Troians stout, that followinge after fast do flie,
With setled foote withstand, nor yet in warlyke armes resist,
But bowes vnbent on shiueringe shoulders beare with faintinge fist,
And coursers with their houes the rotten dustie fieldes do shake.
Vnto the walles an whirlwind black with tumblinge dust doth rake.
And matrones toting out ỳ lopes their breastes there beate straitwaies
And forth a womans shritch vp to the starres in heauen they rayse.
There those that first into the open gates most swiftly prest:

The mingled enmies power in thickeſt routes did them moleſt.
Nor wofull death they do eſcape, but at firſt entrance in,
And euen within their citie walles, and when as houſd they bin:
Throughgirt with ſpeares are fleyne, ſome ſhut the gates, and do debar
Free entrance to their mates, nor dare for life the ſame vnſpar,
Though wofully without the gates they wayle, a direfull death
Amongſt defendauntes falles, and ſuch in armes as yéld their breath.
Such as were ſhut without before their parentes weepinge eyes,
When cruell force conſtraines, ſome headlonge into ditches flies.
Some blinded with the duſt, and giuinge ſpurre, and yéldinge raigne:
Againſt the gates, and rampiers hard of poaſtes do runne amaine.
The matrones from the walles when they beheld Camilla dead,
Their tremblinge dartes caſt forth (for ſo their cuntrie loue them lead)
And ſtaues of oke yſtéeld, and poales of length forebrent at end,
And dare the dread of death aſſay, whilſt they their walles defend.
Ther whiles within the woddes, an heauie meſſedge Turnus frayes,
And to that valient youth a tumult great doth Acca raiſe.
That Volſcans vanquiſht are, and fierce Camilla ſleine in fight,
And enmies faſt approchinge come, and all in batteile quight
Haue ouerthrowne, that feare vnto the citie walles doth goe.
Ye then enraagd (for why the power of Ioue would haue it ſoe)
The hilles poſſeſt of late, and thickets ſharpe doth ſtrait forſake.
Who ſcarce was now come forth, and large abroad the field did take:
When lord Aeneas to the foreſt wide himſelf doth ſpéede,
And hilles doth ouertrace, and from thick woddes doth forth procéede.
So both vnto the walles in haſt with all their power do flie,
And both the marchinge troupes not manie paces diſtant lie.
But when the ſmoakinge fieldes with duſt Aeneas did behold,
And marchinge bandes in batteyle ray of town *Laurentum* old:
And Turnus did from farre Aeneas irefull countnance view,
And tramplinge of their féete, and neighinge of their horſes knew:
Immediatly they had their armies ioynd, and batteyle tried,
Had not ſir Phœbus bright with purple mantell brauely died
His horſes dipt in ſeas, and bringinge night: erpulſt the day.
They pitch their tentes before the towne, and trenches deape do lay.

Slaughter of the Latines.

DEO GRATIAS.

Finitum Londini, Per *Thomam Twynum*. 14. *Iunÿ*. 1573. *Opus* 20. *Dierum plus minus, per interualla*.

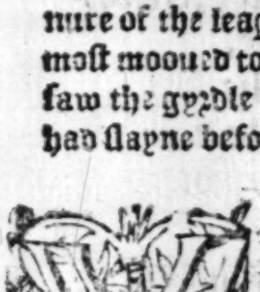
2 H 3

¶ The twelfth booke of

the Æneidos of Virgil,

The Argument.

¶ When the Latines were vanquished, Turnus seyng all his help to be reposed in him self, contrary to the perswasion of Latinus, and the Queenes manifolde teares: determineth to fight hande to hande with Aeneas, and sendeth suche worde vnto him by Idmon his messenger. Aeneas is therwith pleased, and with solemne othes on both sides they make the league, which Iuturna through perswasion of Iuno in the shape of Camertes, disturbeth. First of all, Tolumnius the southsayer, & by a false shew proficied victory to his side: striketh through with a dart one of Gilippus sunnes. Aeneas likewise, seekyng meanes to appease the tumult: is wounded by an arow vncerten by whom it was shot, and is constrayned to leaue the battell. Which Turnus vnderstandyng, supposing he had gotten a great occasion of good successe: maketh greate slaughter on his foes. Venus cureth her sunne with Dyttany of Ida. Aeneas, amended: cõmeth agayne forth, and rescueth his mates, and namely calleth for Turnus in fight. But Turnus still withdrawynge him self (for Iuturna his sister, in shape of Metiscus the wagoner, caryng him alwayes aside would not suffre him meete with Aeneas in battle) he determineth to besiedge the towne, and leadyng his army nere to the walles casteth fier vp to the Turrets, and houses. Then Amata supposing that Turnus was slayne: through extreame sorow hangeth her self. These thynges beyng tolde vnto Turnus by sages seyng that he must needes fight, or suffer his confederate towne come into his enemies hands before his face: voluntarely prouoketh Aeneas to the combat according to the tenure of the league. In which fight Aeneas hauyng the victory, and beynge almost mooued to take compassion, and graunt life to his enemie: yet when he saw the gyrdle vpon his shoulder whiche he had taken from Pallas, whom he had slayne before, sodenly mooued with anger: thrusteth him to the hart.



With daunted force, & fight vnlucky late, when quaild to bée
His Latines stout of yore, most valient Turnus prince did sée,
Himself a marke to ech mans eies: outragious gan to boyle,
And rise in rage, much like a Lyon fierce of *Affricke* soyle,
Whose breast, when as with dint of hunters speare is wounded déepe:
He then prepares himself to fight, and curld lockes doth kéepe

Erect

Erect with rage vpon his neck, the flickinge launce with palues
Of hunters, bold he breakes, and fominge frettes with bloddie iawes.
Noneotherwise the rage of furious Turnus forth doth breake,
And to Latinus kinge with troubled mind he thus doth speake.
In Turnus is no stay, why dastard Troians should forsake
Their word there is no cause, nor yet the bargayne they did make.
I le match him sure, bringe sacrafice, our league come vnderstand.
Ether I the Dardan lord will send to hell with this righthand:
A runaway from *Asia* land, let Latines kéepe them still,
And countries common shame with sword alone cutof I will:
Or quite he vs shall ouerthrow, and wife Lauinia haue.
To whom with sober mode Latinus than this answere gaue.
O most couragious youth, how much the more thou dost excéde
In valient harte: so much the more tis méete I shuld indéede
Giue graue aduise, and charely for chaunces all prouide.
Thou hast thy father Daunus realmes, and many a towne beside
Wunne with thine hand, Latinus welth, and courage hath likewyes.
In *Latium* land and in *Laurentum* soyle right large that lies:
Are many moe vnmaried dames, and not of baselt line.
Now giue mée leaue the trueth in open wordes for to vntwyne.
And print it deape in mind what I herof to thée shall showe.
On eny of her auntient loues my doughter to bestowe
I was forbid, so all the goddes and men to mée haue told.
Bold yet for loue of thée, and for our kindredsake as bold,
And for our heauie spouses teares: all promise made I brake,
And from my sunne his wife, my self to wicked armes haue take.
Since which tyme, Turnus, thou hast séene, what chaunces did ensue,
What warres, what paynes to thée as chéefe amongst the rest there grue.
Twise ouerthrowne in batteils greate scarce in the towne can kéepe
The hope of all *Italia* land, and *Tybers* channell déepe
Yet with our blod doth warmed rūne, and fieldes with bones loke white.
O where turne I so ofte: what madnes moues my mind so light:
If Turnus die, and strayt for them as for my péeres I send:
Why rather do I not whilst he doth line this quarrell end:
What will my cosins Rutils say, what all *Italia* land
If thée to death I shuld betraye (which chaunce the goddes with stand)
Which dost our doughter craue, to ioyne with vs in wedlocke band,
Reguard the doubtfull happes of warre, and do some pytie take

Upon

Upon thine auntient ſier, whom wofull warres do carefull make,
And *Ardea* countrey deare, full far from hence doth now diſioyne.
But Turnus all theſe wordes cannot perſwade his rage reſigne,
Which euer wareth more, and ſtill in healing doth augment.
And when he once coulde ſpeake, theſe words from out his mouth he ſent.
O father deare, this care which you in my behalfe do take:
For me do lay aſide, nor be ſo carefull for my ſake.
And ſuffer me in ſtæde of prayſe a famous death obtayne.
For wee our darts do throw, and ſwordes do draw not ſtill in vayne.
And ſtrength in hands wee haue, & from our woundes bloud runneth red.
Far ſhall his mother be, that flying him with cloud ſhall ſpred,
And in vayne flickeryng ſhade withdraw her ſelf ſoone out of ſight
But now the Quéene at nouell guiſe of battle much affright:
Did weepe, and like to die, her ſonne in law in armes ſhe hent.
O Turnus, by theſe teares of mine, or euer if thou were bent
Amatas honour to preſerue (for hope of elder yeares
Thou art, and reſt alone, and honour only which vpbeares
The ſtate of *Latine* realme, our ſhakned houſe on thée doth lie)
Graunt me this onely thing, do not with Troyans battell trie.
For whatſoeuer chaunce thou in this battell doſt ſuſtaine:
O Turnus I ſuſtaine the ſame, and lothſome life refraine
Therwith I am determd, for ſunne in law Aeneas ſée,
I neuer ſhall abide, and mée my ſelf a captiue bée.
Lauinia then with teares her mothers talke did vnderſtande,
With burnyng bluſhyng chéekes, whom couler much had out of hand
Inflamd with heate, which vp into her face forthwith did ſpred.
Like as when Iuery white by chaunce is ſtaynd with ſcarlet red,
Or purple roſes pure with Lilies white lie mixt in place:
Such was the virgins hue, ſuch were the coulers in her face.
Him loue diſturbeth much, and on the mayde his eyes he ſtaies,
And burnes to battell more, and to Amata ſhortly ſaies,
O mother, do not now with wofull teares me thus purſue.
Ne giue me cauſe hereby to dread that lucke ſhall light aſcue.
Tis not in Turnus power, if deſtnies will, his death to fly.
Go Idmon, tell the Phrygian kyng this meſſedge by and by
Which will not pleaſe him well, when firſt tomorow in welkin bright,
In purple charret drawen the mornyng cleare ſhall riſe in ſight:
His Troyans forth he do not lead againſt the Rutil bandes,

The Troyans still do hold, and Rutils eke their blades in handes.
In that same fight with our two blod shall ended be the stryfe,
And in that field be tride, who shall Laumia wed to wyfe.
When he these wordes had said, and hied him into house apace:
He calles for steedes, and ioyes to see them come before his face.
Which to Pilumnus once for present gaue Orithyia faier,
In whiteneſſe passinge driuen snow, in swiftnes nimble aier.
The keepers quick there stand about, and them with handes prouoke,
With soundinge blowes on breast, and curled manes wt cõbes do stroke.
Anon his gorget gay with gold and siluer damaskt bright,
And scarlet worke ywrought, vpon his shoulders fitteth tight.
His sword and targat next, and ruddie plumes of feathers braue.
The sword which vnto Daunus old sumtime god Vulcan gaue,
And fierie flaminge hot in lake of *stix* did deapely quent.
Then strait a mightie speare, that to an hugie pillar lent
Erect amid the house, with valient force in hand he take,
Sir Actor of Aruncans spoile, and fiercely forth it shoke
Thus cryinge out, O speare, whom neuer yet I cauld in vaine,
The time is come when thou with mée this brunt must nédes sustaine.
Thée mightie Actors hand somtime, but now doth Turnus hold.
Do graunt his carcas I may ouerthrowe in battayl bold.
And with a valient hand from of his neck his gorget teare
Of that some Cocknie Phrygian knight, and drench in dust his heare,
And lockes with bodkins frisled fine, and moyst with Mirrhe, and oyles.
These furies forth him prick, and from his face with rage that boyles
The sparckles sprinclinge flie, and eyes with flaminge fier do glow.
Lyke as mightie Bull sendes forth his voice, and loud doth low,
When first he comes to fight, and proues his hornes in rage to whet.
And spiynge farre a trée, himself therto doth cloasly set,
And rough with stroakes prouokes the wind, and grauell stinges about.
Nolesse therwhiles in mothers armour stronge Aeneas stout,
Himself to warre prepares, and sharpneth vp himself with ire.
And ioyes the warre with league so ended is, his great desier.
Then next his mates, and to Iulus griefe doth comfort bringe,
Instructinge them in destnies all, and legates to the kinge
He biddes with certain answere to return, and to declare
The whole conditions of the league, what they in order are.
The next day risinge had the hilles with light scarce ouer spred,

Orithyia, doughter to Erichthens wife to Boreas.

When first sir Phœbus horse forth of the sea did lift their hed,
And from their loftie nostrelles wide did blow the broad daylight:
When strait before the citie walles they measure for the fight
An equall plaine, both Rutilmen, and Troyans mixt a vie.
And fiers in midst they make, and altars large they build on hie,
Of earthen turues yframd, vnto th'indiffrent gods to stand.
And fast some water fetch, some cracklinge fier bringe in their hand,
In surplice white of linen clad, and temples compast round
With wreath of Veruine sote, and holly herbes togither bound.
The Latine armie issueth forth, and bandes with dartes that fight
In clusters thick to gates do thronge, and Troyans armie bright,
With Tyrrhens armd in sundrie sort, with speed they forth do flie:
Nonotherwise in armour prest, then if that by and by
They shuld to battayll fierce descend, and thick in thousandes told
The captaynes scour about, in scarlet braue, and glittringe gold:
The offspringe of Assaracus, Mnestheus, Asylas wilde,
Messapus eke a tamer stout of stædes, Neptunus childe.
And when at certeyn signe into their place they hie them all:
Theyr pikes they pitch in groũd, and downe their shieldes they let to fall.
The matrones then with great desire to sæ, and rascall rout,
And men vnweldie old: the turrets hie, and toppes about
Of houses do bestride, and loftie ridge of gates do clim,
And vp the walles they slyde, and couch them thick vpon the brim.
But Iuno from a loftie hill, that now *Albanus* hight,
(For then it was deuoid of name, renowme, and glorie quight,)
Lokt downe, and all the campe at length, and breadth she did behold.
And both the armies viewd, both Latines stout, and Troyans bold,
And *Laurent* towne, and strayt to Turnus sister gan to speake,
One Goddesse to another, that standinge lakes, and fluddes that creake
Doth ouerrule. This honour great, the kinge of heauen aboue
For maydenhode bereft: bestowed on her, in dulcet loue.
Iunos talke to Iuturna. O Nimphe, the glorie great of streames, beloued most of mée.
Thou knowest before all Latine ladies bright, how only thée,
That to almightie Ioues ingreatefull bed ascended haue:
I do estæme, and willingly a place in heauen I gaue.
Now lerne thy greife, and do not mée henceforth, Iuturna, blame.
So farre as fortune would permit, and destnies graunt the same:
Both *Latium* state, and Turnus, and thy walles I did defend.

But

But now the youth with partiall fates I see, in fight to wend.
Now fatall destnies day, and cruell force, at hand they bee,
Ne may I with mine eyes abide this fight, or league to see.
Thou, if thou canst deuise some meanes, thy brother to aduaunce:
Assay, perhaps in time pore wretches may haue better chaunce.
Scarce had she said, but strait Iuturna forth in teares then brake,
And thrise or fouertymes her cumlie brest with fist she strake.
This is no tyme for teares (q Iuno then) but make some spede,
And Turnus saue from death, if such meanes may be made, indede.
And do them strait to warre prouoke, and breake the league they make.
Let mee be authour of the deede, this said: she did for sake
Her doubtfull much, and troubled sore with wofull wound of mind.
Therwhiles the kinges (Latinus with an hugie trayne assignd,
In charret drawne with foure horse rides, whose auntient temples round
With glittringe beames of gold in numbre twelue about were bound,
The Sunes his grandsiers badge, in charret drawne w̄ two horse whight
Forth Turnus comes, with launces twaine broad armd with iron bright.
On thother side Aeneas, founder first of Romane blood,
With burninge bucklar bright, and heauenlie armour stronge and good,
And nert Ascanius younge, of mightie *Rome* the second hope)
Forth of their tentes procede, a priest besene in purest cope,
A younglings yelt of brestled sow, and twynlinge sheepe vntwight
Bringes forth, and hales the beastes vnto the altars burninge bright.
They turninge then their faces forth vnto the risinge sunne:
Do sprincle bran and salt about, the scissers round do runne
About the temples of the beastes, and wyne on altars lay.
Then lord Aeneas with his fauchon bright forthdrawne: doth pray.
Beare witnesse of my prayer, O Sunne, and thou *Italia* land,
For whose alonly sake these trauayles great I toke in hand.
And thou almightie Ioue, and thou nolesse, O Iuno bright,
Yore gentle goddesse now I trust, and Mars of warlyke might,
Who as it seemes most best to thee, all maner warres dost guide.
You Springes and Riuers eke I call, and what soeuer doth bide
Religious due to heauens aboue, or blueish sea belowe.
If that on Turnus happie luck the conquest do bestowe:
Tis meete that to Euanders towne we conquered goe agayne.
Iulus shall depart the realme, and from all warre refrayne
The vanquisht Troians shall henceforth, nor armes herafter take,

The condi tions of ꝑ truce.

Nor yet molest this land with warre, that they shall hap to make.
But if through force of armes to vs the conquest lotted bee,
As so I hope it shall, and Gods vs graunt the same to see:
I neuer shall Italians force the Troyans to obey.
Nor do I seeke to be their kinge, but this, that icintly they,
Vnuanquisht nations may in euerlastinge league abide.
Myself will goddes, and reliques tende, Latinus warres shall guide,
My father inlawe his wonted crowne shall weare, my mates, they shall
Build vp a towne for mee, and by Lauinias name it cal.
Thus spake Aeneas first, then followed next Latinus old.
His eyes to heauen he castes, and both handes to the starres doth hold.
Aeneas, by the same both land, and sea, and starres I sweare,
The Sun, and Moone are Latonas childzen. And by Latonas impes, and Ianus that two browes doth beare,
And power of goddes infernall grimme, and cruell Plutoes seates.
Let Ioue heare that, that breakers false of leagues with thundre beates,
I touch the altars here, and fiers that stand before vs all,
And all the heauenlie powers, herof for recorde I do call:
No day shall once this peace disturbe, or concord frustrate make,
Howeuer the case do fall, nor cause mee willinge it forsake.
Not though the land into the sea he threw, and drencht vs all,
Or shuld enforce the loftie heauen in *Lymbo* low to fall.
Like as this Mace (for in his hand by chaunce a mace he had)
Greene leafe shall neuer burgein more, nor spray, nor pleasaunt shad,
Since first in woddes it grew, and from the stock was cut away.
Now rote it lackes, the knife did cause both leafe, and braunch decay,
Somtime a tree, howbeit the workmans hand, the same in gold
Hath now incloasd, and geuen it to the Latine kinges to hold.
With suchlike wordes, amonge thẽselues their leagues they stablish sure
Amid the rout of all the lordes, the beastes then sacred pure,
Within the flaminge fiers they slay, and from them spraulinge quicke:
Their tremblinge entrayles take, and altars heape with launces thicke.
But now to Rutil crue this match right much vnmeete doth seeme.
And now with waueringe mindes in sort perplext herof they deeme.
But cheifly when more neare their farre vnequall strength they view.
His secret walkinges forth augmentes the same, his eyes he threw
The image of one in feare. Vpon the ground whilst he in sacringe was, his heauie cheere,
His hollow cheekes, and paleneſſe in his face that doth appeere.
This talke when sad Iuturna saw, now more and more encrease,

The

The common peoples hartes now quailinge from this leagne to ceäse:
Into the thickest thronges, and semblant of Camertes face,
Whose stock right noble was of graundsiers old, and fathers race,
And name with vertue fraught, himself in armes of valient might,
Into the thickest rankes she comes, enforced of all aright,
And sundrie rumours forth she blabbes, and bablinge thus doth say.
Ist not a shame, O Rutils, thinges of such great waight to lay
Upon the lyfe of one: are not in numbre wee, or might
Their matches: loe the Troyans all, and Archades in sight
Here stand, the fatall armie, and Hetruria Turnus foe.
Scarce haue they man for man, if them against in fight we goe.
Ye to the goddes aboue before whose altars now he prayes:
By stickringe fame shall flie, and liue in mouth of man alwayes,
But wee with losse of natiue soyle, proud lordes for to obay
Shalbe constraind, and lingringe now here in the fieldes we stay.
With suchlike wordes the souldiours mindes with rage she kindleth sore,
And murmour great through out the field encreaseth more, and more.
The Laurent peoples mindes are changd, and Latines hartes likewise.
And those that late for truce from warre, and saulftie did deuise:
Wish now for armes, & couenantes all full faine would frustrate make,
And on kinge Turnus ruthfull case compassion great do take.
To this a greater thinge Iuturna ioynes, from heauen on hie
A signe she downe doth send, that nothinge could be found, wherbie
Th'Italians mindes might more be moud, or more with monsters guile. A false token from aboue.
For why, the bird of mightie Ioue aloft on winge did toyle
Amid the ayer, and fierce a shole of foules she did pursue,
And twigginge forth a pace fast on her flight the Egle flue.
When sodenly she stopt downe to the streame, and sousinge feld
A noble Swan to ground, and gripinge fast in talantes held.
Th'Italians thick their mindes herat erect, then all the rout
Of foules from flight with noyse returne (a straunge sight out of dout)
And heauen with winges they do obscure, and thick a cloud they make,
And on their foe they fiercely set, and round the ayer they shake.
And still so sore they him assault: till vanquisht with their might,
For want of force he faintes, the pray out of his foote he quight
Lets falle in to the streame, and away to skies doth take his flight.
This warninge of the goddes the Rutils then with shout accept,
And strait their handes prepare to fight, and forth Tolumnius lept

A prophet proud that was, and first this, this (q he) and cries,
Tis longe for which I lokt, and with my self I did deuise.
I both acknowledge, and embrace the power of goddes, come all
O Rutils, and with mee your captayne strait to battayle fall.
Whō this vile straūger wretch in warre like hartlesse byrdes doth feare,
And all your shoare alonge with wofull sword, and fier doth teare:
Anon shall flie apace, and to salt seas himself betake.
Do you with one consent your rankes strait thick in ordre make,
And your forlorne kinge by warlyke prowes seeke to defend.
A soodeine tumult. He said, and runninge forth his dart against his foes doth bend.
Forth flies the whistlinge Cornell dart, and ayer doth certen part.
Wherwith a clamour huge doth rise, the bandes with feare do start,
And stout couragious hartes through tumult great war fiery wood.
This whirlinge dart nine bodies fayer of brethren, where they stood
Bychaunce direct against, (whom faithfull spouse, a Tuscan bred:
Unto Archadian, Gilippe bare of yore that her did wed)
And one of them strake in the midst, whereas his belt did sit,
And now away is torne, where fast the buckle holdes thonge in bit.
A noble youth of beutie braue, in glittringe armour stronge,
And smit him through the ribbes, and laid him downe the sand alonge.
Then strait the valient brothers band with greife accenst in ire:
Some drawe their naked swordes, and some theyr sturdye darts require.
And forth they headlonge blyndly runne, and Laurent bandes anone
On tother side do fast approch, and Troyans many an one
In rankes right thick forth flowe, Agillini, and Archads braue,
And all this only lust, to trie with dint of sword they haue.
The altars downe they driue, a tempest sore of wepons flies,
A troblous sturdie storme of iron and steele obscures the skies.
The Latines strait snatch vp the Boules, and Censers burninge bright.
Latinus takes with goddes repulst and foiled league, his flight.
Some steedes from charrets do discharge, and mount on horses hie,
And with sharpe drawne swordes hent in hand forthwith do hast thē nie.
Messapus there, Aulestes kinge, that princely crowne did beare
Of Tyrrhens all, that passinge greadye was the league to teare:
With courser stout doth ouerthrowe, who yéeldinge back, doth fall,
And (wretch) against the altars that behind him stode withall
Both head, and shoulders smites, Messapus fierce strait thither flies,
And with his launce much like a beame whilst there Aulestes cries,

And

And suppliant sues for life: from loftie palfrey woundes him sore,
And thus he speakes: That sure is thine, this sacrafice before
The Gods of greater valew is, then that was slayne of yore.
Th'Italians thither ran, and spoyles from carcas pantyng raught.
Sir Chorineus a flamyng brond from of the aultar caught,
And to Ebusus cumming fast, whilst he prepaard to fight:
Into his face the bronde he forst, his huge beard brent a light,
And sweated causd a stinke, he followeth still, and by the lockes
With lefthand held his foe, whom rollyng and amazde, he knockes
Against the ground, and with his knee constraynes him there to lie,
And with his Fauchon strikes him in the side. Then by and by
Sir Alsus that a sheapheard was, and fierce in bolward fought:
With naked sworde in hand, fast followes Podalirius stoute,
And large him lies upon, whom Alsus with his sharpned axe
Raught backe, frō brow to chinne w̄ sturdie stroke right cleauing packs.
Downe strait he falles, & armour large with goarebloud doth embrue.
Unto his eies doth bitter rest, and deadly slæpe ensue,
With aie continuyng night, and neuer more the day to viewe.

But lorde Aeneas up his righthand held vnarmed quite,
With open head, and to his mates he cried withall his might.
Whether run you sirs? what discord great doth thus your minds invade?
O stay your rage, the couenants all are drawne, and league is made.
And I alonly lotted am Kyng Turnus to assay,
Let mee therewith alone, and all your feare expell away.
With this righthand the league I stablish shall, and firmely tie,
For by this sacrafice is Turnus due to mee to die.
Amid this tale, and when these wordes scarce yet were spoken all:
Beholde a singyng shaft, with fluttryng feathers downe doth fall,
Uncerten by whose hand forth shot, or by what force forth throwne,
Or what chaūce Rutils prayse hath brought, or els what God, vnknowne
The glorie of so worthie dæde lies hid in secret still,
And no man for Aeneas wound himself be praised will.
When Turnus saw forth of the fight Aeneas to depart,
His captaynes much dismayd: with sodein hope doth fierce forthstart,
For stædes and tooles he calles, and proud by leapyng mountes on hie
Into his charret swift, and with his handes the raygnes doth wrie.
Full many a worthy man to death forth flying mad doth send,
And many he leaues fordead, some crusht with whæles he bringes to end,

Aeneas is wounded with an arowe.

Or els in fight with dartes forth flunge doth strike them in the back.
Like as when blouddy Mars, in rage prickt forth doth make to crack
The streames of *Hebrus* colde, and with his bucklar them doth tire,
And now to battayle prest sendes forth his stedes incenst with ire.
They in the open playnes more swift then winde, their way do take,
And with their stampyng feete the vtmost coast of *Thracia* shake,
And rounde about dame Dreads right dirie loke, and Angers face,
With Treason ioyntly ioynd, the trayne of Mars, the lande do trace.
Such one then Turnus quicke in thickst of throngs, his smoaking stedes
Hotgoth, and (wofull case) at ennmies death bauntes in his deedes.
The swift horshoue a blouddy dew about doth sprinkle rounde,
And stampes the goary bloud like morter mirt with sandie grounde.
And now he Sthenelus throwes, and Thameris, and Phole to death,
Him metyng, and with him, him farre, farre both he reeues of breath.
Imbrasus sunnes Glaucus, and Lades, whom Imbrasus olde
In *Lycia* fostred vp, and with like armour them did bolde,
In fight at hande to trie, or flight on horse the windes to win.
On th'otherside Eumedes forth flies fast, thickst throngs within,
Right noble Dolons impe, in feates of armes a doughtie knight,
Like graundsier in his name, in hart and hand his father right.
Who once for that to Greekish tentes a spie he should be sent:
Achilles charret craaud to haue for paynes in trauayle spent.
Howbeit Tytides gaue him other hire for ventred payne,
Twas not his chaunce vnto Achilles horses to attayne.
Whom Turnus when from far in open field did once espie,
When first him had pursued with dartes right light that fast did flie:
His coupled horse he stayes, and from his charret downe descendes,
And to him dead almost, and throwne to grounde he quickly tendes.
His foote on necke he sets, with righthand forth his blade he drew,
And deepely died it in his throate, and forth these wordes he threw.
Loe here the fieldes, and which in warre proude Troian thou hast sought:
Italia measure liyng now, such recompence is wrought
To such as mee to war prouoke, so walles they do erect.
Next him he Brutes laies, at whom a lauuce he did direct.
Then Cloreus stoute of limme, Sibaris valient wight of hand,
Daretus and Thersiloch fierce, that stiffe did him withstand.
Tymoetus eke that on his neck from coltish iade downe fell.
And as the northern *Thracie* wynde (in semblantwise to tell)

When forth it blou stringe blowes, and deape *Egeum* sea doth raise,
The billowes forth do roule, and to the shoare do take their wayes
As whirlinge windes do driue, the cloudes flit fast in heauen on hie:
So Turnus where he takes his course the thronges fast thence do flie,
And headlonge troupes retire, a courage fierce him forth doth pricke,
The waueringe ayer his plumes beares back that in his creast do sticke.
This peartnes Phegeus might not bide, nor pride of stomake bold.
But to his charret steppes, and some raignes in hand doth hold
Of swift forth runninge steedes, and turnes their heades another way.
Whilst thus he forth is drawne, and on their manes doth hanginge stay:
A mightie launce forth slunge him growelinge to the ground doth cast,
And armour double lynd with plate through gorget thick doth brast,
And pearcinge to the quick, the vpmost skinne with smale wound rast.
But he with bucklar bent before his breast makes at his foe,
And sharpe sword drawne in hand for more assurance, forth doth goe,
Whom one the charret wheeles downe dinges, and arle swift in slight
Throwes to the ground, and Turnus followinge, soone doth downe alight,
And twirt the gorget brim, and space whereas the helmet standes:
His head he smites away, and leaues the corps vpō the sandes. (wrought:
These bloodie slaughters fierce in field, whilst Turnus conquerour
Therwhiles Mnestheus with trustie Achates, both Aeneas brought
Still bleedinge to his tent, with younge Ascanius by his side,
And leaninge to a launce with limpinge pace doth slowly stride.
He frettes, and forcinge striues the shaft, and head forth whole to halle,
And askes their best aduice, and faine would know their iudgmentes all,
Where it were best the wound wide ope to launce, and arrow bid
To cut quite out the flesh that so to warre returne they did.
And now Iapis came, to Phœbus deare the rest aboue,
Iasus sunne, with whom surprisd somtime in feruent loue:
Apollo gladly gaue him gifes his artes that he shuld know
In thinges to come, in Musick sweete, in skill of shaftes and bow.
But he, wherby he might prolonge his bedred fathers dayes:
Chose rather skill in power of herbes, and Phisickes noble praise,
And such like knowledge dumb deuoid of honour, to frequent.
Aeneas chaufinge stode, and to a mightie launce him lent,
And youth a troupe about him thick, and sad Iule his sunne.
He at their teares vnmoued standes, as erst he had begunne.
Then auntient leach Iapis, girdes an apronne him before.

Physick with out honour in the field, where the destruction not the health of men is sought.

Right Surgeonlike, and forth he fettes his ayles, and falues in store,
And eke he tries the powers of herbes, which him sir Phœbus tought,
And trembling sundrie thinges applies, but all (god wote) for nought.
And eke the sticking arowhead with hande he doth assay,
With nippers eke sumtime, from out the bones to drawe away.
But fortune will no way assigne, Apollo doth no good.
And now the rage within the field still growinge wareth wood,
And fierce doth more arise, and now the mischief is at hand,
And all the ayer aboue with smokinge dust full thick doth stand.
The horsmen neere approche, and dartes fast on the tentes do fall.
A wofull shoute of Souldiours to the heauens flies vp withall,
Of some that fierce do fight, and some in warre that now be slaine.

Venus cureth her sunne.

But Venus much appauld at this her sunnes vnworthie paine:
Græne Ditanie from *Ida* sacred mount in *Creet* she bringes,
The stalke with tender leaues, and purple flowers full fresh that springes.
An herbe to Roebuckes wild, and beastes not tame right welbeknowne,
When as their backes sticke full of dartes, ỹ hunters thick haue throwne.
Dysguysd in cloud obscure the same Dame Venus thyther bringes,
And into water vessels bright it secretly she flinges,
And makes therof Infusion large, the vertue forth to take.
And of Ambrosias holesome iuce therto doth sprynckinge shake,
Wherto she addes the fragrant sappe that Panax sote doth make.
Anon the wound with this by chaunce Iapis auntient, baynes,
Anwares herof, and loe in sodein sort, flye all the paynes
From out hys bodie quyte away, the blod was staunched strayght,
And gently followes forth the shaft with handes alonly wayght,
And by and by his former strength returnes to euerie lym.
Then quickly fetch his armour stronge (Iapis calles) for him,
Why stand you still? and first doth him incense agaynst his foes.
Not by mans helpe (Iapis cries) thys cure thus forward goes,
Tis not, Aeneas, my righthand, that thee thus saufe preserues,
A greater god it is that thee to greater deedes reserues.
He greedie then of fight his legges in golden armour tyes
On euerie side, all leas he hates, then for his speare he cries.
And when he fitted was of shield, and armd in euerye place:
All complete as he stode, Ascanius younge he doth embrace,
And vp his beuer lyft, and fixt thy kissinge, thus he spake.
Learne courage (bout of me, my child, and perfect paynes to take,

Of others happie chaunce to haue, this right hand shall defend
Thee in this warre, and after this to greater honours send.
And see that thee, when riper yeeres haue made a perfect man:
Thine auncetours most famous factes in mynd thou carie than,
Let fier Aeneas, and thine vncle Hector thee incyte.
When he these wordes had spoke, forth of the doores he walked right,
Of mightie limm, and in his hand an hugie launce he bare.
Then Antheus and Mnestheus both, with thronginge troupes forth fare.
And all the rout runnes forth, and tentes alone they leaue vnkept.
A smoultringe smoakinge dust, a longe the campe with feet is swept.
And all the ground about with weyght of steppes then trublinge lept.
Then Turnus saw him marchinge towardes fast with great aray.
Th' Italians all beheld the same, and through theyr bones straytway
A sodeyn shiueringe ran, Iuturna first of Latines side,
Perceaued, and knew the noyse, and sore affright away she hide.
He flies him forth in open field, his hoast he leades apace.
Much lyke a bloustrynge storme, that from the sea to land doth trace,
When droppinge cloudes dissolued fall, then husbandmen do wringe,
When longe before (alas) they see what harmes tis like to brynge.
For downe it throwes the trees to ground, and corne it layes alonge,
And althinge sweepes to earth, the windes before to shoares do thronge,
And crackynge ratlinge sound do make, as ruffe they huffe about:
Euen so his bandes agaynst his foes the Troyan captaynie stout
Leades forth, and they themselues in wedges thick do flockinge throw.
There Thymbree with his sword Osirius lent a deadly blow.
Syr Mnestheus then Archetius slew, Achates dyd behead
Syr Epulo, and Gias sharpe sir Vfens left for dead.
Then falles Tolumnius calcar slayn to ground, that first in hast,
And furious frantyke mode his dart against his foes dyd cast.
A yellinge shoute then to the heauens they throw, and all affright
The vanquisht Rutils turne theyr dustye backes in sodeyn flyght.
But he none daynes such as he meetes with all, on ground to throw,
On horseback none nor to inuade, nor yet on foote below
Such as dartes flinginge follow after fast, but he alone
In mydst of all the dustie myst, and thick thronges euerie one:
For Turnus seekes about, and him in combat doth require.
Iuturna then Virago fierce, whose mind was set on fire
With pantinge dread, her brother Turnus wagener, that hight

A fathers exhortation to the child.

All counsell, worst to the counseller.

Metiscus downe from out his place, and charge she tumbleth quight.
And from the Summer farre away she leaues him on the ground,
And vp shee leapes, and lithie raignes with hand she turneth rownd,
Resemblinge shape, and voice, and armour of Metiscus stout.
Like as the swallow black, that statelie courtes doth flie about
Of lordes, and princes great, and loftie buildinges largly tries,
And for her prattlinge younge doth feedinge seeke on gnats, or flies,
Sumtime in entries wide, sumtime about deepe standinge lakes,
With tender houeringe winges her skirringe slight swift forward takes:
So doth Iuturna through the thickst of foes her horses beete,
And euerie place about with flyinge charret swift doth meete.
Sumetime her brother here, and sumtime there doth vanntinge showe
In quarters farre and neere, nor lettes him giue nor take a blowe.
No lesse Aeneas seekes with him to meete through crooked waies,
And through his thickst affronted hoast, and quailed Latine rayes.
And loud him calles by name so oft as him he hath in sight.
And loke how oft he ment him to pursue with horses light:
So oft Iuturna strait the charret steedes alway doth turne.
Alas, what should he do: his hart in vaine with rage doth burne,
His pensiue mind is much distraut with diuerse doubtfull cares.
Messapus then that in his hand by chaunce, as hapt, that bares
Two lithie quiuering dartes, well tipt with steele, full swift of slight:
The one he shakinge holdes, and forth it flunges with leuell right.
Still standes Aeneas, and strait to his shield him self doth fit
Downe stoupinge low, howbeit the flyinge darth, his helmet smit,
And downe his lostie plumme of from his creast to ground it threw.
Then strait his rage arose, and courage great by treason grew,
When steedes he sawe were turnd awrie, and charret back was raught.
Then Ioue, and altars all of broken league he there besaught.
At last he thronges into the thickst, and there in luckie fight
Right dreadfull bloodie slaughter makes, he spareth none in sight,
And all incenst with ire, vnto his rage he gaue the raygnes.

What god to me will now at large this pine, and woefull paines,
And sundrie slaughters sore, and death of dukes in verse vnfold,
That were by Turnus made in course, and Troyan captayn bolde.
With such fell force these nations stout, O Ioue, was it thy will
They thus should meete that should hereafter liue in concord still.
Aeneas pawse not longe but Sucro Rutil, out of hand,

(That

(That only stroke did cause the flyinge Troyans still to stand)
He strake into the side, and where most speede of death doth rest:
Betweene the short ribbes deepe his sword he draue into his brest.
Then Turnus, turnes Amycus downe, and Diore by his side,
Two Troyan brothers deere, and forth on foote to them doth stride.
And at Amycus when he gan approch, a dart he threw.
Diores with his sword he strake bright guttringe which he drew,
And both their heades he cut from corps, and bloddie sprinclinge yet:
Upon his charret top, with egre mode aloft he set.
Aeneas Tale and Tanais slaies, and next Cethegus stronge,
All three at one assault, and sad Onytes liues not longe,
Of Thebans auntient stock, and of Peridia mother deere.
Then Turnus brothers sent from *Lycia* farre to *Troy* yeere,
Menetes eke Archadian youth, that warre did feare in vayne,
And neare to *Lerna* fishie brinckes an handiecraft did traine.
A simple house that kept and princes welth did neuer knowe,
His father hired had a litle land, and that did sowe.
And like as flaminge fiers, that kindled are in diuerse wayes
In drye and cracklinge woodes, or on the boughes of ratlinge Bayes.
Or when the swift, and cominge streames from loftie hilles that fall,
A raginge roaringe raise, and forth to sea they runne withall,
Ech findeth out his way, and downe they driue whatso withstandes:
No sloer forth Aeneas flies, and Turnus stout of handes,
And both within the battayl byde, now now they fret with in,
Their breastes w courage brast, whose valient hartes no force can win.
And now to wound echother fore they meete with deadlye foode.
Aeneas there, Murrhanus proud of graundsiers great that stode,
And antique names of noble Belliers old was wont to showe,
And Pedigrues farre fet from all the Latine kinges arowe:
He reenes downe with a rocke, the stonie tempest layes him lowe,
And vnder horses feet and charret slinges, the whirlinge wheele
Him prostrate ouerrunnes, and eft with stampe of shoe of steele:
The swift forth flinginge horse with mightie poyse eft striketh hard,
And of their master thrown to ground the steedes take no reguard.
Then Turnus with sir Hilus meetes that headlonge runninge ran,
And through his temples armd with gold his dart he forced than,
The dart sone through the helmet flies, and strait in braines it sticketh.
Do not thy hand stout Cretes, valienst most of all the Greekes.

The lustie courage of Aeneas and Turnus.

From Turnus could acquight, nor yet Cupentus Gods him saue,
When once Aeneas cam in place, but sone his brest he gaue
Direct against Aeneas launce, the speare on him doth fall,
Nought to the sely wretch his brasen shield preuayld at all.
And thee likewise, sir Aeolus, *Laurentum* fieldes did see
Quite ouerthrowne, and flatly prostrate on the grounde to bee.
There now thou liest, whom *Grecian* hoast, could neuer ouerthrow,
Nor yet Achilles fierce, that Priams kyngdom layd full low.
This was thy time of death prefixt, nigh *Ida* thou wast borne,
In *Lyrnesse* didst thou dwell, in *Laurent* fields thou liest forlorne,
And now the armies all were bent, all whole the Latine rout,
And all the Troian crue, Mnestheus, and sir Serestus stout.
Messapus eke a tamer good of steedes, Asylas stronge,
And Tuscan rankes, and old Euanders swift Archadian thronge,
Eche man now for himself withall his might there doth his best.
No stay, nor rest, to cruell fight ech man is ready prest.
There, to Aeneas then his mother faier this mynd did send,
That to the citie walles with spæde he shuld his armie bend,
And with a sodein mischeif all the Latines hartes affright.
Then as for Turnus round about the hoast he cast his sight:
The towne he there beholdes deuoid of warre, to stand at rest,
A greater shape of warre right then doth kindle in his brest.
For Mnestheus and Sergestus strait he calles, and Serest stronge,
His valient captaynes all, and all the heape of Troian thronge
Togither runnes, he takes an bill, their shieldes, nor weapons thay
Lay not aside, he in the midst aloft, thus gan to say.
Let be no stay at that I bid, loue on our side doth stand,
And sodeyn though I charge, let none it slackly take in hand.
This towne the cause of all the warre, and kinge Latinus land,
Unlesse they do submit themselues, and graunt for to obay:
Ile surely sack, and race vnto the ground this present day.
Forsoth shall I attend till Turnus please with me to fight:
And then agayne his leasure wayt, when he is vanquisht quight:
This Towne is chæfest cause, my mates, and head of all the sore.
Goe fet me fier atonce, and do the league with flame restore.
He said, and strayt with one consent a warlike wedge they make,
The towne assalted. And thick vnto the walles in clustringe thronges they forth do rake.
The ladders sodenly appære, and firebrondes burninge bright.

Sum

Sum runne vnto the gates, and whom they meete they slay downeright.
Sum flinge foorth dartes, and welkin hie with weapons do obscure.
Aeneas there amongst the first his right hand holdes vp pure
Vnto the walles, and much in woordes doth blame Latinus kinge,
And Gods to record calles, that they to warre againe him bringe.
That twise Italians wart his foes, and brake their couenants twise.
Then strait amonge the citizens a discord great doth rise.
Sum bid vnlocke the towne, and open wide the gates to set
To call the Troians in, and kinge Aeneas in to fet.
Sum armour take, and still persist the walles for to defend.
Like as a swarm of Bées that in an hollow Pumice pend,
A shepheard when by chaunce hath founde, and bitter smoke applies:
They fearefull then within, about through warren cauities flies,
And with hot hummyng sounde themselues to angre do prouoke.
Out flies from forth their hole apace in heapes, the filthie smoke,
The hollow caue beneath with noyse confused doth rumblyng sound,
And into open ayer abroad at last doth brim rebound.
To Latines ouer this befell a misaduenture great,
That all the wofull towne with teares, and sorow did repleat.
For when the Queene beheld the foe to drawe the citie nie,
The walles to burn, and vp to loftie houses fier to flie,
No power of Rutils neare at hand, nor Turnus to resist:
Vnhappie dame, that Turnus had bin slayne in fight shee wist.
And mated much in mynd with greeuous feare, shee cries, alas,
That of these mischiefes all herself the cause, and worker was.
And all with ruthfull rage incenst, shee blabbes forth many tales,
And diyngeripe with nayles her purple robes in ragges shee hales.
Then on a beame with in the pallayce hie a cord she ties,
And hanges herself theron, and (fie for shame) there so she dies.
Which wofull chaunce, when once the Latine women vnderstode,
And first Lauinia bright her daughter deere: as franticke wood
Her golden lockes she rent, and roset cheekes with nayles she tare,
And all the rout in semblant wise right frantickly do fare.
The houses nie with noyse resounde, and all the towne about
This wofull fame doth flickryng fleete within and eke without.
Their courage they let fall, his princely robes Latinus rentes,
His hoarie head (good man) and auntient beard with durt besprentes,
Amazed at his ladies death, and at the cities fall.

Amata hangeth herself

And much himself he blames, that he before did never call
Aeneas to him prince of *Troy*, his sunne in law to bee.
Ther while lorde Turnus warriar stout, in open field doth see
A few poore scattred souldiours, whom he slowly doth pursue.
For now his horses he with courage lesse to runne doth view.
There to his eares a doubtfull noyse the whirlyng aier then braught.
He listnyng stode, and with attentife eare the sounde he raught
Of *Laurent* sacked towne, and of their pitious clamour thoe.
Alas, why is the citie thus dismaid with greeuous woe?
Or what great outcrie is the same, that doth the citie rayse?
He sayd, and therwith welnigh mad, the charret raygnes he stayes.
To whom his sister then, as she Metiscus countnance bare,
And of his runnyng charret raygnes, and steedes had tane the care:
With such like wordes replies. Nay rather let vs follow now
The Troians Turnus here, where conquest ginnes on vs to bowe.
There others are that with their handes the citie will defend.
Aeneas on Italians sets, and cruell force doth bend.
Let vs likewise with slaughter vile the Troians make to smart,
So thou with equall numbre slayne, and honour shalt depart.
Wherto thus answered Turnus then.
O sister deere, I knew ere this how thou by subtile slight,
The league didst ouerthrow, and threwst thy self into this fight.
And now in vayne thou seekst mee to deceaue, O Goddesse pure.
But who from heauen thee downe to come, such trauayles to endure
Requested, such aduentures wilde to bide, and vncoutrould?
Was it bycause thy brothers wretched death thou wouldst behold?
For whereabout now do I goe? what chaunce may me betide,
That to my rent, and torne estate some succour may prouide?
My self Murrhanus saw of late that me by name did call,
Who whilst he liued was to me the best beloued of all,
Of limme a mightie man, and slayne likewise with mightie wound.
Unhappy Vfens, eke lest he our shame should see, on ground
Now dead he lies, the Troians both his corps, and armes enioy.
The houses spoyld (that mischeif yet remaynd, and great anoy)
Shall I abide to see? and Drances wordes not prowue vntrue?
And shall this ground faintharted dastard Turnus flying viewe?
Deepe desperation. Is it so vile a thyng to die? O hellish hegges belowe
Come help I pray, for heauenly powers no fauour mee will showe.

To you my soule devoid of such a crime, shall downe descend,
No deale inferiour to the graundsiers great of all my kend.
Scarce had he said, when loe sir Sages lockt on fominge stæde,
Flies through the thickest foes, whose face dæpe wounded sore did blæde
With dint of arrowe fallinge swift, and thus he cryinge spake.
Turnus in thée is all our hope, on thine some pitie take.
Aeneas rageth now in armes, and threates he will confound
The turrets of *Italia* land, and citie burne to ground.
And now the fier to houses flies, the Rutils bend their eyes
On thée, and all the seely Latines sure do so likewyse.
Latinus kinge is much in doubt, and murmour great doth make,
Whom he may call his sunne in lawe, or what league he may take.
And ouer this, the Quéene most true to thée, her death hath wrought
With her owne cruell hand, and light of life estæmd at nought.
Before the gates Messapus stronge, ioynt with Atinas stout:
Alone susteyne the force, and all the rankes them round about
Do stand full thick, and iron thronges of dartes do daunt their face,
And thou thy charret here alone in desert fieldes dost trace.
Then Turnus at the diuerse shape of thinges astunned staid,
And downe his eyes he kest to ground, and whustinge nothinge said.
And there atonce great greife and shame his heauie hart doth freat
Dæpe lodgd within, and madnes mixt in breast with sorow great,
And loue incenst with rage, and priuie touch of enmies might.
But when from mind he darknes draue, and brought againe the light:
His flaminge eyes with ire vnto *Laurentum* walles he rold,
And from his charret hie the goodlie towne he did behold:
When loe the flashinge flames aloft the battelmentes had caught
Of Turnus noble tower, and vp to heauen they cracklinge raught.
A tower stronge, made of wood, the prince himself had built alone,
And choules had vnderlayd, and ladders made to mount theron.
Ah sister (then q he) my death drawes neare hold thée content,
Where goddes, and spitefull fortune call, to followe I full am bent,
And with Aeneas hand to hand to mæte, and what our payne
Augmenteth els with losse of lothsome life: that to sustayne.
And, sister, after this thou shalt not sée me play the part
Of cowarde knight, but giue me licence now with all my hart
I thée beseech, before my finall rage, to rage a while.
He sayd, and as his desperate mind with inward wrath did boyle:

From charret downe into the open fieldes his leape he takes,
And forth through foes he throngeſ, his forowfull ſiſter there forſakes.
And through the thickſt of all the hoaſt holdes on his frantique pace,
And on ech ſide the ray of enmies rankes he doth diſplace.
Like as a rocke that from a loftie mount doth headlonge fall,
Enforſt with rage of wind, or els with ſhoures, and water gall.
Or when longe yeeres with auntient tract of time the hold did loſe
The hugie hill falles downe with woundrous force, and away it goes,
And proudly ſpringes on ground, and woodes, and beaſtes, and mē, & all
Before him tumblinge turnes, and roulinge runnes forth like a ball.
So through his vanquiſht hoaſt forth Turnus mad in haſt doth flie
Where all the ground about with blood doth deepely drenched lie,
And whirlinge deadlie dartes in th'ayer aboue do make a cloud.
He beckens with his hand, and with his mouth thus cries aloud.
Stay ſtay O Rutils now, and Latines hold your handes, no more.
What euer chaunce befall, tis due to mée though it goe ſore.
Tis méeter I the broken league with ſmart deſeru'd ſhuld bie,
And in your ſtéed myſelf a lone with blade the quarrell trie.
They ſtrayt withdrewe thēſelues, and wide roumth made him by & by.

But lord Aeneas, Turnus name whence once in eare he toke:
The ſturdie citie walles, and loftie towers anon forſoke.
And lingringe layes aſide, and all attemptes leaues out of hand,
And leapes for ioy, and thundringe there doth great in armour ſtand:
As much as *Athos* mount, or *Eryx* hill, or rough with wood,
And whom with ſnowie toppe all yeere to ſtand it doth much good
Hie auntient *Appeninus* hill, that to the cloudes doth riſe.
Then Rutils all, and Troyans all do bend their heedfull eies.
And all Th'Italian troupes likewiſe, both thoſe the walles on hie
That keepe, and thoſe with enginnes great to breake the walles that plie,
And armour downe from ſhoulders lay. Latinus mazed ſtandes,
When ſuch two mightie men he ſees of limme, ſo ſtout of handes,
In places ſo farre diſtant borne méete there with ſo great might,
And fully bent their force to trie in ſingle handed fight.
Then they when firſt in emptie field ech other gan to viewe:
With trauerſe ſwift about, ech one his dart at other threwe.
Then ſtrait to hand they come, theyr ſwordes and targates méetinge with.
There might you heare the groūd to grone, their blades wt blowes do clash
Thickedubled fet, good chaunce, and prowis togither in one are mixt.

And

And like as when contention falles two mightie Bulles betwixt,
On toppe of hugie *Syla* mount, or hille *Tabernus* hie,
That for dominion euermore, and mastershippe do trie:
With hornes they do inuade, the fearfull keepers stand a side,
And all the flockinge heard about deepe silent doth abide,
The hekers mumblinge soft do make, who now shall rule the roast,
And whom the heard shall followe, as they to feede about the coast.
They with all force, with mortall wounde ech other sides to smight,
And with their perlous croked hornes alone is all their fight.
Their soule black reakinge blod, with channell large doth fall to ground,
And necke & shoulders bathes, with bellowinge bloud the wood doth sound.
None otherwyse Aeneas fierce, and stout lord Daunius meete
With targates redie bent, and round the ayer with noyse repleete.
Then Iupiter in heauen aboue in equall balaunce wayghes
Theyr destinies both, and from his sentence graue a whyle he staies.
And vnto ether diuerse chaunce alottes, who shall endure
Woe trauailes hard, and who the present death to die is sure.
There Turnus vauntes himself and well he hopes, with all his might
A sturdie blowe he fettes, and on his toes he rises right.
The stroake lightes home, the Troyans shout, the Latines shake for feare,
And both the armies roundabout amazd stand gapinge there.
But loe, the false and brittle sword is broken, and at that blowe
His Maister quite deceaud, and abroade in sliuers small it flowe. Turnus sword brok in peeces.
And quite vndone he was, had not he tane himself to flight.
Thence fast he flies more swift then wind, and sees there in his sight
A straunge sword hilt, his stout righthand likewyse of weapon voyd.
Reporte doth goe, that when to battle first to go he ioyd,
And mounted first his charret hie forst forth with feare and ire:
His fathers sword he then mistoke, and as hast did require,
His wagoner Metiscus sword he toke in steede of his,
Which longe, while Troyans turne theyr backes in flight, sufficient is.
But when to armour made by god Vulcanus come it was:
The mortall sword at first blowe flies about like brickle glasse,
And litle shiuers round about lie shininge in the grasse.
There Turnus in his flight, the broad wyde fieldes doth trace about,
Now here he turnes, now there, and courses round fettes in and out,
On enerie side a ringe of Troyans thick incloasd him all,
On this side lay a fenne, on that side stode the citie wall.

No lesse Aeneas then (howbeyt full deepe with arrowe smit
His faultringe knees do faile, and to runne fast will not permit)
Him after hies, and foote to foote at heeles him vrgeth nie.
Like as a Deare, that to the pleasaunt soile apace doth hie,
And there in meash of hugie net entrapt, doth quakinge feare.
The hunter comes w̄ howndes, & w̄ great barkinges drawes him neare.
He at the sturdie toyle, and bankes full hie right sore agast:
A thousand wayes doth turne and wend, the noble hownd doth hast,
And gapinge comes at heeles, and now doth pinch, or like to pinche:
He snoppes his iawes, and is deceaud is bit by half an inche.
Then rises round a shout, that shoares, and lakes the same rebound,
And all the heauen about with thumpinge thunder doth resound.
Then Turnus flynge fast doth all his Rutils sorely blame;
And for his sword well knowne, he calles to euerie one by name.
Aeneas present death doth threat, and great destruction there,
If eny do approch, and them still tremblinge more doth feare,
And threates the citie downe to race, and walles vnto the ground.
And still (though wounded) drawes him neere, and now fiue courses round
About they had absolu'd, and back fiue courses they begunne,
Both this way now, then that, nor for no trifle it is they runne,
But for kinge Turnus life they striue (alas) and for his blood.
By chaunce therby an Olive wild with bitter leaues there stood,
Sacred to Faunus god, to mariners a ioyfull tree,
Where such as sause from shipwracke foule, and drenchinge saued bee:
Are wont their offringes vp to hange, and garmentes knowne at full.
This tree without respect at all, the Troyans vp did pull,
That without let wherin to fight the whole field they might haue.
There stuck Aeneas dart, him force in castinge thither draue.
The rote it fast did hold, he bendes him downe, and there assayes
Thereout to pull the speare, and it at Turnus cast, his wayes
As forth he runnes, whom he in runninge could not euer take.
Then Turnus raginge mad with feare, his prayer thus gan make:
O Faunus pitie take I praye (q̄ he,) thou worthie Ground
Hold fast the dart, your honours if I euer saued sound,
Whom otherwise Aeneas true by warre haue made prophayne.
He sayd, and to the goddes his suite he did not make in vayne.
For though he striued longe, and at the clunge stemme much did stay:
Yet by no strength Aeneas could his speare pull thence away.

Thus whilst he fiercely forcinge standes, and still to fly pluck at his traine:
Into her brothers wagoners Metiscus shape agayne
Iuturna chaungd, his sword vnto her brother doth restore.
That Venus at this Nymphes so bold attempt disdainnge sore,
Drew neere, and from the rote beneath the dart she plucked out.
Then they with weapons armed both, and wart with courage stout,
This trustinge sword, the other fierce with speare Aeneas bent:
Gainst other gone, with marciall might ech one at other went.
Therwhiles thalmightie kinge to Iuno speakinge thus he told, Iupiter speaketh to Iuno.
That from a yellow cloud aboue, the battell did behold.
What shall the end herof be wyfe? what now remaineth? say.
Aeneas is a god thou knowest, thyself canst not denay.
And that to heauen he longes, and to the starres to be ertold.
What dost thou worke for? in what hope abidste in cloudes so cold?
Ist meete a god with dint of mortall wound defilde shuld bee?
Or els (for what Iuturna could she do were not for thee?)
The sword restoarde to Turnus be, and force to vanquisht growe?
Leaue of at last at our request, lay downe thy courage lowe.
Nor let such priuie Rancor fret thee more, this care and smart
Let them (good Iuno) from thy sweete and pleasaunt mouth depart.
Wee to the last are come, the Troyans bere by sea and land
Thou mightst, and bloddie wicked warres to rayse was in thine hand,
And houses to deface, and monefull mariages to make.
But farther to attempt I thee forbyd. Thus Ioue then spake,
And goddesse Iuno with a lowly countnance thus replied. Iuno answereth Iupiter.
Almightie spouse, since first your heauenly pleasure I espied:
Both Turnus, and the earth, and all I left against my will.
Ne shuld you see me now in ayer alone to sit so still,
And suffre thus such worthie vnworthie thinges, but armd in fier
In thickest thronges would thrust, and on the Troyans wreake myne ire.
Iuturna I confesse, I cauld her wofull brother aid,
And for his life (alas) I bid what could, shuld be assaid.
Yet weapons none I wilde her take, nor yet to bend her bowe,
I sweare by dreadfull springes whence streame of *Styx* alōge doth flowe,
The only true, and reuerent Oth that heauenlie goddes do make.
And now I do giue place, and lothsome warres I quite forsake.
But yet this one thinge now, which destnies course doth not denay:
For honours sake of thine, and for all *Latium* graunt I pray.

That when (wherto I yéeld) in perfect peace they wedlockes knit,
And holsome lawes oppoint, and lastinge leagues of frindship smit:
Of Latine old inhabitours thou wouldst not chaunge the name,
Nor Troyans to be cauld, nor Teucers yet commaund the same.
Nor let thé chaũge their speach, but weare their wéedes they ware of yore.
Let *Latium* still abide, and Albane kinges for euermore.
Let Romane offspringe be of power through great Italian might,
Troy downe is falne, and with the name now let it perish quite.
To whom the maker of goddes and men thus answered smilinge mild.
Thou art my sister déere, and old Saturnus second child,
Why dost thou then such hugie waues of rage roule in thy breast?
But goe to, from this late sprunge greife set whole thy hart at rest.
I graunt thy sute, and wittinge willinge there to do agrée.
Ausonians shall their language kéepe, and customes as they bée,
And as it is their name shall byde, in bodie only mixt
Shall Troyans be, no diffrence more them both shalbe betwixt.
Theyr maners, and theyr sacred rites I will oppoint them all,
And I will cause all nations still they Latines them shall call.
This stock that of Ausonian blood commixt shall shortly rise:
In vertue men shall passe, and passe the Goddes that dwell in skies.
Unto thé honour doe no nation shall so much as thay.
Dame Iuno gaue a nodde, and glad, her mind she turnes a way,
And from the ayer departes, and leaues the cloud where she did stay.
When this was done: the father of Goddes a newe deuise doth proue,
How from her brothers aid Iuturna Nymphe he may remoue.
The Furies are childrẽ of ỹ Night. Two wofull plagues there béene, that by right name men Furies call,
Whom with Megæra hellish hegge Night darck, and dreadfull, all
At one birth brought to light, and with like stinges of serpentes fell
Them all did arme, and like wynges gaue that shift windes do excell.
These Ioue before, and in the seat of Pluto dreadfull kinge
Attendinge stand, and wofull feare to mortall men they bringe,
If dyrie death at eny time, or sicknes vile to beare
Ioue do commaund, or cities naught with blodie warres to feare.
Of these then one from heauen Ioue downe doth send with spœdie slight,
And to Iuturna with ill lucke byddes flie her to affright.
Away she goes, and vnto earth with whirlewind flitteth fast,
Noneother wyse then when a shaft swift forth with bowstringe cast
In deadlye bytter poyson dypt, through cloudes apace doth flie,

Which

Which mortall shaft a Parthian shot, or Cydon man did wrye:
The singinge toole through shadowe flies, that none perceaue it may.
So went this child of Night, and so to earth shée toke her way.
When Troyan host at hand, and Turnus band she did espie:
To shape of slender foule herself she chaunges by and by,
Suchas are wont on grislie graues, and desert houses sit
By night, and in the darke their wofull tunes do charme, and chit.
To this foule forme thus turnd, at Turnus face she skirringe cries, She turneth herself to a Whitch-owle.
And strikes his targat with her winges, as here and there she flies.
This new feare thē his drouping limmes with dread did cause to quake,
His heare rose vp on end, his tremblinge voyce in iawes fast stake.
But when the Furies hatefull shritch from farre, and winges she knew:
Iuturna wofull wight, her heare from of her head she drew,
And with her nailes her face she rent, with handes she beat her breast.
Ah Turnus now (q she) what may she do that loues the best?
What way may now thy sister work, or what meanes is so stronge, Iuturnas complaint.
That I may practise same, thy wofull life for to prolonge?
Myself agaynst such monsters to oppose am I of might?
Nay nay, the battayle now I leaue, nor me with feare affright
Do any more you filthy foules, and hegges of *Limbo* low,
Your hellish sound, and clappyng of your winges I well do know.
And well I wot the proude behestes of Ioue so great of might,
Now for my Maydenhode bereft doth he me thus requight:
Why gaue he mée eternall life, and death did take away?
So that by mortall end these lasting greifs I might delay,
And with my brother déere now downe descende to shadowes dead.
If like as he (which would to God) a mortall life I lead.
No pleasure of my pleasures all shall pleasant be to me:
O brother Turnus déere, and all for lacke, and losse of thée.
What grounde (alas) will gape below my corps therin to take,
And bring mée downe (a Goddesse though I be) to *Lymbo* lake?
This much she sayd: and strayt her head in mantell blue she hid
Fore sighinge, and anon she threwe herself the streame amyd.
Aeneas forceth forth, and mightie speare in hand doth shake
Of sturdie tymber fremde, and with great courage thus he spake.
What tarience now is this? why, Turnus, dost thou lingre thus?
In slight wee must not striue, but neare at hand in fight I wus.
Transforme thyself to euerie shape, or els thy best assay.

By force

By force of armes, or els by craft to rid thyself away.
Or wish vnto the lofty starres by flittryng winges to flie,
Or couered els within some hollow caue in grounde to lie.
He shakyng then his head: tis not thy bitter wordes that me
Do make afeard, but Gods me fray, and Loue my foe (q he.)
He sayd no more, but strait a mightie stone he there behelde,
A mighty auntient stone, that then by chaunce within the felde
There for a Bounde did lie, all strife twixt lands for to appease.
Scarce could twelue chosen men that on their shoulders lift with ease,
Such men I meane, as now a dayes the earth to light doth bryng.
This vp in hand he caught, and tremblyng at his foe did flyng
Arysing vp therwith, and forth his bease he fet withall.
But he nor when he came, nor when he went to minde doth call,
Or when he lifted vp his hande, or when the stone he threw.
His knees do fayle, and through his bloud a chilly colde there flew.
The stone then rowlyng through the emptie ayer his way did take,
But forth at full it did not flie, nor yet the mark it strake.
And like as in a dreame when sleape by night hath cloasd our eies,
Sometimes in vayne great courses forth to run wee do deuise,
And in the midst of all our force anon begin to fayle,
Our tongue is tied, and through our body quite our strength doth quayle,
That make no noise wee can, nor able are one worde to say.
To Turnus so, what euer manfull meanes he doth assay:
Succesle the cruell Furie doth deney. Then in his minde
A thousand thoughtes arise, his eies he back doth cast behinde,
And on the Rutils, and the Towne he lookes, and doubtes for feare,
And trembles when he thinkes at hand to come the fatall speare,
Nor knowes which way to wend, nor how against his foe to flie,
His charret nor his charret mayd he can no where espie.
Whilst thus he doubtes, Aeneas forth his speare doth shake in sight,
And vauntadge watcheth with his eie, then strait with all his might,
Afarre he flinges it forth. Not so doth cast the hugie stones
The enginne greate, that to breake walles of townes is made for nones.
Nor with such clappe the lightninge bright out of high heauen doth brast.
The murdringe speare flies forth, and whirlwindlike, doth flit as fast.
And through his armour brane of proofe it beates, and bucklar bright
With seauen thick lininges layd, into the thigh it strake him quight.
Then Turnus wounded doune to grownd with dubled knees doth fall.

The

The Rutils wokall shoutes do rayse, and round the hilles withall
Resoundinge make, and all the woddes the noyse beat back againe.
Ye then on grownd, his yeldinge eyes, and hand of pardon fayne
Entreatinge vp doth hold, and sure I haue deseru'd (q hee)
Nor pardon aske I none, vse now thy chaunce at will on mee.
But if reguard of auntient sier, thy mind sumdeale may tuch,
(For vnto thee of late thy father Anchises old was such:)
Upon kinge Daunus auntient yeares do thou some pitie take,
And mee, or whether thou meanst deuoid of vitall lyfe to make:
Restoare vnto my frendes, for thou hast wunne, these handes of mine
Th' Ausonians saw to yeld, and faier Lauinia now is thine.
No farther let thy rage procede. Fierce there in armes did stand
Aeneas castinge downe his eyes, and still he staid his hand.
And more and more the gentle speech to swage his mind began:
When loe, (alas) th'unluckie Welt that on his shoulders than
Aloft with buckles glittringe bright with gold that garnisht were,
Appered, which he knewe rightwel, that Pallas younge did beare:
Whom Turnus with a mightie wound had slayne not longe before,
And now the pilladge of his foe vpon his shoulders wore.
But when with eyes these tokens great of greife he did behold
And spoyles, with rage incenst, in furie wood, and vncontrold:
Ah wretch (q he) dost thinke that wearinge spoyles of mine, from mee
Shalt so escape? Now Pallas with this wound, now Pallas thee
Doth offer vp, and on thy wicked blod reuenge doth take.
This sainge, deepe him to the hart with naked sword he strake
All hot with ire, the native heat his limmes doth strait forsake, Dissolutiō of life.
His ghost flies fast with greife, and great disdayne, to *Lymbo* lake.

DEO GRATIAS.

Finitum Londini, per Thomam Twynum. vi. Iulij. 1573. Opus. xx. dierum plus minus, per interualla temporum.

Master Phaers Conclusion to his interpretation of the Aeneidos *of* Virgil, *by him conuerted into* English verse.

THus farfourth (good readers) aſwell for defence of my coũtrey language (which I haue heard diſcommended of manie, and eſteemed of ſome to be more than barbarous) as alſo for honeſt recreation of you the nobilitie, gentlemen and Ladies that ſtudie no *Latine*, I haue taken ſome trauaile to expreſſe this moſt excellent writer, as far as my ſimple abilitie extended. And if god ſende me life and leiſour, I purpoſe to ſet forthe the reſt, vnleſſe it maye lyke ſome other that is better armed with learning, to preuent my labours, whereof I aſſure you, I woulde be right glad, contenting my ſelfe ſufficiẽtly with this, that by mee firſt this gate is ſet open. If nowe the yong writers wil vouchesaue to enter: they may find in this language, both large and abundant campes of varietie, where in they may gather innumerable ſortes, of moſt beautifull floures, figures, and phraſes, not onely to ſupplie the imperfection of mee: but alſo to garnishe al kindes of their owne verſes with a more cleane and cõpendious order of meeter, than heretofore cõmonly hath ben accuſtomed. And if any further help I may do to that purpoſe, I ſhal more gladly beſtowe my trauaile hereafter, if I may knowe that theſe my beginnings be of you gently taken and embraced. Truſting that you my right worſhipful maiſters, and ſtudentes of *Vniuerſities*, and ſuch as be teachers of children and readers of this auctour in *Latin*, wil not be to muche offended, though euery verſe anſwere not to your expectation. For (beſides the diuerſitie betweene a conſtruction and a trãſlation) you know there be many miſticall ſecretes in this writer, which vttered in English would ſhewe litle pleaſour, and in myne opinion are better to be vntouched, than to diminishe the grace of the reſt with tedioufnes and darknes. I haue therefore folowed the coũſel of *Horace*, teaching the duety of a good interpretour, *Qui quæ deſperat niteſcere poſſe, relinquit*, by which occaſiõ, ſomwhat I haue in places omitted, ſomwhat altered, and ſome thing I haue expounded, and al to the eaſe of inferior readers, for you that are learned need not to be inſtructed. I meane not to preiudice any that can do finer, only I deſyre you to beare with my trauaile, and among other to pardon my firſt booke, wherein I found this new kinde of fingering ſomewhat ſtraunge vnto me, and to ſay the truth I had neuer any quiet from troubles, to cõfer or peruſe that booke, or any of the reſt, as I moſt

deſy-

desyred. You may therefore accept them, as thinges roughly begunne, rather than polished, and where you vnderstād a faute, I desier you, with silence paciently passe it, and vpon knowledge geuen to mee, I shal in the next setting forth, endeuour to reforme it. And if anye with this wil not be contented, than let him take it in hand, and doe it a new him self, and I nothinge mistruste, but he shal find it an easier thing to controlle a peece or two, than to amende the whole of this enterpretation. Thus I commit you to god gentle Readers, and I praye you correct these errours escaped in the printing.

Errours escaped in the printinge.

H 2. pag. 2. line, 27. read O cuntry land (q he)
Q 3. pag. 2. line 25. for feedes, read seedes.
Q 4. pag. 1. line 19. whom the, read whom when the
R 1. pag. 1 line 2. for enfeere, read enteere.
Ff 1. pag. 1. line 18. Vulcanus, read Vulcans.
Gg 3. pag. 1, line 29. for parge, read page.

